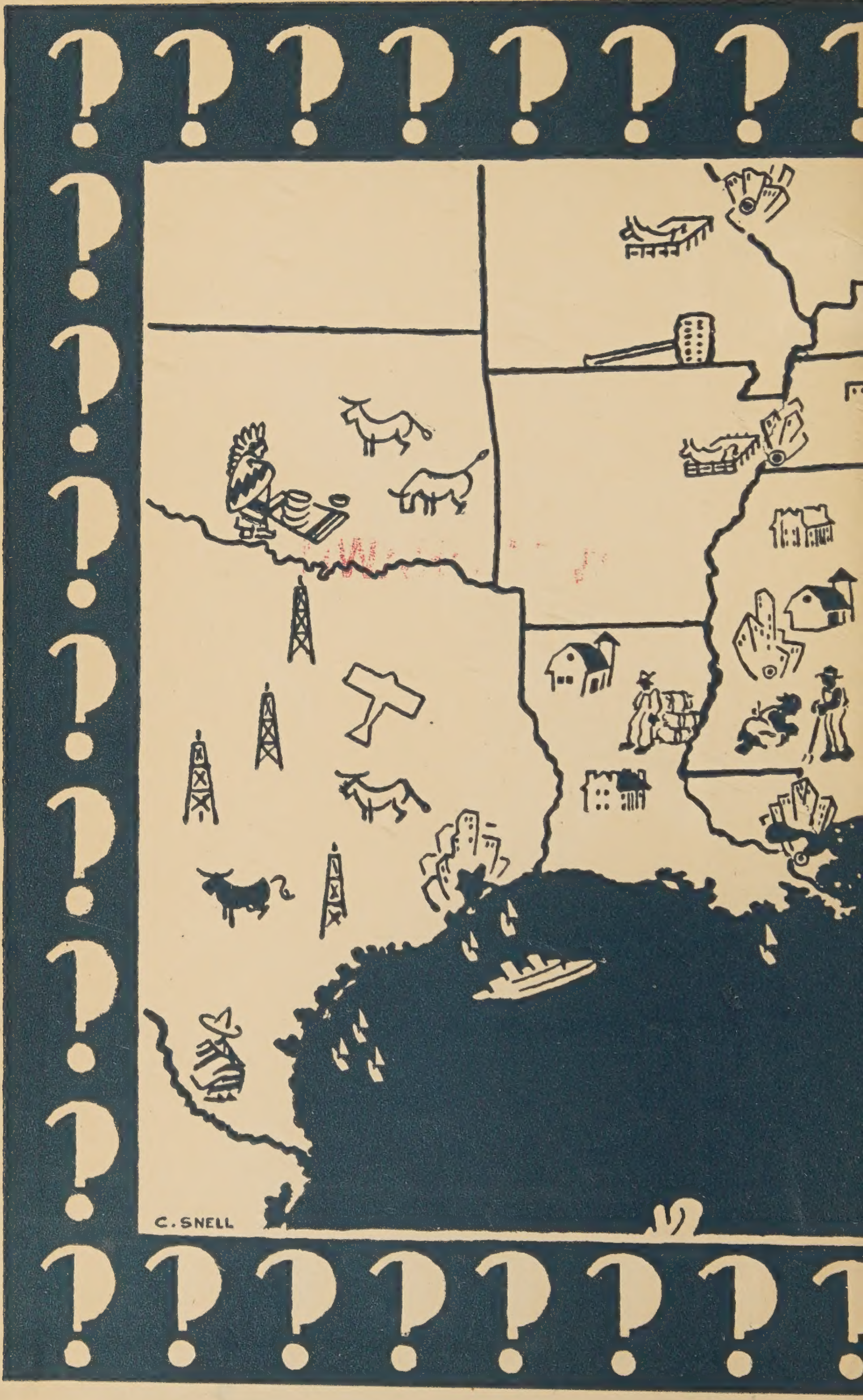
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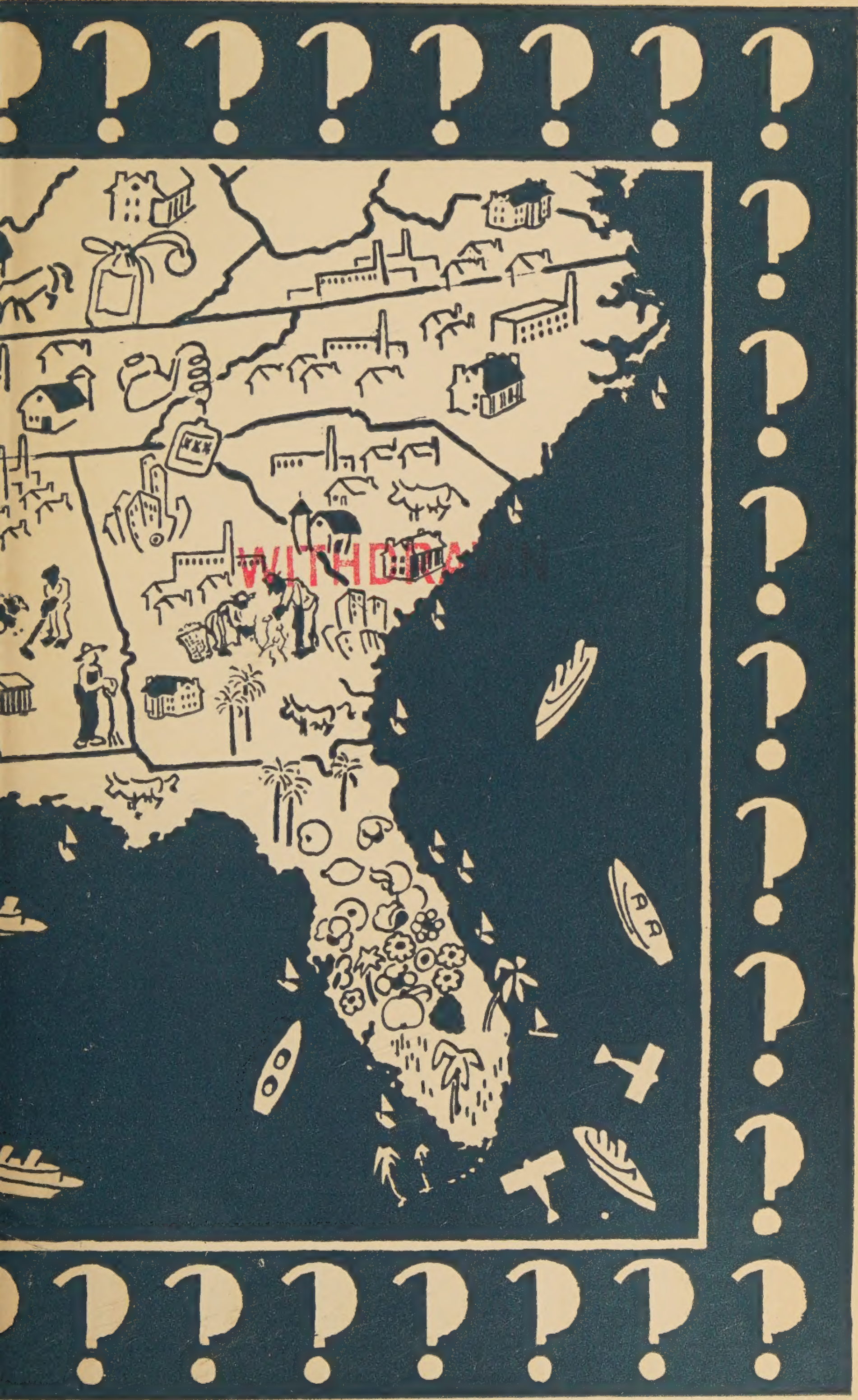

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AN AMERICAN EPOCH

SOUTHERN PORTRAITURE IN THE NATIONAL PICTURE

BY
HOWARD W. ODUM

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THE INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This story spans four generations of southern Americans whose changing cultures have provided the most dramatic episodes in our national history, whose backgrounds and experiences comprehend all of the basic elements in the architecture of modern civilization. It is part of a continued story of the South of which some episodes will be presented in vivid portraiture; others in statistical and cultural analyses. As such it is first of all an American story and reflects primarily an American epoch and secondarily a southern epic, reminiscent of regional struggle and the march of new generations.

The part which the South has played in the development of America is important, but the part which it is yet to play should be much more important. The part which it is to take in the cultural development of the United States is significant to the South, but far more significant to the Nation. Thus, it appears that the release of the South from undue inhibiting forces, the development of its vast resources, and the elimination of its excessive social waste, constitute not only one of the most interesting and important, but also one of the most critical and problematical, adventures in American life of the twentieth century. The timeliness of the challenge appears in the revival of interest in the romantic Old South, in the critical appraisal of the realistic New South, in the growing interest in the study of American history and civilization, in the increasing regional emphasis on social study and public policy, and in the intellectual tension of the American people directed toward the search after social and literary values.

The first of the four generations whose region and culture are portrayed in this book was typified by John Washington Southern and Major Thomas Leaven, the Uncle John and the old Major of this book, with their families and neighbors, bearing the mixed heritage of the ante-bellum South and the burden of battle and reconstruction. The second generation was composed of their sons and daughters in profusion, the architects and builders of the New South of the post-reconstruction period. The third generation comprised their children's children, the leaders and workers of the first third of the twentieth century. And *their* children, again, the fourth generation, will come to their prime achievement a full century after the War Between the States, and upon their shoulders, and those of their compatriots from other regions of America and the rest of the world, will fall the task of determining the nature and measure of this new American epoch. Southern-national and national-southern figures they were: to 1865, to the turn of the century, to 1930, and on—portraiture of the America that was, promise of the America that was to be.

If the story abounds in contrasts and paradoxes, it is in this respect a true portraiture of the southern United States. There are romantic materials of history and literature and there is barren ground. This book, rooted in the realities of the period, is an effort toward critical analysis based upon sympathetic understanding of facts, rather than either hypercritical attack or unseemly praise. If it abounds in partial pictures and changing stages, it is in this respect essentially true to the unfolding story of a cumulative culture whose characterization and power are found in its separate units but also, and more, in the high potentiality of its full development. If the present narrative reflects emotional episodes alongside the quantitative statements of facts, even so any adequate picture of the South must combine the poetic with the scientific. It is as if a new romantic realism were needed to portray the old backgrounds and the new trends and processes.

The materials in the volume, part of a store gathered for the most part during the years from 1920 to 1930, are authenticated in a number of ways. The concrete pictures which make up the general portraiture are authentic pictures. The case examples are true representations of many more like them. Much that is presented is supported by masses of statistical data, checked and rechecked. Hundreds of interviews and letters, newspapers and reports, campaign brochures and sheets, provided materials for its mosaic. There is a surprisingly large array of source materials in magazines and books available since the turn of the century. And, finally, the manuscript has been read by a number of those who are especially equipped to test its representations. The general nature of these source materials and something of their acknowledgment will be found at the end of the volume. It will be at once apparent that the reading of all of the book is essential to the full understanding of any parts of it, or to the comprehension of the whole American epoch of which it attempts partial portraiture.

H. W. O.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina,
July 21, 1930.

AN AMERICAN EPOCH

CHAPTER I

STALWART HEIRS AND PROGENITORS

There was a man in the mid-channel, "since-the-war" South whose name was John. He was known locally, wherever he was known at all, as Uncle John because of his benign character and to distinguish him from other Johns of the same clan. As bearing the national heritage, he was also named for George Washington, patriotic father of them all. Neither this man nor his father before him owned slaves, yet he and his brothers fought through the War between the States, with indifferent fortunes for the independence of a Confederacy whose corner stone was slavery. All were wounded; some survived, to return to broken homes and wasted lands. So returned also some of the slave-owning neighbors to rebuild their fortunes. Uncle John was among those who survived, and his life, therefore, reflected a sample American scene, featuring a stalwart southerner, the span of whose seventy-eight years encompassed the beginnings of two American epochs as reflected in changing eras of the southern United States of America. This southerner was of heroic stature, with bushy, gray hair, of the forceful yet happy-faced type. A plain man who could neither read nor write, with more than his allotted three score years and ten, he revealed a remarkable survival and reflected a realistic type, midstream between an unbelievably sordid and bitter reconstruction period of the South and the new epoch of the first third of the twentieth century.

A late afternoon was gold and lavender with sunset and an atmosphere such as only an approaching twilight in the South could produce. Green trees, fragrant breezes, floating clouds, the twilight song of birds, spring flowers and upsprouting new crops in the fields were part and parcel with the pungent smell of new plowed loam and burning brush. Uncle John unhitched his mule from the plow after the day's work, fastened the rings of the trace chains to the top of the hames and mounted the big, black, good-natured work-steed. The sweat of the man and the sweat of the mule were measures of the day's work. Briskly they started from the field. The big mule had a way of fox-trotting homeward, and the big man had a way of singing favorite hymns of which there were many. Now, without consciousness of matching his song to his mood, he sang forcefully as usual, even though with something of restraint and wavering in his voice:

I saw a way-worn traveler,
In tattered garments clad,
A-struggling up the mountain;
It seemed that he was sad:
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."
Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory;
Palms of victory,
I shall wear. . . .

Sunset and song were natural and pleasant substitutions for troublesome evening regrets or memories of recent hard, bitter times, or the earlier losses of war and reconstruction. These were always kept in the background so far as possible. Yet there was always somewhere the ache of the past and the fear of the future. Nevertheless, like the past, the future was very far away, a matter of simple faith and some far off tomorrow. The present was lost in self-expression and in the hopes of his children and his children's children.

Back home, around the house and in the orchard, on this evening and others to come, straggling honey bees would be sampling old-fashioned flowers and orchard blooms in season

—apple blossoms in profusion, pink-blooming peach trees matching sunset tints, white plum flowers like the floating fringe of the clouds. Mingling with the last notes of the mocking bird, were the good-night "jo-clack" chatter of the guineas, the impatient squealing of pigs, and the cluck of the mother hen who often would, but could not, gather under her wings the growing brood of feathering chicks. And over against these were an unpainted house and barn, drab contrasts to the brilliance of a southern evening in the spring. A southern farm scene revealing life and nature irrepressible, powerful, natural, heedless of place or time, South or North or past or future.

Reaching home, this sturdy individual fed his "stock," milked the cow, not delegating this to the women folks as was the custom, attended to the odds and ends around the barn, stepped over across the road to a daughter-widow's yard, cut up a generous supply of stove-wood, carried in fresh water, came back home and set himself, like Paul Bunyan's loggers, to the joyous task of a big supper. For in his eating, as in everything he did, there was little half-way measure.

Then quickly he changed to his Sunday clothes, or partly changed, hitched his mule to the buggy, and, with the companion of his years, journeyed apace to prayer meeting, where he prayed eloquently for all humanity and his neighbors, but particularly for his children and his children's children. The eloquence of his prayers was surpassed only by the power and roll of his bass singing. In church, always from the same Amen corner, echoing far and wide, the bass of his own inimitable and lawless tempo. Elsewhere, at home or in field, always a powerful raising of tunes and vibrant harmony. The measure of his voice was a measure of his personality.

Leaving the house of prayer, he started homeward again, only to run into a gang of rowdy youngsters, half drunk, on horseback, and profaning the atmosphere around the House of God. He strode up to these and ordered them to "clear out." In reply to their profane inquiry as to what business it was of his, he seized the bits of the leader's horse, kicked him in the belly, told them all to be off at once or he would thrash the last one of them. Knowing him as they did, they moved on. He always advised his neighbors and his grandchildren strongly against fighting. "But," said he, "if you *do* have to fight give the fellow a good licking and ask the Lord to forgive you." Here as elsewhere

> What you have to do, do with your might,
> Things done by halves are never done right.

Yet the big old man in his later years was never called upon to fight his battles by physical combat. There was something about him which seemed to make him immune. On one of his regular Saturday afternoon visits to the county seat he was attracted by a disturbance on a side street. Glancing that way, he saw a white man knock a Negro down. The Negro got up, and tremblingly said, "Boss, I didn't do that." Wherefore the white man called him a liar and knocked him down again. The Negro got up for the second time and said nothing. Wherefore the white man, calling him an insolent son-of-a-gun, knocked him down again. This was too much for Uncle John. He was no apologist for the Negro, yet he strode up to the man, and seizing him by the front of his shirt, shook him much after the manner in which his noted mink dog, Lope, would shake a mink. That was all and that settled it. On another occasion he came upon a group of neighbors digging a well. A Negro helper was deep down, evidently overcome by gas. The men were puzzled and panicky. No one wanted to go down to rescue the Negro helper. He was after all just a Negro—not so with Uncle John. With an explosive snort, he had taken off his shirt and breeches, and ordered them to let him down. He was none too soon. He brought the Negro up, spent fifteen minutes rubbing him to life, like some great massaging machine, and left. Somehow folks didn't want to fight that sort of man.

Back home on this night after the prayer meeting, he talked very briefly with his wife, a few years his senior, mother of twelve children, a matriarch remarkable as ruler and servant of the big old man and his children. She it was who, during the war, with an old neighbor and a broken team of horses, drove seventy miles to camp to visit him when he was wounded, and to take him back home with her. Throughout the long return trip she sat flat on the floor of the wagon body and held his knee in her hand, lest if it receive the least jolt, the wound might start a-bleeding to the death, as the doctors had told her it would. The big old man never forgot this heroic devotion. He himself had dared things, once to rescue a comrade, once jumping up on the ramparts to taunt a cursing, challenging Yankee enemy, and once in a gallant and hopeless charge. And always, whether in work or worship, or contest, he was intemperate with his strength, heedless of harm. But these were different from the long, quiet, heroic, matter-of-fact devotion of his wife.

Now it was bedtime, and they knelt in family prayer. Again, he prayed eloquently for his neighbors and all humanity, but especially for his children and his children's children. Presently, in primitive fashion, he was in bed and in the twinkling of an eye he was sleeping loudly the sleep of the just, restless only for the shifting of his tired body.

On the morrow, up and about before the light, feeding his stock, patting the black mule, which he appraised as the best-kept in the whole county; back for breakfast ready with candle-light, and off to the field again at sunrise to the accompaniment of mocking-bird and morning breeze. There was a sort of fellowship between him and the big black mule. The step of the mule was longer and slower in the morning, and the song of the man was steadier and more vigorous.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

To the field and plow, with a cheerful greeting to the neighbors and helpers, and another day's work began. Helping unload the sacks of guano, he reminded the boys of how in early youth, before he was wounded, he could shoulder a two-hundred-pound sack of guano, and jump up and crack his heels twice before hitting the ground. He regretted casually that there were no more log-rollings and house-raisings where men could pit strength against strength as in the olden days. Then to his own work, following the plow, in tune with the smell of the fresh-turned soil, a certain simple rapport with all life and nature; and again his *gee* and *haw* voice was a measure of the man, with, nevertheless, now and then a mechanical easing off of his pent-up self in more songs of relief as the morning wore on.

Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet.
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Sunday was a day of difference, "welcome, sweet day of rest." It was a rest day at least for the big black mule who was sometimes allowed to rest while the folks walked to church. And as for Uncle John, it was the brightest of the seven days. Sleeping a little later, reminiscent of "everlasting rest," clean clothes, shaving, if not indeed already Saturday night, trimming of the long mustache. Grandchildren of any age coming in, ready for preaching, and always Sunday dinner in abundance, home produced: Chicken pie and dumplings, fried chicken and gravy, hot biscuits, string beans and corn-bread, pies and cakes, that the "old lady" had prepared for on Saturday and the women folks had cooked together on Sunday. Kinsfolk were in to spend the day, children and grandchildren, brothers and sisters, and the picture was in great contrast to the earlier days after the war, when wheat bread was rarity of rarities, and coffee was made from parched corn with "long sweetening," meaning molasses, instead of sugar.

Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

And after dinner, the men to walk over the fields, appraise the crops, hope for prospects. The women to wash the dishes, nurse the babies, tilt their chairs back on the porch and talk and talk and talk. And dispersing with many good-byes, to go home again. Evening, worshipful moods, and early to bed.

How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

For Uncle John was forever having his face set to some Haven of the future. Yes, the past was very far away. To him a thousand years, when it was past, were as yesterday, but also a thousand years to come, in the promise of his children and his children's children, were as a watch in the night—to be lived through in some blind, powerful, biological and cultural faith carrying with it the unmeasured and unseen power of the race.

One of his neighbors with whom he often talked across the hedgerow between the farms was a proud, old Confederate officer who had owned several hundred acres of land and twenty-five slaves. He could swear as fervidly as Uncle John could pray. Yet in a philosophical sort of way he liked the religion of Uncle John. It was good for other folks. And he liked Uncle John. The old officer often recalled the bitterness of the war and reconstruction. He had been wounded twice, once losing a leg. His three sons had been killed; and the post-war hardships were severe. Of his daughters, three were married to the stalwart, attractive, albeit less educated, sons of Uncle John, and a fourth daughter had later, as a second wife, taken the place of her sister who had died. In the intermarriage of these two families much of the older feeling of superiority and inferiority had been lost in the common struggle and a reasonably wholesome fellowship had developed in the rapidly growing, eager, and ambitious families.

This old Confederate officer, former slave owner, still owned many of his original acres and rode a favorite bay horse, Selim, in making his way about over the farm. He was also tax receiver for the county and, like Uncle John, was well known and liked. He was mildly reconstructed, yet he had suffered more by contrast than had Uncle John who had always been poor. In bitter moments, he recalled the passage of Sherman and his men; how they stripped his house and place of all manner of supplies and goods, silver, watches, wearing apparel, money, breaking into trunks and bureaus, destroying fences and houses, cutting down fruit trees, offending the women folks, and appropriating all possible resources in what seemed to be a most insolent and riotous manner. The early growing crops reminded him of how the soldiers turned their horses and mules in his orchard and garden and fields, destroying everything, and in the meantime killing poultry, slaughtering young hogs and cooking them in his own kitchen to be served up before the homefolks in the officers' tents. And he never ceased reviling them for the theft of another favorite horse and the stampeding of all his mules and cattle.

Uncle John, as always, wanted to forget. This, he would remind him, was all in the past. He seemed thankful that the recent boom of guns in Atlanta, celebrating the second election of Cleveland, although reminder of war and defeat, was really symbolic of a new day for the South. Anyway, it was easier to forget and do the day's work. Folks had to work or go under in this terrific struggle from the 1870's to the turn of the new century. On this same general principle, Uncle John was not much for attending Confederate reunions. Partly he had his own reasons; partly it was easier not to go.

The old Major, broad of forehead, with large eager eyes, peering out from a black whiskered face, after such a discussion was inclined to explode "all right, all right," and gallop on over to where were working the black folks who both esteemed and feared him. They were the children of the old slaves, most of whom, after the war, came back, like the white folks, to start over again. Always these black folks, now neighbors, too, followed eagerly the fortunes of "their" white children until time and numbers and changing scenes separated them all far and wide. There was Tom-Jim especially, who assumed perpetual guardianship of all the grandchildren of the old Major and one of whose own grandchildren was to achieve distinction in the musical world. Some of the black children of the black children of the old slaves were destined to achieve strange lives, some in travel and attainments, some in the tragedies of race conflict. Some of the grandchildren of the slaves would out-distance some of the grandchildren of Uncle John and the old Major. There were to be descendants of the old slaves and of the old officer destined to distinguish themselves in inter-racial amity; and there were other descendants of the slaves destined to die through mob action of the descendants of Uncle John and the old Major. These, too, were representative of a formative South whose portraiture was soon to be reset in the national picture.

On the other side of his small farm was another neighbor of a different sort, a tenant farmer working to buy his "place." The family included the father, mother, and two small boys, hard-working folk, seeking to develop all possible prospects of a better day. The wife and mother was one of the few graduates of a woman's college in the community. Like many another woman in the South and many a man, she lost her artist's soul in the fabric of reality. Coming back home from college, she had married a young man, poor and unlettered; they had settled on the little farm and started, like thousands of others throughout the South, to achieve destiny through industry and the promise of their children. The man almost worshipped the woman and coveted for her companionship of those more erudite than himself. And she, faithful and devoted, notable for her housewifery, looked far beyond any horizon the present day could reveal. Through these and other children that were to follow she was to reap abundantly where she had sown.

Over across the river were other neighbors of a still different sort. Shiftless, hard drinking and fighting, they constituted a neighborhood fringe for which Uncle John prayed and at which the old Major swore. Neither availed much; while they in turn continued to multiply and be more shiftless, a clan of mixed folk, some scalawags and their children, some carpetbaggers and their remnants, some just common-folks, leftovers blindly kicking against the pricks. They, too, were full of promise of a new leadership and a new following, which were to be a part of the new mixed South to come—and to come quickly.

Still further east and south on the opposite side from the river groups were other neighbors, remnants of the old plantations, aristocracy and near-aristocracy, mixed with poorer folk, relatives and acquaintances of both the old Major and of Uncle John. Here were former owners of many acres and many slaves, now broken remnants of distinguished families on run-down places, in decaying mansions. These felt more exclusive and looked with more condescension upon Uncle John and his folks than did the old Major. Here were elderly unmarried ladies, old men, vociferous philosophers, and occasionally strange marrying and the giving of marriage among classes such as had not happened often in the Old South. Some glory there was left; some tragedy; some humor; and much of the mixed picture of the recovering South and of nature's inviolable processes.

Then further across the width of counties toward the west and north began the fringe of mountain folk, which extended far and wide within the borders of three states. The nearest neighbors here were found in a settlement of predominantly mountain folk, strong, independent, loyal, and virtuous. Sometimes feudists and fighters, mixed with weaklings and the strong, into which had married sojourners from the North, missionary folk or upstanding remnants of the carpetbagger régime. There were "northern" churches and no churches at all; missionary schools and no schools at all. Covered apple wagons in the fall brought some of the people down from the hill country, and they always met with cordial reception from Uncle John who was in sympathy and character with their sort.

And still further to the east and south and west, whence had gone representatives of all the neighbors, were the stirrings of cities, of industry, and of new wealth. Here were founders of new fortunes and builders of cities. And here were stirrings of all that conflict between white and black, Populists and Democrats, Methodists and Baptists, Protestant and Catholic, city and country, which was to enter into the new fabric of the South of the twentieth century. And, strange as it may seem, over apace from these cities and towns, where nearby cotton mills were springing up, grandchildren of both Uncle John and of the old Major and of their neighbors had migrated to work in the mills, following the wake of poverty and sickness and restlessness. Here were forming new classes, made up of farm folk and mountain folk, town and city remnants and a few from the "foreign" states, heralding a new industrial revolution in the South. Such towns and mills were wonder places to Uncle John and his neighbors, providing markets for produce as well as outlet for large families. It was a new era, the full nature and import of which could still not be foreseen at the beginning of the second third of the twentieth century.

These men, John Washington Southern and Major Thomas Leaven, then, with their children and their neighbors and neighbors' children, were not only reminiscent of the biography of the first epochs of the American South, but symbolic of its organic extension into the future American scene. Of their own children there were a score. Their children's children, numbered unto the third and fourth generations, building rapidly upon the foundations of hard-working parents, were to extend their influence into all the states of the Union and into some other parts of the world. They would sail the wide seas. They would travel far, and their work would comprehend many vocations and professions. They would marry widely into a great variety of families, rich, poor; old, new; southern, northern; English, German, French. The families into which they married would multiply and be fruitful. There was one family of fourteen vigorous children, all surviving to maturity except the oldest who went to war a little before he was sixteen in order to be in his own father's regiment. Wounded in the same battle with his father, he was placed side by side in the crude hospital tent, and died in great agony in spite of all that the wounded father could do. There was another family of twelve, another of ten, and others of lesser measure. One daughter of Uncle John, reputed to be the most beautiful girl in the whole region, died at thirty-three, and left eight children. Another fell in the grim struggle before two score years had passed, and of her issue six were living and three dead. And the others lived and multiplied and were strangely reminiscent, on the one hand, of the large families of the common people, and, on the other, of those distinguished Virginia gentlemen, one of whom gave the world twenty-three children through four wives, and another eighteen, and another seventeen, with the score of nine living to eight dead within a span of less than forty years.

Of the heritage of these families and their relations there was great variety, from the poorer people, through the wide range of middle folk, all the way to descendants from the first blood of the Land. In the backgrounds of their own families and their children's and their children's children was all that was reputed to be American of American. There were Scotch and Scotch-Irish pioneers, later to be migrants from the Carolinas to the deep South and back again; Scotch and English covenanters of those old families from Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas moving south and west and north and back again; and German and French stalwarts from the upper lands of the old continent. Thus the lives of these men were to penetrate, as they already reflected, the whole of the southern region of the United States through which had come much that was most dramatic in American history and which was soon to enter upon another great American epoch. The whole range of physical environment, geographic distribution, economic condition, and cultural status was perhaps no more vivid than the contrast between the Uncle John, for instance, who at the end of the war trudged on foot the last long mile of the dusty road from Gastonia to take up anew a broken life in the South, and his descendants who later were to return from various parts of America to a Carolina steeped in industrial development and social conflict.

This Southern epoch comprehended long distances in time and space. There were long reaches into the powerful biological and cultural urge of destiny. It was a long way from first pioneer days of hardship and struggle to the glory of the ante-bellum South. It was a long way back again from the glory that was the old South to a broken and charred region, wounded and blackened, humiliated with slaves turned ruler. It was a long way again from the new poverty and broken South to the modern industrial empire with its network of railways, highways, and factories. And it was to be a long and difficult road from the beginning of the new southern epoch of the first third of the twentieth century to its full contribution to the whole American epoch of the twentieth century and on. For the South, even as the nation, was still very young. And these stalwart southerners and their neighbors, with all of their strength and weakness, possibilities and limitations, were at once symbol and fact in the evolution of a people. It was as if there were necessity and prospect of more than Whitman's immeasurable self-extension: "To confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do."

Not many miles from this quiet scene of the big man and the big black mule as of the old Major and his bay horse were other quiet scenes by the thousands. Some were similar to these, some were very different. Not very far away, a Mary Johnston, shy, modest, small, head of her father's family of several children, taking care of motherless children in the midst of a father's lost fortune, was cultivating deep the soil for new books to be harvested in the hundreds of thousands. Over on the other side, a quiet, unassuming Joel Chandler Harris was creating Uncle Remus and slipping quietly into the good will of the world. A little further down was a Woodrow

Wilson, and a little further up a Walter Hines Page. And scattered here and there throughout the length and reaches of the South were the fathers and mothers of all that southern host of folks who in the twentieth century were to build a New South upon foundations laid in the last quarter of the nineteenth century by elders ill-equipped for the task.

There were few indications in the quiet scenes of a rebuilding South to indicate the length and breadth and depth of the struggle that had been the South's or that was to be the South's of the future. It was as if, from this quiet midstream vantage point, the long and devious ways in the past, now in the way of being forgotten, were to be matched by the long and difficult ways of the future. What was to be the future distance, matching the lengths from Thomas Jefferson and his principles of freedom to the smouldering fires of southern intolerance and demagoguery, already breaking out in sundry places throughout the South? Or, again, from these latter-day leaders to a new leadership which should turn the southern potentialities into national power? But the ways were there for the going, challenging the South to make this quiet process of biological, economic, social, and spiritual rebuilding the forerunner of a new American epoch.

CHAPTER II

THESE SOUTHERN STATES

How the Southern States came to be what they were in their early territorial expansion and divisions, in population and its distribution, in the great range and variety of activities and resources, and in their later development into a peculiar cultural region, constitutes one of the most dramatic stories of modern civilization. The coming together of these two families of the big religious Scotch-Irish southern common man and the proud Scotch-Irish Confederate officer was typical of the whole story of the exploration, founding, and development of the greater part of this southern region of the United States of America.

There was a day when the father of this John Washington Southern had run away from home. Sandy haired and impetuous, at sixteen he chafed under restrictions of a stepmother whose hand he thought was laid too heavily upon him. And so he set out to conquer new worlds. Soon making company with other southward moving pioneers he was on the way to establish a new branch of his family. He was to learn later that other members of the family had set up still other branches in Tennessee, in North Carolina, and in Mississippi, while one branch was so far lost in New York that it never did receive a legacy from certain estates later developed. As for this youngest progenitor he had neither property nor education. All that he knew of his family was that his grandparents had landed at Charleston and had set up for themselves in South Carolina, where some of their children remained, while some migrated to other states. He was sturdy, impetuous, winning, somewhat partial to the juice of the corn under the benign influence of which he expanded generously to gain the whole world and to lose his own soul. But he always found it again in pleasant places. And so a few years later he married a beautiful girl, strangely enough, one of a large family of many of those other families of Scotch-Irish folk who came South, having landed at Philadelphia at about the same time that his grandparents came to Charleston. Thus it came to pass that his children, Uncle John and the others, had hosts of kinsfolk—cousins, uncles, and aunts—in the new country as well as back in the Carolinas and other states.

On the other hand, Uncle John's neighbor, the old Major, whom he did not know well until after the war, came by a different incidence. His father had come from early families straight from England to Maryland and had married into a Virginia family of some substance and standing. The new family thus founded thence sought new fortunes in the lands farther down and so came bringing a measure of wealth and slaves to the lower Middle South where in time the Major himself was born. He in turn had married a young woman of similar stock, the pioneering ventures of whose family were representative of still other romantic, if hard and devious, ways to new promised lands of prosperity and pride. For her father's people had come down from Kentucky into the Tennessee frontiers, tarrying awhile, joining with still another family which had come from New England, thence starting South again in search of the rich black lands of Mississippi. For a time at least, the end of the rainbow trip was sought via the Cumberland River by boat, down into the Mississippi, and on down to a landing place.

From these families then came the father and mother of the young woman whom the Major had wooed and married. She herself at the ripe old age of eighty, with great vividness and charm, still told grandchildren of that long trip from Mississippi to Georgia, where she married the Major. There was a family of twelve and they all came safely by covered wagons through the pilgrimage of thrills. They brought some of the slaves and there were neighbor families along. Through swamps and forests and over hills and across streams their caravan wended its way. At night by campfires they listened to the screams of wildcats and to the varied noises of an unknown wilderness. First settling down temporarily, then locating definitely, they set themselves to the task of building—first the log house, then the wings to it in the back and on the side. Then came the finishing of it all in boards and columns and paint and its gradual evolution into the "big house" and of the farm into the plantation. Then new families again, the building of a new big house from which the old Major himself was to make his way into a South of debate and conflict.

Thus grew the Southern States—after the manner of these families, yet with still such great range and diversity of experience and of people as was commensurate with the range of physical backgrounds and resources. Great homogeneity, yet much heterogeneity contributed to a South which nevertheless was of the nation national in its composition and spirit. For the story of the settlement and development of the Southern States was first of all an American story. Eventually it came to be a sort of specialized America with a continuing frontier fringe, either in physical settlement or cultural expansion. The South had always been a frontier, rich in struggle and conflict, romance and adventuring, victory and tragedy. The twentieth century saw it still a frontier country even though it had been "first" in the development of America.

On the shores of the River James there had been early first American settlers, and from them were descended much of the "royal" blood of Virginia. Here was the "general assembly" covenanting a year earlier than even the Mayflower compact of 1620. Later settlements and counter-invasions from northern states added numbers and variety for many generations. On and on they came; farther on they moved. At one time within a period of five years in the early nineteenth century more than two hundred families from New York alone settled in a single Virginia county. But even so, others were moving farther south. And even earlier in the nineteenth century than this an overplanting of cotton and the slump in the market in Virginia started southern migration to North Carolina and its eastern borders, to Tennessee and its western range, to Mississippi and its rich deltas, to Louisiana and Texas where extraordinary crops were reported—"From Maryland to Mississippi, from Virginia to Alabama, from Missouri to Texas, every whence every whither, people took ship or flatboat, or set forth in carry-alls or covered wagons, with tinkling cattle and trudging slaves, if they had them." Over-production and bad management, hardship and misfortune, Indian conflict and neighborhood and state quarrels, sometimes sheer restlessness, all contributed to shifting and reshifting of peoples, always seeking a promised land flowing with milk and honey. Some farther west, some back across Mississippi into Alabama and Georgia, into the new Cherokee and Creek lands.

> All I want in this creation,
> Is a little bittee wife
> And a big plantation,
> Away up yander in the Cherokee Nation.

And still others ventured further back and up into Ohio and Indiana, always willing to undergo pioneering hardships in order to find new land and abundance, and early starting the South's contribution to the stocks and settlement of frontiers further west.

There were "Friends" and German sectarians, crowded out of Pennsylvania and Maryland, moving down to the Piedmont of Virginia and the Carolinas to meet the other streams from Delaware. There were Moravians and Mennonites and Presbyterians to mix with Quakers, Anglicans, Methodists and Baptists. Thence these spread in all directions south and then across the Cumberland Gap with its varied romance and adventure as represented by the blazing of trails by George Rogers Clark, Daniel Boone, and hosts of hunters looking for the new promised land. "So rich a soil we had never saw before, Covered with Clover in full Bloom. The woods alive abounding in wild Game, turkeys so numerous that it might be said there appeared but one flock Universally Scattered in the woods . . . it appeared that Nature in the profusion of her Bounties had spread a feast for all that lives, both for the Animal and Rational World. . . ."

Then there were other migrations to the lower South differing from the earlier ones in Virginia and Kentucky, where people were impelled from their first settlements by lack of land or hard times. Here were new caravans of people merely desiring to get on in the world. From the vantage point of New Jersey, Rhode Island, and other New England States, the lower South looked like a land in which great wealth might be developed. Then the slave owners of Kentucky and Virginia and the would-be slave owners from Indiana and Illinois, or from the East, looked longingly to broad acres and white-columned houses deep in the lower South where adventure and wealth were theirs for the possessing. And some moved on into new states, being bereft of loved ones in an old state or disappointed by the turns of fortune.

There were many pictures of sub-settlements and migrations within the various states. In Mississippi and Louisiana, besides many others, from New Orleans to Natchez there were early Tories migrating from South Carolina and Georgia westward, to be joined by similar folks from northern states. These, well fortified with rich alluvial lands of the river bottoms, were met by other groups and settlers coming by boats from Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and from northern states. Or again by still others coming from Georgia and the Carolinas to merge in a regional group expanding somewhat to the east until stopped perhaps by still another group which represented the overflow of those who had failed, or were too restless to succeed, in the sandhills or seacoast range of the more easterly Southern States. So attractive had the whole region become that "the region draining into the Gulf of Mexico surpassed the Atlantic slope in cotton production before 1830, and in 1860 furnished three of the whole country's four million bales. Cotton had now for a number of years comprised more than half the value of all exports from the United States; it had come to employ more than three-fourths of all the slaves engaged in agriculture, besides nearly as many whites; and it had made New Orleans excel even New York in the volume and value of its export trade."

There were other streams of settlers—Welsh, Quakers, Scotch-Irish—moving, one branch from Pennsylvania and westward, then south through the Shenandoah Valley into the Carolinas to be joined by similar groups who had landed in Charleston and had extended their wanderings wherever adventure led. These pioneers, "hardy, proud, land-hungry," had in them the making not only of the traditional southerners but of the sundry borderland southerners who extended themselves north, south, east, and west. From these came not only Indian fighters and continuous pioneers but a later brood of southern leaders like Calhoun, Quitman, Prentiss, Yancey, Davis, new southerners in the vanguard of that great tragic region of the United States. To these, and many more like them, were added others, French, Spanish, German, San Domingans, Italians, Minorcans, Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, and Seminoles, and the hosts of Negro slaves from many sources whose stocks multiplied and mixed with many strains. The one-third of a million slaves who had been imported had multiplied until by 1850 there were three million, most of whom were in these Southern States. Thus these mixtures were calculated to make the South anything but a provincial and pure-blooded section of the nation. And always the stragglers, the failures, the gamblers, the heavy-handed highwaymen moved hither and yon, from Piedmont to Texas, from Richmond to Natchez. What stories, beyond the skill of pen, what pictures transcending living portraiture! Sam Houston, Daniel Boone, rough-riding youth, covered wagons, trail blazers!

Or, there was plenty of romance in the earliest settling of South Carolina from early Charles Town to Charleston, expanding with the varied folks from England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, France, West Indies, and then from New England and New York and other parts of the States. Here was regional culture with the possibilities of making an old-time city-state, with its own full-fledged government, commerce, shipping, social life. Thus came the glory that was and remains Charleston. And even just across the Georgia border and the way places were people quite different, speaking different accents, having different manners. Here again new pictures from the founding of Georgia's "18th century embryo of the 19th century humanitarianism." Here was a peculiar project symbolic of a philanthropy, seeking to serve God by enabling prisoners to start a new life in the new country and to serve mammon by using the new experiment as a buffer against Florida Spaniards. And here were hardships, troubles, quarrels, limitations, tragedies, resulting in one man in every ten being soon lost to the new colony. And ever the new cycle—rich lands, rice crops, cotton, indigo, slaves, liquor, and new people coming from many sources, eager to start again, joined by New England families, a veritable mixture of all that was America in the forming. A Nathanael Greene, New England Quaker, favorite of Georgia, subsidized by the state, and later Mrs. Greene becoming a model of Georgia hospitality for many years to come.

And Florida, land of flowers, potentially a great national playground, land of Spanish adventure, of British ambition, featuring plantations being founded with Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans. And the other mixed groups were prophetic of a later day. There the drama of hardship, poverty, failure of the soil to yield rich promise, rebellion, and wilderness beset by Seminoles, was impeding its development. Even so late as the 1820's the population was still less than many of Florida's small cities in the early twentieth century. And, again, they were restless and shiftless enough to portend later unprogressive elements of a great state. Then under Spanish and foreign jurisdiction again, with outlaws smuggling fugitive slaves, and foreign barriers to commerce. Then a state of the Union, wagon trains from the Carolinas and Georgia, lumber folk, traders, adventurers. Then new eras and a romantic Florida and a mad nation pouring its thousands into a trek such as only the gold rush had ever rivalled. And the verdict that the Lord surely loves Florida—behold the sunshine and its glory—

and the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth, with storm and panic and fruit fly.

Then on to Alabama with the pressure of Indian concessions, the southwestern drive for rich lands and warm climate. Thus were the experiences and vicissitudes of Uncle John, the old Major, their neighbors across the river in the hills, and growing towns, repeated many times. And the land of "here we rest" came to be the restless state of fighting men—self-righteous Hefflin and hero Hobson; Muscle Shoals and an expanding empire of steel and coal.

Then on to Louisiana full of contrasts and strange admixtures. Products of French revolution and French masters from Haiti, migrants through Cuba, others from Virginia or Carolina bringing their families and slaves. These and the other settlers already described were militant pioneers and followers of dominant leaders with all manner of colonists, good and bad, transported, supplemented by shiploads of slaves, until a region judged uninhabitable sprang suddenly into a metropolis which was to be New Orleans—region of glamor and romance and sad beauty, rivaling any other part of the nation. Here again was American experience with its national spirit, all manner of men, first French, then Spanish, then French, attempted British, then American. Here was witnessed alike the passing of New France, the last phase of Spanish power, and the irresistible and engulfing wave of American advance. Here, it had been pointed out, "more strikingly and with more contrasts perhaps than elsewhere America has played out that drama of the impact of a polished civilization upon a wilderness environment that is so large a part of American History."

And still further on to the Texas Empire, bigger in area than a dozen lesser states and with experiences vivid enough for them all. Romance and hardships, pioneering and adventure, variety and range such as to provide stories and history for all manner of chroniclers. Under more flags than Florida . . . French under the adventurous La Salle . . . Spanish direct from Mexico . . . Mexicans again away from Spanish rule . . . American against Mexicans setting up a republic . . . then the republic into the Union . . . and out again in secession into the Confederate States . . . and back again into the Union. Such a state and such a portraiture of the making of civilization!

And on to Oklahoma which could neither be included in the South, nor left out; where "anything might happen and almost everything has," . . . "where only the truth was unbelievable." And of Arkansas there was the early picture . . . "while the ports of Louisiana, Florida, Carolina, and even New Amsterdam were being struggled for by Frenchman, Spaniard, Dutchman, and Britisher, old Arkansas, having no port and lying on the road to nowhere, was free to grow up without a history. The Mississippi River, highway of the old adventures, lies broadside the whole length of the state but there is no landing place. Mississippi has Vicksburg, Louisiana has New Orleans, Tennessee has Memphis, and Missouri has St. Louis. But where is the old port of Arkansas; where its ancient capital of creole days?"

Thus the Southern States grew, and their composition and tradition were peculiarly national, of such variety and mixture that later biological and cultural homogeneity reflects remarkable power of physical and cultural environment quickly to develop social patterns and regions. The South of the twentieth century was still many Souths made up of varying groups. There were remnants and representations of the aristocratic and plantation South. There were the great majority of southerners composed of middle folk and common-man. There were remnants of the old failures and stragglers and of the extreme fringe of poor whites in everyday places of every state. There were flatwood and sandhill folk, middle state and eastern coast groups. Sojourners in the piney woods. Sturdy stock of yet varying types in mountain and Piedmont. Hosts of mill village folks and white tenant farmers. The Negro from farm and Black Belt, tenants and laborers. The general Negro common man in town and country, worker and farm owner. The more educated and cultured Negro in professional life or wherever he could find his way. Indians in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North

Carolina, Oklahoma. Urban and rural contrasts, agricultural, industrial, and commercial groupings. Northerners and westerners came into the South, part remnants and issue from reconstruction days, part leaders and progressives developing southern resources, contributing to southern progress and leadership. And among them all more than two thousand millionaires. Southern states abounding in classes and groups. The South was anything but homogeneous at any time.

The groups of varied folk in the Southern States were still developing with relative constancy and intershiftings during the first third of the twentieth century. For instance, the population born in other states but residing in the Southern States, or what would originally have been denoted as "yankees," had increased from the turn of the century to 1920 more than 100 per cent and included more than a quarter million. They were distributed throughout the South with an increase in every Southern State, ranging from 278 per cent in Florida and 170 per cent in South Carolina to less than 20 per cent in Mississippi and 3 per cent in Tennessee, with, however, an apparently still larger increase in these and other states in the third decade of the twentieth century. They were involved in all manner of southern activities, often holding positions of leadership in education and industry, perhaps more often in industry. Thus the South was continuing its process of absorbing in its social and economic structure varied groups, while at the same time it was also sending out into the rest of the country a still larger group to participate, often in rôles of leadership, in the life of the Nation at large.

In 1920 the number of southerners residing in other states was more than two and a quarter millions. These, too, went from every southern state in steadily increasing rates. In 1920 there were more than a half million Virginians and more than a half million Kentuckians living in other states while Texas and Tennessee averaged a quarter million. In every state except Florida the South lost perceptibly in the exchange, the aggregate of southerners contributed to the Nation at large being ten times as large as the number which the rest of the

Nation contributed to the South. Thus the South had come to constitute a considerable seed bed of population to the Nation, its quota to the rest of the Nation having increased a million from 1910 to 1920, with every indication that the third decade would reveal a continuation of the trend.

The four million Negroes at the end of the War between the States had increased in a little more than a half century three-fold. More than eight million, or three-fourths of them all, were still living in the Southern States. These Negroes constituted approximately one-third of the southern population, with Mississippi and South Carolina having still approximately as many Negroes as whites, with Georgia, however, leading in actual numbers with more than a million. And there were in the South not less than 220 counties with Negro population of more than 50 per cent. Alabama had eighteen such counties, Arkansas eleven, Florida five, Georgia fifty-eight, Louisiana twenty-two, Mississippi thirty-four, North Carolina twelve, South Carolina thirty-two, Tennessee two, Texas four, and Virginia twenty-two. There were, moreover, thirty-three counties having more than 75 per cent of their population Negro, including eight in Alabama, four in Arkansas, two in Georgia, five in Louisiana, twelve in Mississippi, one in South Carolina, and one in Virginia.

On the other hand, the infiltration of foreign immigration had been small, the aggregate South having less than 1 per cent of its population foreign-born, if Texas, Florida, and Louisiana be excepted, with their 7.7 per cent, 4.4 per cent and 2.5 per cent, respectively. There has been relatively little change in this situation. For instance, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and North Carolina each had a negligible percentage of the population foreign-born in 1860, then again in 1900, and again in 1920 and 1930. In Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, North Carolina, and Virginia there were sufficient Chinese to aggregate a little more than one-tenth of one per cent of the population.

The first third of the twentieth century still found the South with its fringe of Indian population here and there, if Oklahoma be included, aggregating some 138,000. Exclusive of Oklahoma, the total was approximately 20,000, distributed as follows: Alabama, 405; Arkansas, 106; Florida, 506; Georgia, 125; Kentucky, 57; Louisiana, 1,066; Mississippi, 171; Mississippi (Choctaw) 1,496; North Carolina, 12,309; South Carolina, 304; Tennessee, 56; Texas, 2,109; Virginia, 824. These Indians include Seminoles, Cherokees, Choctaws, Cheyenne and Arapaho, Chickasaw, Creek, Kiowa, Apache, Comanche, Delaware, Wichita, Osage, Pawnee, Kaw, Otoe, Ponca, Tonkawa, Quapaw, Ottawa, Seneca, Eastern Shawnees, Wyandot, Absentee Shawnee, Iowa, Kickapoo, Potawatami, Sac, and Fox.

This varied population of the South was still predominantly rural, a little more than three-fourths of the total southern population residing in the open country, while for the Nation as a whole the rural population was a little less than one-half. In North and South Carolina the rural population was more than four-fifths, while in Mississippi it was approximately seven-eighths rural. Of this great southern region the southern highlands constituted an interesting part of the whole structure, having between six and seven million people of whom more than 85 per cent were rural.

Although the Southern States were predominantly rural, abounding in places sparsely settled and in isolation, the ratio of population per square mile in all the Southern States except Arkansas, Texas, and Florida was higher than the average for the Nation, which was in 1920, 35.5. The general order of the ranking of the Southern States is Kentucky which ranks fourteenth from the top with sixty people to the square mile, then following in order Virginia, Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Florida, the lowest with 17.7. Moreover, each of the Southern States had increased in density of population from 1910 to 1920 except Mississippi, the next lowest being Kentucky with 5.4 per cent increase, ranging then to Florida with approximately 30 per cent increase in density. Over against these may be listed the first ten states in the

Union, beginning with Rhode Island with a density of 566.4 per square mile, followed by Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, and Delaware, with 113.5. At the other extreme are the ten lowest states with Nevada having less than one person per square mile, ranging on up through Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Oregon, South Dakota, Colorado, and North Dakota, with a little less than ten people per square mile, and Nebraska then joining Florida in about the same ratio.

The ratio of men and women in the South was a little more equally adjusted than in the Nation as a whole. In the South Atlantic and East South Central the ratio of males to 100 females was 101, while for the Nation it was 104, this evenly balanced ratio being somewhat disturbed by the ratio of 96 men to 100 women in the cities of the South as opposed to the approximately equal ratio of 100 to 100 in the cities of the Nation. Nor was the South's heterogeneity and wide range limited to its human groups. In the physical backgrounds of these Southern States—soil, climate, forests, streams, mineral resources, coast line—was found a kingdom of great wealth, range and variety, comprising something like a third of the Nation's area and three-fifths of its seacoast. The varying fortunes of these states reflected a powerful story of national development, continuing its contrasts and paradoxes, and challenging estimates of its future development. Nor could adequate portraiture of the developing South be presented without the ever vivid pictures of the Old South and its reconstruction period, which constituted the most powerful conditioning influence upon the culture and civilization of the South of the new century.

CHAPTER III

THE GLORY THAT WAS THE SOUTH

The old Major, much given to philosophizing on political and moral issues, on one of his few visits to Washington, strolled along before the White House in springtime enjoying its southern columns and plantings. He was prone to speculate upon what the South might have become and what contributions might have been made to the Nation had American life been more dominated by the older culture of the South. The thought was particularly fascinating when he contemplated the democratic principles of Jefferson, well wrought out into a practical society and dominated by his high standards for agriculture, science, education, and architecture. Speculation on this day was the more encouraged by a recent rare visit to Monticello, which had left upon him vivid impressions of what was and what might have been.

There came to his mind pictures of innumerable colonial homes with the glory that was theirs. There came to mind also the contrast of that first American epoch of independence in which the South had provided the occupants of the White House for nearly fifty of its first sixty years and the barrenness of the South's contribution in a second similar epoch. He wondered what the third epoch would bring forth, but did not survive long enough to see certain heroic efforts of Woodrow Wilson and his southern followers, to regain a long lost place, fail, to be followed by a barrenness the length and breadth of which was still to be fathomed at the end of the first third of the twentieth century. In his vague way he was hurt because of the lost years of constructive cooperation and interchange between the South and the North. He recalled that, at the end of this first epoch and with two governments instead of one, both presidents were southerners, born within a hundred miles of each other, and that the wife of the president of the northern republic had come from the South and the wife of the president of the southern confederacy had come from the North. It was all very complex and mixed, as it had been from the beginning. The problem was too hard for the old Major who found musing and argumentation much more satisfying than finished conclusions, and so he turned again to reminiscences of the old days.

How many of the big-columned houses had there been to set that part of the southern stage? How many and of what sort and variety on the banks of the Potomac and the James and the Roanoke and down in the Carolinas? How many in Georgia, at Athens, LaGrange, Augusta, Columbus, and Savannah? In Alabama, at Greensboro, Montgomery, and Huntsville? In Mississippi at Natchez, Vicksburg, or Columbus? In old romantic Louisiana, and back again to Tennessee and Kentucky? And in the regions and land in between? Nobody has ever counted them; perhaps no one ever will. There have been notable samplings, to be sure, first among which would be the historic places of Mount Vernon, Monticello, Arlington, Shirley, Westover, Brandon, Sabine Hall, The Hermitage, and others. And of the others, what variety of names and what range of character: Belle Grove, Seven Oaks, Buller's Idol, Wormsloe, El Destino, Weldon, Springfield, Gainswood, Oak Grove, Log Hall, Level Green, Parlange, Forlorn Hope, The Forks, Mangorike, Rippon Hall, Rings Neck, Nomini Hall, Pocahontas, The Gland, Bolling Home, Bellmont, Pharasalia, Ash Pone, Snug Dale, Tyro, Somerset Place, Silk Hope, Gowrie, Hopeton, Elmington, Burleigh, Peach Point, Pleasant Grove, Retreat, Stratford, Tuckahoe, Homewood, Montpelier, Hunthill, Rose Hill.

But even these were but beginnings, while the naming of scores of others would still leave unnumbered hundreds with their characters of romance and tragedy unrecorded. The Oaklands, The Edgewoods, The Woodlawns, The Pleasant Hills, The White Halls were oft-repeated in name and character. There was great uniformity in general type, great range and variety in detail: Hickory Hill, Scotchtown, New Market, Chelsea, Elsus Green, Horn Quarter, Upper Brandon, Greenwood, Sherwood Forest, Windmill Point, Berkeley, Bollingbrook, Centre Hall, Malvern Hall, Wilton, Rosewell, Palace Green, Kenmore, Ringfield, Timberneck, Warner Hall, Brompton, Eldham, Clover Lea, Laneville, Sherwood Severnby, Lansdowne, Eagle Point, White Mast, The Shelter, Airville, Lowland Cottage, Glenroy, Toddsbury, Goshen, Waverly, Newstead, Mansfield, Hayfield, Moss Neck, Belleville, Dunham, Auburn, Dilchley, Poplar Grove, Chatham, Rosegill, Belle Isle, Edge Hill, Mount Airy, Stratford Hall, Bladenfield, Oaken Brow, Gaymount.

And what pictures they were! As varied and different as were the personalities of the masters who built and lived in them, and yet having the same sort of general similarity throughout. A big house on a hill by the river side or set far back from the road in the midst of great trees, white-framed with big columns or white-columned brick structures laid "in Flemish bond of alternately glazed black leaders and dull pink broadsides which give the walls solidity, distinction and a rich beauty." Or another mansion "with four huge rooms downstairs and a like number above, stood upon a terraced plateau, with a bowling green in front and a 'little handsome street' at the rear leading to the kitchen, bakery, dairy, and storehouses. The grounds, four acres in spread, were marked at the corners by the schoolhouse, laundry, coach house, and stable, uniform in size and style. The first of these contained not only a schoolroom but lodgings for the tutor, the master's sons and a clerk, whence they were summoned to meals at the great house by a sixty-pound bell." And another large rambling house "set in a magnificent grove of live oaks, the wide double gallery almost concealed by the luxurious vegetation. The central part is two-storied, with an attic, gabled; at one end an enormous addition contains two rooms, one above, one below, each forty-three by twenty-five feet. Some distance to the rear of the house, at one side, stands the great white-washed stable with stalls for thirty thoroughbred horses; every stall is occupied; a small army of Negro hostlers bustles about it. Still farther away through the dense tangle of vegetation, which gives to the mansion its rather melancholy grandeur, a village of small cabins, brilliantly white in the sun; these are the quarters of the servants—the hundreds of servants who make the great plantation a little town."

Such were the plantation houses, while the colonial homes in the towns and cities had their marked characteristics scarcely less distinguished. They "stood back from the streets surrounded by heavily scented gardens, almost hidden by the semitropical sweet gum and the magnolia; here and there, although it was a little far to the north, grew a camphor tree. Over the small porticos of the older houses the sweet-scented honeysuckle ran uncut, wild; and the wide double galleries of the later dwellings, built in the recent spacious times, gleamed white through the great catalpa trees now coming into leaf. Voices, disembodied in the still air, floated into the street, as if the houses themselves had spoken."

The manner of building and the interior of the great houses were equally distinctive. Some of the rooms were more than twenty-four feet high, majestic in roominess; many sixteen feet high and paneled to the ceiling. The reception-rooms carried heavy cornices over walls entirely paneled, and the carved doorways and mantels were distinctive even for colonial houses. There were collections of books, plate, furniture and portraits and pictures representative of an accumulation of many generations. Beautiful furniture and appointments with all the promise of priceless inheritance and antiques the mere listing of which would require great catalogues compiled with rare skill and portraiture. Priceless as heritage, rare as possessions, their aggregate would, even in the modern world, startle a sophisticated multitude.

The pictures of the southern men and women in these homes, and the plantation pattern of life which they led, have been painted many times, finished and framed more often in the romantic colors and setting of the past than set in realistic perspective. Nevertheless, whatever else they were, they were reflections of glory and grandeur, vivid, beautiful, and distinctive. In these pictures one sees southern men and southern women as the perfect flowering of American personality, and the plantation life as the best of American culture. Even a Walter Hines Page with his keen criticism of southern deficiencies, could see the romance and virtue of the big house in the midst of the groves and the hundreds of surrounding acres, burdened with crops white for the harvesting by black folks, musical in the rendering of old spirituals, cheerful in song and story, polite, gracious, artistic beyond measure. The number of these slaves varied from small units of twenty-five to thirty, ranging through a common measure of from one to three hundred, to the super-master with more than two thousand black folks doing his bidding. And of course "moonlight, the songs of the darkies in the distance, the flitting forms of beautiful maidens clad in ruffled skirts, their hair falling about their shoulders in ringlets, handsome, brilliant cavaliers bending over their hands, old gentlemen in black garments and black stocks walking with stately, meditative tread, white-haired matrons smiling indulgently upon the benignant scene, colored mammies, coaches-and-four and coats of arms . . ."

And around the place were the hounds and horses, the turkeys, chickens and guineas, black and white children, uncles and aunties, and middle-age black folks with varied rank and abundant pride. There were the elegant house servants, coachmen, butlers dressed in broadcloth, and women servants so well dressed that Solomon in all his glory might find a new proverb, and so numerous that often, like the lilies of the field, they toiled not, neither did they spin. Thus, at Nomini Hall there were carpenters, joiners, gardeners, postilions, "a bricklayer, a blacksmith, a miller, a tanner, a shoemaker, a hatter, a sailor, a butcher, a cook, a waiter and a scullion among the men; and among the women three housemaids, two seamstresses, two spinsters, a dairymaid, a laundress, a nursemaid and a midwife."

About the big house and the cabins were old-fashioned flowers—zinnias, dahlias, hollyhocks, prince feathers, honeysuckles, rambling roses, rose of Sharon, and still farther out orchards and gardens and pastures. Variations of all these and other details were considerable according as the big house was near the river with its own boatlanding, or in the midst of the countryside estate, or on some Milledge Avenue in an old town.

There were vivid pictures of hospitality, high living and fellowship within the bound of these physical surroundings. In such pictures, the master of the plantation lived in state, and extended his hospitality in great style. Visits were not by the hour or the day but by days and weeks. There were the examples of single meals with more than fifty guests with much variety of form, service, food and drink. And there were the days and weeks of entertaining. For the eating and drinking and merrymaking there were soups, turkeys, chickens, hams, ducks, pigs, pork, deer, mutton, kid, wild fowl and animal, eggs, apples, sweet potatoes, hominy, greens and all manner of vegetables; pies, cakes, and pastry innumerably and inimitably made; coffee, milk, cream, fruits, nuts, bottles of wine specially selected for the men, specially selected for the women; toasts, conversation, bowing men, departing ladies.

There was the estimate of food consumed at one of the great houses before the year was yet old: "twenty beeves, twenty-seven thousand pounds of pork, five hundred bushels of wheat and unmeasured corn, along with four hogsheads of rum and three barrels of whiskey, not to reckon the Madeira. For the twenty-eight fireplaces a cart with six oxen hauling four loads a day no more than sufficed for winter needs." And besides there were the luxuries that came directly from abroad, ships stopping at a planter's or neighborhood landing, in exchange for crops—silks, velvets, ribbons, and all manner of dress and household goods, jewelry and books, machinery, and what was more all manner of imported vintage for every course and occasion. And there were the contacts with London and Paris, with brilliant winters in New Orleans, Charleston, Mobile, and other places where were produced plays of Shakespeare before ever they were given in New York or Boston or Philadelphia.

And volumes of Shakespeare, Scott, George Eliot, Johnson, Goldsmith, Greek and Latin classics, were often a part of the culture of these plantation masters, in spite of the complaints of Frederick Law Olmsted who failed to find them.

And there were the magnificent Mississippi steamboats sailing down the historic Father of Waters. A Vesuvius, an Ætna, a Volcano, an Eclipse, a Caledonia, a Concordia, a Magnolia, a Grand Republic, sailing back and forth with all manner of people, high and low, on board—with luxurious staterooms and saloons, excellent food, library, dancing, and all manner of "glory" characteristic of the romance of the Mississippi River. Boat races, adventure in flood tide at the many landings, the singing and scrambling of roustabouts, loading and unloading the bales of cotton, were a part of the never-to-be-forgotten historic Old South. And then on to New Orleans, whence the rise of a peculiar civilization based upon clash of the Old World, upon mixed ethnic factors, upon slave labor, from which came Mardi Gras and the Carnival, and a distinctive society sometimes called the most American of the Nation. Here were glamor, romance, and beauty from the inner crescent city reflected over against that other city and era where "Negro slaves sang as they loaded bales of cotton from the plantation wharves onto the snorting steamboats of the Mississippi, while Creole dandies duelled under the famous oaks and Ursuline nuns fingered their rosaries."

The old plantation system was often likened unto a school in which society was molded into unerring patterns. Thus the plantation was often a community in which there were teachers for the children of the house, their relatives and neighbors, and special instruction for the talented Negroes in crafts, in routine skill, and even in reading, writing and arithmetic. There were local government and citizenship, religious instruction and worship, agriculture and industry, entertainment and recreation, all centered around the various family units, so that many of the pictures of the Old South were indeed pictures of a miniature society.

And what pageantry and variety were found in these old pictures. What portraiture in "the procession of plowmen at evening, slouched crosswise on their mules; the dance in the new sugarhouse, preceded by prayer, the bonfire in the quarter with contests in clogs, cakewalks and Charleston whose fascinations were as yet undiscovered by the great world; the work songs in solo and refrain, with not too fast a rhythm; the baptizing in the creek, with lively demonstrations from the 'sisters' as they came dripping out; the torchlight pursuit of 'possum and 'coon, with full-voiced halloo to baying houn' dawg and yelping cur; the rabbit hunt, the log-rolling, the house-raising, the husking-bee, the quilting party, the wedding, the cock fight, the crap game, the children's play, all punctuated plantation life—and most of them were highly vocal. A funeral now and then of some prominent slave would bring festive sorrowing, or the death of a beloved master an outburst of emotion."

The leading man in the big house and its drama was of course the old southerner. Like the great houses which no man has ever numbered, so no man will ever count him with all his variety and peculiarities and character. There have been many stories about him and many pictures presenting him as a type but even so, like the plantations and plantation life, there was great variety, in the midst of what might nevertheless lend itself to typical portraiture. The old Southerner was a gentleman and an aristocrat, whose character could be told at a glance by the measured dignity of his walking or riding or by the carriage in which he rode. His dress, as his manner, was distinctive, with perhaps a gold-headed cane, a great watch and chain of Geneva gold, the monogrammed prismic seal, the manner of his toying with chain and seal being, like the motions of a lady's fan, visible signs of the gentleman. He was proud, austere, impetuous, eloquent, and sometimes over-irascible, loquacious of tongue and pen, such that he appeared domineering to many northerners and to many a common man in the South. As man of leisure, politician, squire, or manager of a plantation, or whatnot, there was a varied story, now pleasure-hunting the fox, raccoon, wolf, rabbit, quail, now visiting neighbors and arguing, now discussion of philosophy and literature, and also, now fighting, according to his code of honor.

Leading lady, no less distinctive in her way, was the southern woman, grown from girlhood, full of larks and pranks and penchant for pleasures, into serious, gracious woman competent to meet the tremendous demands upon her body and soul; mother of old statesmen and soldiers, who led in the revolt against England, in the making of the new government, and later in the defense of the Old South. Such women were beautiful, gracious, commanding, setting new standards of their own, filling new books of romance for a new world to learn. They were remarkable for perfection in mastery and service, creating and guiding their own large families, and taking charge of and dividing fortunes with sundry subsidiary families of black folks all around them. But perhaps the southern woman of all classes best reflected her glory through fortitude and heroic devotion during the War and reconstruction.

What if the Daughters of the Confederacy have over-portrayed the southern woman? Was she not, they prove, "the magnolia grandiflora of a race of Cavaliers? She inherited beauty—not alone of the kind which attaches to person, though in superlative degree she possessed that—but beauty of mind, beauty of soul, beauty of character. These combined to lift her attractions to a higher power and to give her the exquisite charm of loveliness. Hers were the Spartan traits of an Old South—endurance, courage, fortitude, superiority of mind—traits which compelled respect even from strangers, which inspired reverence in her children and loyalty in her slaves, and which secured for her the good-will of her neighbors. But she also possessed the strength which is born of prayer, the tranquil calm which comes from faith, and the serene smile, whose divine source is love. Whether in a pillared mansion or in a lowly cot, whether at home or abroad, whether in dispensing hospitality to her equals or in bestowing favor upon her dependents, she was everywhere and always a queen; and whatever she said or did, bore the baronial hall-mark of the old manor and told of the gentle molds of ancestry from which she sprang."

And not the least of all the pictures were those distinguished characters, the old slaves. These were not merely the sentimental "uncles" and "aunties" and "mammies," but men and women all, as distinctive characters as ever the South produced. They were able, charming, artistic, proud, so skillful and powerful in adaptation as to defy description and measurement by any art or science yet devised. Frankness everywhere compels the admission that here was a type the passing of which must always seem a tragedy of lost personalities in exchange for the greater gain of human freedom. The pictures showed clearly that "Something of the beautiful loyalty in them which guarded the women and children with such zeal while husbands and fathers were fighting far away persisted in the early days of their freedom. Old slaves, with fruit and gobblers and game, would sneak into the house with an instinctive sense of delicacy and leave them in the depleted larder surreptitiously."

And what artists, not only in manners and serving and in skill of vocations but on special occasions equal to any demand. Here was a neighborly gathering. And here "the old negro clad in his blue swallow-tail coat with big brass buttons, would appear in the library or the vine-covered house in the garden, carrying a silver tray filled with all the ingredients of his magic concoction. . . . Tender, fragrant mint firmly pressed with the back of a spoon against the glistening inside of a sterling goblet; the bruised leaves gently removed and the cup half filled with cracked ice; mellow Bourbon, aged in oaken staves, bubbling from a brown jigger, percolated through the sparkling cubes and slivers; in another receptacle, granulated sugar slowly stirred into chilled limestone water to a silvery mixture as smooth as some rare Egyptian oil, was poured on top of the ice; then while beads of moisture gathered on the burnished exterior of the goblet, old Nelson garnished the frosted brim with choicest sprigs of mint and presented the tall cup, with a courtly bow, to the nearest guest."

This glory that was the South was then of one pattern yet of many parts. The Kentucky glory differed from that of Virginia, the Virginia from that of Tennessee, and there was none like that of Charleston or New Orleans. The southern poetry of Edgar Allan Poe or Sidney Lanier was different from the oratory of John C. Calhoun or Henry Clay. Southern politics was different from southern philosophy. Southern statesmanship of a silver-tongued Benjamin Hill, a fire-eating Robert Toombs, was different from the force and drive of Andrew Johnson or the skill and artistry of Henry Grady. And thus one star differed from another star whether it were Washington, Madison, Patrick Henry, Marshall, the Harrisons, the Lees and the other Virginians; Graham, Macon, Davie, Benton, Badger of North Carolina; Calhoun, Hayne, Laurens, Legaré, Lowndes, Pinckney and the others from South Carolina; or Campbell, Jackson, Polk, White, of Tennessee; Houston of Texas; King of Alabama; Cobb, Forsyth, Stephens, Toombs of Georgia; Bibb, Breckenridge, Henry Clay, Guyot, Johnson of Kentucky; Livingston, Slidell, Taylor of Louisiana; Prentiss, or Walker of Mississippi.

There were "giants" in the pictures of those days. "George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Madison were giants, as everyone admits; and the South in their day dominated the nation. Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and Henry Clay were no weaklings, either; such men do not spring from a degenerate race. In moral stature and military genius Robert E. Lee overtops George Washington himself, although Lee had not the statesmanship that secures Washington his primacy. And Stonewall Jackson, the two Johnstons, Longstreet, Beauregard, Stuart, Early, and Forrest were such soldiers as delight the heart of the romancer and flutter the maiden pride of any nation. Tardy justice now begins to admit that Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens also were men of genius"; and many others. And "before the war" there were times when the sons of the South enrolled in its colleges were more than all the sons of New England; and its college endowments were more than all of the region of the "Big Three" and their lesser satellites. And in later years there were times when the ratio of southern students, the influence and cordial relations of Yale and Princeton and Harvard were greater than at any time within the three quarter century to follow the war.

Perhaps no pictures were more characteristic of the glory of the South than its military leaders, a veritable galaxy of stars, "picturesque individuals, flaming gentlemen at arms, who brought to this war sound military aptitude, and the color also, of the age of chivalry. But Stuart was something more than any of them. I think each footsore infantryman, each gunner pounding by, every hardriding trooper, saw in Jeb Stuart the man he would like to be himself. Jeb Stuart was a symbol, a gonfalon that went before the swift, lean columns of the Confederacy. He served as the eyes and ears of Lee: his hands touched the springs of vast events. His Commanding General said of him, at the last, the finest thing history records of any cavalry officer: 'He never sent me a piece of false information.' "

And there were yet other pictures of the glory that was the South. Southerners of unusual social and cultural heritage, of literary and creative ability, accustomed to wealth and dignity, standing or bending or breaking under the vulgar standards and edicts of carpet-baggers, scalawags, and Negroes. These were pictures unforgettable from any viewpoint. A bride concealing a beautiful diamond in her mouth; to the enemy, looking dumb for fear, in reality storing up resentments and transmitting them to her children. Soldiers pouring oil and turpentine on priceless furniture and setting it on fire. Wealthy and cultured women crowded hither and yon, robbed of their silver and gold, and wandering in the streets of their home towns. Now and then a fortunate escape to Europe in a desperate effort to regain a little of the lost world of hope and self-respect.

A grand old man with no word of bitterness, robbed of his Arlington and without a home, astride old Traveller looking for a small farm. In the streets and highways thousands of Negroes swaggering with muskets and bayonets jeering former masters and mistresses, urged on by ecstatic whites glorying in the torture of a fallen folk. Straggling processions of crippled men, torn, battered and gray, day on day and week on week, passing drearily over country roads wending their way through the wreckage of homes and fields. Arriving home they found houses, barns, fences, supplies destroyed, mules, horses, cattle, sheep stolen or driven away, no money, no farming implements, no seed, no labor. Pictures and pictures and pictures. And men and women destined to be citizens of the "gentle and fair republic of letters," smiling ironically over ruined aspirations, transcended by the work of farm and kitchen. Or, as Gerald Johnson paints it, "the most tragic figures in the South are the men who might have been artists had not their obvious duty compelled them to throttle their dreams and turn their hands to material labor. Every southerner knows them—wistful figures, a little apart from their fellows, even in old age, dimly aware that they have somehow lost, but not sure what, or why, or when. . . ." Again, pictures and pictures . . . "many once wealthy families, especially in Charleston, parted with their plate and other heirlooms to buy bread; here, too, some actually starved to death. The fiery poet, Henry Timrod, whose lyrics had animated southern hearts during the war, suffered constantly from hunger during the latter part of 1865 and died two years later in utter poverty. William Gilmore Simms sold a few copies of Timrod's volume of poems to obtain money for the family, but Simms himself, with his country home burned down and his library destroyed by Sherman's troops, was ruined." In Georgia during 1865 pitiful scenes were described and in parts of Alabama there were people literally starving to death. A great plantation sold for five cents an acre . . . and its glory was of the past, past. Of such was the kingdom of the Old South, the making and breaking of which were processes in the development of a region southern instead of national, current situations and dramatic scenes transcending all logic of biological and historical backgrounds.

CHAPTER IV

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS NOT

Both Uncle John and the old Major were enthusiastic followers of Jefferson and Jeffersonian democracy, but from different viewpoints. Uncle John, understanding only vaguely the general principles and ideals which he had heard were Jefferson's, was naturally a great believer in the rights and destinies of the people. The old Major, on the other hand, was perhaps naturally inclined to be a "philosopher," given to much debating and to the turning over in his mind of every sort of problem. He was particularly apt and eloquent in the discussion of general humanistic themes and politics. He had always doubted the efficacy of the old southern too-dominant autocracy. Part of this doubt had come from a fair reasoning about certain weaknesses of the southern economy, a certain amount of actual theoretical study, and considerable observations and study of the southern scene since the war. But perhaps a considerable part of his conclusions came from natural rationalization, since he himself, like Jefferson Davis and many another later southern plantation man, came to his status quickly, developing in a single generation from a family of insecure small farmers into a great planter. With all of his pride in the dignity of his expanded family he could not see in the glory of the knightly gentleman who had developed from the restless pioneer, sturdy, plain, hard-working, any exclusive and permanent value differing from the earlier generation itself, pioneering, suffering, deeply religious, ambitious, honorable. He could see no aristocracy in the primitive days of the frontier, and he could think of the whole South in no other terms than in stages of frontier fringes, each great family at one time or another in its history having participated in the great restless drive for wealth and progress and superior class development.

Thus the old Major was inclined to think of Uncle John, somewhat undeveloped and unlettered, but highly honorable and energetic, as an earlier member of his own generation. And Uncle John understood and esteemed the fortunes and family of the old Major and took great pride in the marriage of his own sons to the daughters of the older family. The old Major recalled a similar understanding between the men who marched with Lee, where sons of aristocrats, side by side with mountain or flatwood folk, fought for and almost worshipped the great general. He had often wished that the South could have realized the possibilities of this greater understanding among its own people, both before the war in working out its own human economy and in later days with the bitter and pathetic struggle still remaining in many parts of the South among the classes in many communities.

Both Uncle John and the old Major were scornful of much of the false pride and hypocrisy of the Old South and particularly of the remnants of proud folk on the one hand and the "strainers" and imitators on the other. There was much that was tragic and small alongside that which was tragic and glorious. It was difficult to decide whether pity or scorn was the predominant note in the conversations which told about the pathetic family of women in the neighborhood doing their washing in the attic and never hanging out the clothes lest the neighborhood might see the disgrace of their doing their own work. There was always this effect on southern standards and ideals of work, the lesser folk aping the bigger folk, the later generations imitating the old standards and old families. There was that pathetic case of another family having distinguished company from afar to dine, assigning one of the girls to blacken her face and hands and bring in the dinner in high fashion. And there was the family of unmarried men not knowing how to work, being too proud to work, aristocrats gone to seed, sometimes actually hungry, dressed in broadcloth, retaining fine dogs and horses on the place. Sometimes they actually called on the sick common folks neighbors at meal time and accepted their hospitality in the guise of neighborly honors from aristocrat to common man. And ever there was some hidden tragedy in the big house on the hill or in the grove. Shutters never open, dark, mysterious pride and mourning inside . . . tragic women folks, veiled, slipping out to buy provisions . . . bitterness, tragedy, pride, old age, broken minds, broken bodies, degeneracy and decay.

The old Major had often maintained that the whole economic and cultural system of the South, although having many admirable features in it and at times approximating great possibilities, was neither well thought out nor well balanced. Just as the South could not or would not foresee the trend of events in its great embargo on cotton to England or the fallacy of its high-handed assumptions concerning the English attitude towards the war; and just as it could not or would not see the impossibility of slavery as a permanent institution in a rapidly changing social world, the old Major felt that the South, instead of thinking out its economic problems and working out well balanced theories, had merely followed a temporary cycle, partly imitating English standards and partly following the same inclinations which looked to the present only. There were many others, too, who thought that the developing social codes and practices of the plantation-Old South were such as would have undermined its own civilization sooner or later. An unthinking aristocracy, a denial of education to the common folk and to women, an untenable attitude towards the Negro, a culture based on superficial acquaintance with the classics, an over-emphasis upon luxuries and physical life, hard drinking, and duelling were all units in this count against that part of the old southern civilization. Evidence of this lack of foresight and grounding was plentiful in the chaos which followed such swift economic and social change as to throw a whole people into a new era untrained and undisciplined for modern movements.

There were imperfections and tragedies inherent in the best of the old system. If the women of the South during the war and in the tragic aftermath suffered beyond the measure of any man's estimate, there were also many who suffered much under the old system, where perchance they learned well a discipline which was to sustain them in the decades to come. There were the beautiful, heroic, and tragic pictures of several wives of one master, each taking up the load where the last one fell, each succeeding one bearing her quota of stalwart descendants of gentlemen. Thus rode forth a great master, married to a beautiful mistress, who begat near a score of children, some of whom died at birth or later. But even of those who remained there was still a large family. This mistress of the big house not only had her own family to look after, to supervise, to direct their nurture and education according to the high expectations of their standards, but also she was called upon to supervise and direct the many industries of the great house and the large number of Negro families with their children all about the place. In exchange for her efforts on behalf of these black folks she received of course much service, the nursing of her children, and many loyalties of the categorical sort. It may have been, too, however, that these servants were part and parcel of her family in other ways as mothers of the great master's black children who, added to the score of her own, created a remarkable family indeed. Whether to the glory of the Old South or to the grandeur that was not time deposeth as witness.

Thus to the glory and splendor and beauty of the mistress of the big house, with her remarkable mastery, were added, nevertheless, much that was improper in any institutional order which claimed recognition for its glory and perfection. This woman, in return for the written and spoken eulogies to her beauty and grace, had little freedom of any sort. Her work, even like the work of the woman among the common people, was never done. She was chaperoned and bound in by conventions and great tasks. Education of the broader sort was not for her, and she, mistress that she was in many ways, was not supposed to interest herself in social, intellectual, and political movements. Many things she was not supposed to see, and, if seeing, was not to record and, if recording, was not to let it see the light either in her own consciousness or in the records for posterity. Thus this remarkable character became a symbol for a certain type of hypocrisy, superficiality, and rationalization wherever reality was concerned, and this symbolism carried over into the reconstruction period and far into the twentieth century. For decades white children had been turned over to colored mammies, some through genuine continuation of the old custom, some through imitation, some through general unfitness, and some through the grand rationalization that children needed this discipline to make them gentlefolk. So also had the women of the Confederacy preserved mass pictures of the Old South based upon romantic developments from individual incidences of beauty and glory, pictures that never were on land or sea or earth or sky. The Old South had nothing save perfection; its men were gentlemen, its women ladies all. Any who criticised the old order or brought to light facts not conducive to its glorification were either not patriots or else so uncultured as not to understand that all this new generation was neither to the manner nor to the manor born. Perhaps few things had militated so effectively against the South's facing reality as this pattern in which the lovely women of the South had tried to project an atmosphere of gentility, beauty, and glory through an over-weening pride, bitterness, and narrowness.

The old Major, following his inclination to philosophize by linking institutions with morality, was wont to raise some questions about the consistency of the old southern emphasis upon the family and the sanctity of the home. Here, he would urge, sometimes sadly and sometimes half bitterly, was a great society with the family as its central unit, and with the glory of the home the glory of its culture, with the sanctity of its womanhood the measure of its purity. And yet in two larger ways the culture of the old institutional South set standards in violation of fundamentals of home and family unity. There was, in the first place, the extra-familial relationships of the master of the big house with the women slaves in violation of all codes of chivalry towards his own family and the utter lack of respect for the personalities of Negroes. For this sort of thing Uncle John had less than no respect and towards its standards came as near profanity as ever his religious conscience would allow; while the old Major himself found it hard to defend even after the manner of southern logic.

In still another way the southern pattern contributed to the disintegration of the Negro family. Husbands and wives among the slaves were sold to go into different parts of the country, sons and daughters were taken from family settings and distributed wherever the buyer might decide. There was here also, then, another striking case of unreality, so much so that many of the Southerners never even saw the rank inconsistency of their high morality for the purity of the women and the family in theory and their low morality in the practice of the opposite. Thus, the pictorians have estimated that "Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women pales into commonplace beside the picture gallery" of the southern woman, her family, and her purity; and "only in the Old South do we find that deference to women which was so innate and that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound." But, alas, the picture in reality, for posterity, left the dream of fair women paling not into insignificance but into tragedy, and the "chastity of honor" stained beyond the measurement of mortal. Behind the thin veil of glory were the deep shadows of tragedy.

The tragedy of the South's immoral morality and moral immorality was to project itself far into the generations beyond the days of the plantation into a South clamoring for purity of race, enforcing its clamor through technical legislation in the midst of an increasing mixed race of its own begetting. There were distinguished men of great families, handsome in bearing and powerful in influence, and their white sons alongside half-breeds. Their sons were often known in the community as brothers to the mixed, yet challenging unspoken penalties for the naming of the fact. Neither great politicians, neither great educators, neither great preachers, neither great merchants, nor whatever manner of leaders abounded were exempt from the wild-oat sins of their fathers unto the third and fourth generations. For many years the extension of this relationship constituted a drain on much of the young manhood of the white South, conditioning their whole mental and cultural pattern, draining their energies, filling their minds with remarkable variety of filth, and resulting in the predominance of non-creative stimuli. Young boys and young men, no work to do, sitting around the stores, mingling in the cabins, colleagues in filthy song and story, the creative opportunity of the South passing them by unknown and unsung!

There were other pictures . . . pictures of violence, white men, college boys, kidnaping Negro girls, pictures of the glory that was the South translated into measures of inglorious debasement. Pictures and pictures across the screen until a new South of the twentieth century grew tired of them and set itself to their destruction and to the task of substituting new pictures of respect of personality and high morality for the old glory.

Both the old Major and Uncle John thought that the glory of old family and plantation as reflected in drinking and gambling had been overdone. Even before the war some of the students of the southern order, like the old Major, had begun to wonder whether the extreme ends to which the plantation led in the use of leisure time with much gambling, fighting, duelling, and drinking, were contributing to or detracting from the possibilities of creative work and substantial culture. The fact that drinking as a southern tradition had not left in the minds of its own people complete confidence and pride in its pattern were found in the almost universal verdict of bankers and money lenders that the prospect of the young man in question was always determined largely by whether he drank or gambled. The universal advice given to such young men was that the road ahead was full of promise if only he didn't "drink and gamble." This was not merely later moralizing but it was the business verdict of the old men who sometimes came through southern communities in which not a single male descendant of the old families survived. And the glory of the old Christmas celebrations among the whites and blacks had its tinge of tragedy and tension and carried over into many later generations.

The magnificence of the old plantation life had its counterpart also in the stubborn individualism, non-cooperative habits, violent tempers, feuds, duels, fighting, and isolation. How much glory there was in the heroic pictures of a stalwart statesman seizing the dagger of an opponent, attacking him in public meeting, splitting his head wide open to the brains, and throwing him over a wall into the river, then calmly coming back to address the crowd, depends upon the viewpoint and the standards of the measurement. How much and of what sort of glory was reflected in the shooting down by rule and institutional sanction of one great man by another great man depends again upon the measuring vessel into which the glory must be poured. If there was great glory and honor in the standards of the gentlemen and the chivalric codes for the settling of personal differences such glory and honor appeared to later generations as but temporary and at best a most wasteful process. And the carrying of this glory, reflecting fighting codes of honor, into national House and Senate, while providing plenty of liveliness and entertainment for the public, had left, nevertheless, a definite imprint not always an asset to the would-be southern statesman of the new day.

The old feudalistic ideals brought over from the English manor and imperfectly adapted also left much that was to be desired. The lack of definite disciplines of work and planning, the development of class feeling between the poor and the rich, between the country and the city, the brooding of the poor whites, competition of white and Negro labor, and many other effects, left in the wake of the war a chaos of ignorant, untrained, superstitious people ill-prepared for the fierce struggle that was to come. The struggles of the overseers to become planters, the climbing of the newly rich, the bad manners of many plantation folks, lacking in social experience and provincial through isolation, yet honestly assuming great culture and urbanity, constituted heritages not altogether glorious. And there was cruelty to slaves, driving and beating and putting in chains. And how much of this pattern remains today in the mob brutality and white man defense of mob murder no man can measure.

The old Major was quite critical also of the whole economic system of the Old South which he claimed had never continued long enough on sufficiently stable conditions to prove its worth. In the case of the Major's father and of his many relatives, he pointed out how they had been forced to move from Virginia where over-production and depletion of land had pushed them further south; and then how malaria, mosquitoes, floods, had driven them east again; and how even at the end of the war the ultimate inefficiency of the system was beginning to show in wornout lands, in single money crop system, in a sort of fatalistic thriftlessness and wastefulness and the beginnings of economic decay.

Most people, he thought, either did not know about or had forgotten the hundreds of "failures" and bankruptcies of plantations which, because of too much cotton or the vanishing rice or the vanishing indigo, left desolation in their wake. There were the sordid miseries of the migrating hordes, the restlessness and suffering of families, the failures never recorded. And there were the vicissitudes of the plantation, disease among the slaves, difficulties with markets, destruction by flood and storm, all of which marked episodes much more important than have usually been recorded in the picture. And always there was the lack of scientific information and methods in agriculture, the monopolistic tendency of the big to swallow up the little, the hard competition with free labor, the cheapness of life in slaves, children, women, and the exaggerated claims of southern wealth, a large part of which was measured through high evaluation of slaves, the per capita distribution being estimated only for the masters. And throughout all this dispensation a lack of economic training for the generations to come, so that when the war came and the system was destroyed there was no groundwork upon which the new generation could build its new life.

The old southern régime could not survive an evolutionary world. Its philosophy and religion were not consistent with the development of social justice and democracy. Its economic groundings did not foresee the revolutions to come from scientific discoveries as well as social and economic changes. Its education and culture were not attuned to the modern era of science and the new mobility. The Old South's wounds were deep; not only wounds to its glory and grandeur, but antagonisms left from class distinctions and discriminations of the old order. The extreme snobbishness which the imitation-aristocracy manifested had left its mark, and remained as a conditioning influence. No adequate pictures had been painted for the mastery by southern folk of the art and practice of condescension. Later bitterness and antagonisms of the common folks and the poorer whites, toward the more wealthy, as well as of the Negroes toward the whites, manifested themselves in politics, religion, education, intersectional and interstate quarreling and conflicts. A modern cultural region in which one class could not mingle socially with the other, or recognize its existence socially, although sprung from the same ancestry, could not thrive in that form.

In the meantime, there was great readjustment needed for the common folks whose lives and fortunes had also been expended in the War. There were hundreds of thousands, ignorant and illiterate, partly products of the Old South. There were hundreds of thousands, who were poor and striving for education and culture. There were adjustments to be made between the common man and the aristocracy; between the white man and the Negro, and between the new ruling class and a new pioneering South still a frontier of civilization of some new sort yet to be determined. And there were the feudalistic attitudes carried over in the feelings of southern employers of labor toward their employees. The southern capitalist still thought of himself as owner *par excellence*—owner of his property and his people, to whom he would give benevolence, but not independence. And in this respect the glory of the Old South was yet to be tested in full measure by middle folk and common man.

CHAPTER V

MIDDLE FOLK AND COMMON MAN

Much of the glory that was the South and of the grandeur that was *not* was found in the experiences of the millions of middle folk not commonly recorded in the annals of the heroic or in the stories of submerged groups. Much that went on in the South "was too completely tragic to furnish material for theatrical tragedy, far too high in spirit for written romance which crawls along the beaten paths of life, too stark for poetry." Indeed the culture of the Old South and of the New was found exclusively neither in the romanticism of its aristocratic gentry nor in the tragedy and comedy of the much described poor whites, but in the living drama of its common folks. For there were more, many more, of the people represented by Uncle John than in the combined aggregate of the old Major and the remnant poor across the river. And in their life and labor particularly were to be found not only the fabric of the New South and its civilization, but much that was in the Old as well.

Pictures of Lee's army, the best fighting units of the whole Confederacy, reflected the complex structure of the Old South. Scions of aristocratic houses marching alongside conscripts from countryside, backwoods and mountain coves, fighting a common battle, reflected much of the glory of the common man, "their beards unkempt, their uniforms torn and patched with clumsy hands, their feet upon the ground, devoted men, ironsides after the fashion of Cromwell's army two hundred years before, their commander second only to God himself." So they marched and fought during the war; so also they marched sadly back—common men but with heroism a sort of commonplace virtue within them . . . armless sleeves, . . . crutches, ragged, gray uniforms, in battered hats and caps,

. . . remnants of flags, . . . relics of a brave army, . . . wrecks of men, . . . common men who had borne the physical burden of a nation for its error slavery, . . . plain countrymen . . . blameless victims of a sectional wrath. Nevertheless, a part of their story was found in the fact that they "had miraculously survived and crawled to barren homes from the clash and slaughter and from starvation and such deadly vain endeavor as no other men have ever known and lived. . . ."

And back home they had been the backbone of the Old South even as they must be for the New. Thousands of them . . . "humdrum, but honest, pious, substantial and numerous . . . no pretense to spectacular living . . . not given to ancestor worship . . . not aristocratic in political view . . . not aristocratic even in the religious preference . . . moderate landholdings . . . few slaves . . . small planters . . . a great element of society, its solidity if not its ornamentation, with which the glamorous plantation legend failed to make connection. Such an inaccuracy is not a casual one; it is not meaningless; it is basic." Here, then, was the picture of one type of common man of the South, the small planter, "living in a modest home, tilling a hundred or so acres of soil, earning by the sweat of his brow and a very little Ethiopian perspiration a none too luxurious living, courteous, hospitable, withal simple, frolicking in mild fashion on rare occasions, voting for Jefferson and those he felt the followers in spirit of the great democrat, genuinely but not painfully pious, after a Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian fashion, raising—not rearing—a family of children, and sleeping at last with his fathers."

The mosaic of the Old South was made up of non-slaveholders and the small slaveholders scattered everywhere, as well as of the larger owners. At least three-fourths of the white population had no proprietary interest in the Negro. In the cotton counties of the Mississippi delta non-slave owners were to be found largely as overseers and perhaps woodcutters to supply the steamboats with fuel. On the other hand, "In the mountains, in some parts of the pine barrens, and on the borders north and west, they comprised nearly all the population. Everywhere else they dwelt as neighbors of the planters and of well-to-do townsmen. Their standards of comfort and propriety, their manners and morals, varied with the vicinage, with health and wealth, with education and opportunity, and with individual proclivities and predilections. Joseph E. Brown, war-time governor of Georgia, emerged from a mountain farm with a yoke of oxen as pay for schooling; a contemporary as governor of Virginia, began adult life as a carpenter; C. G. Meminger, Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, was an orphanage boy; and Andrew Johnson a tailor's apprentice, illiterate until a wife took him in hand. These and their fellow millions cannot be lumped as 'poor whites.'"

The picture reveals many log houses alongside the mansions. Allan Tate has described the small farmer dwelling in a log cabin such as even Jefferson Davis was born in: "If the farmer prospered he made a hall of the passage and added porches front and rear or even raised a second story. Most of the household activities went on in the large bedroom in which the farmer and his wife and the youngest children slept. The cooking was done before the huge open fireplace. The family dinner, consisting of bacon, corn bread, mush and molasses, was spread on a checkered tablecloth, sometimes on the bare boards of the pine table which stood in the center of the room. The farmer's wife washed her clothes out of doors, heating the water in an enormous pot over a fire made of chips or the smaller sticks of wood from the woodpile. If the farmer owned a Negro family, as was frequently the case, the mistress "minded" the young pickaninnies along with her own children, in order that their mother might be released for service in the field. A small farmer, like Samuel Davis, worked as a rule side by side with his slaves."

Walter Hines Page saw in this great class of sober-living and thrifty proprietors the economic backbone and the moral fibre of the Southern States. Largely unsung by poets and romancers they cultivated their lands themselves, frequently working their own plough, like industrious New Englanders. "Their establishments were well and neatly kept; their toil yielded a sufficient income to provide most comforts and certain luxuries; their sons and daughters had a good schooling, and occasionally instruction in the higher branches at a denominational college." There was glory enough among these substantial middle folk if glory and romance are seen as realities in the midst of difficult situation. Here again there was much of the Old and the New South mixed, much of the dividing line between old aristocracy and the common man being obliterated. There had been many southerners who distrusted slavery and had great loyalty towards the Federal Union. There had been great national patriotism in the South and credit was due the double patriots.

Of the men and women in this great middle group there were pictures and pictures. A clan of eleven brothers and three sisters with the patriarch father of them all living to the ripe age of ninety-five, every man among them a powerful worker and fighter, and every man looking a red-bearded giant. Of the group, one was a singer who taught his music lessons far and wide and published song books galore; one was a blacksmith, always hankering after new inventions; one was the greatest horse-trader in the community; the others were farmers, each inclined to some special excellence, whether it be a brag patch of cotton, the heaviest display in hog-killing time, or the fastest horse in the community; and the last one of them militant Populists just before the turn of the century when southern Democrats and Populists came to grips. The old patriarch bellowed eloquently that he had shouldered his old musket one time against the damn Yankees, and he would be damned if he wouldn't just as soon try it again against the Democrats! Such were the later pictures of a developing southern Populism among the common folks.

And there was the picture of the sons and daughters of a Walter Hines Page antecedent, every one grown to vigorous maturity . . . "huge figures frequently gathered at the place for family celebrations . . . the Reverend Jesse . . . the theologian of the family . . . 'Uncle Jim,' famous especially for the mighty volume of his singing voice . . . Pascal, the family scholar . . . politics also represented . . . 'Uncle Rufus,' a Whig leader before the Civil War . . . Malvina married to a Methodist preacher . . . Ann Eliza also the wife of a Methodist preacher and Araminta suggesting an acquaintance with Elizabethan poetry."

There was the youngest daughter of Uncle John whose earliest experiences centered largely around the privations and hardships multiplied by the War and its aftermath. This little girl in her first years especially seemed a symbol of all that was beautiful and pleasureful. She sought out the simple flowers and shrubs and rocks on hillside and bluff and by the edge of rippling waters. She sang almost incessantly and danced and played with rare imagination. Then 1860 and the war. Then enlistment of father and brothers on a battle front in which they were little concerned save as patriots or conscripts, united in a cause to which they had given little attention and drawn into a war for which they were in nowise responsible. Then hardships and long suffering. The song of the little girl turned plaintive, nature became fields and rows of cotton and corn. She grew up; pleasure was translated into service, religion became a merciless tyrant demanding all pleasure for itself. Love of Jesus was substituted for love of youth, the beauty of the spirit transcended the beauty of the body. Then marriage and the family, many children, three dead, and the love of the beautiful was translated into the pictures of the promised land; aspiration turned toward meeting the children on the golden shore; continued hardships, after-the-war poverty holding on, always frustration of all aspiration for the beautiful. Then typhoid fever, interpreted as punishment from God because of her secret aspirations for beauty and companionship. Then more suffering and conflict until in the latter days of her short span of years in the service of the Lord, in the search for life and beauty, there came the bitter confession that no longer would she sing,

Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

She might toil, she said, but of suffering she had had enough.

And another daughter of the old Major married a bright young farmer, and they both started out without property. The first years were full of fruitful effort, both in the development of the family and the farm; the man was a good man, perhaps a little too much inclined to the drinking of the juice of the corn, but a "good provider" and a good father of his children. There were seven children, of whom the oldest was a daughter upon whose shoulders was to fall the burden of the household. The next oldest was a boy. As he grew up, it was clear that he was a sort of physical giant, the best wrestler and runner among all the children at school, good natured, lovable; and following in his steps was the next oldest boy like unto him. They came to be known as defenders of smaller children in trouble. There were next two daughters of rare personality and enthusiasm, overflowing with wit and humor, and reflecting a fine composite beauty of country girlhood and simple gracefulness. And the younger boys, somewhat after the fashion of the older children. Typical country folks, quick, fair work, fair mischief, the whole family of nine presenting rather an attractive picture of middle folk in the after-war South.

Then hardships of sickness added to the struggle for existence. The family was stricken with typhoid. The father was taken, the mother stricken, and for twelve unbroken weeks there was always a member of the family "down"; then the mother invalided, in bed for six years. It was never reported of her that she failed in humor and good cheer. Throughout the community, neighbors came to see her, forgot to cheer her in their habit of being cheered by her. Then the broken family and a new start in the mill village. A new home, with new ambition, more money, and again cheer and optimism abounded. The older daughter, much after the disposition of her mother, turned leader and nurse, Sunday School and church worker for the small village and community, until she became a sort of symbol of that which was beautiful and good. Then the white plague, too much work to save money and to save souls, and an aristocratic spirit among the common folk succumbed in the unequal struggle. It was a picture of a promising family of middle folk, with all manner of promise to community and state, placed in an unequal struggle in which they never had a chance.

And there were the pictures of individuals—farmer, doctor, teacher, preacher, common men in a common cause struggling to rebuild a civilization anew. There was the picture of a physician come up from the Confederate army while still a stripling, and contriving to get a medical education. For forty years "he carried on a practice so immense and so widely scattered that it would drive three modern medicos into nervous prostration in six months. The horses the man drove to death would have remounted a regiment of cavalry; and in the vast, poverty-smitten region over which he ranged, not one patient in five could ever pay him a cent. He could hardly buy a decent coat, not to mention expensive surgical equipment; yet I doubt that he slept a single night through for half a lifetime. Through sleet and snow on many a bitter night alcohol carried him through when he must otherwise have failed some suffering pauper in the remote wilderness. Alcohol got him at last. . . ."

There were other pictures of simple living, and gala occasions, all-day singings and church meetings, Thanksgiving and Christmas, as times began to grow better. The southerner, whether from plantation or farm, well-to-do or poor, was wont to draw heavily upon nature and whatever supplies he had. Wasteful but enjoying himself. Mixed pictures again. There was many a cheerful picture of Christmas in home and farm of middle folk and common man. "Long strands of red peppers hang to nails outside the kitchen door. . . . Shoats growing fatter each day on the sweet acorns falling from the live-oak trees, and on the peanuts and potatoes, peas and ears of corn which were left in the fields when those crops were gathered. . . . In the wild-crabapple thickets fruit covering the ground. . . . The sugar-cane mills with their bright fires make shining red stars at night, the fragrance of the boiling syrup steaming up from the brown gallons which simmer and thicken in the wood-lined vats. . . . Sweet potatoes in banks . . . hay in stacks, corn in the barns, most of the cotton picked. . . . Cotton gins run at full tide. . . . Axes swing and ring in the woods . . . fat rosiny pine knots. . . . Wild broom grass ripe enough . . . for brooms. . . . Quail in the fields."

And throughout the land simple farm houses with front yards clean swept with broom and wind. . . . Box borders . . . large box-woods in formal array inclosing the little paradise of flowers . . . old-fashioned flowers—Zinnias, petunias, vari-colored phlox, red feather plush, blown in the wind, hollyhocks, stately, graceful, majestic, guardians of home and tradition . . . and the honey bees always in profusion and all manner of birds and butterflies . . . harmonies of nature and life, realities of the bucolic scene . . . and figs and grapes, big round red plums, blue little plums, apples, May apples and June, Yates and winesaps . . . peaches, early June and Georgia Belle and Golden Elbertas . . . scuppernongs and muscadines . . . watermelons and muskmelons . . . Spanish peanuts and goobers . . . popcorn and hickory nuts . . . chestnuts and chinkapins . . . jellies and preserves . . . backbone and spare ribs . . . sausage, hashlet, and chitterlings . . . new wheat bread and water-ground meal for corn pone with cracklings . . . milk and honey . . . blackberry wine and apple cider . . . locust and persimmon beer . . . and inside clean rooms, simple in old fashioned plainness and elegance . . . mottoes over the doors . . . Bible and family portraits . . . feathery beds of ease and sheets of immaculate whiteness . . . family prayers . . . the singing of hymns . . . simplicity with natural loyalties and emotions . . . "loyalty, liberty, and service." . . . "God bless our Home."

Other pictures of the mountain common man abounded in the southern highlands . . . Counties of Maryland . . . Blue Ridge Hills . . . ridge country of Virginia . . . Eastern Kentucky . . . Eastern Tennessee . . . Western North Carolina . . . Northwestern South Carolina . . . North Georgia . . . Northeastern Alabama . . . a hundred and twelve thousand square miles . . . New York and New England combined, or . . . England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales put into one . . . young life in its prime . . . energy and daring . . . leaping from childhood into manhood . . . gambling squarely upon the benevolence of soil, growth and weather . . . planting crops, hunting game, catching fish, harvesting fruits and berries . . . self-sufficiency. The wife cooking, churning, making the clothes, keeping the home, and picking the geese for feather beds . . . midwives, herb doctors, basket makers, carders, millers . . . water mills, farm boys with bags of shelled corn swung over their horses' withers . . . shirts open, lips pursed for whistling, bodies asway to the leisurely, plodding gaits of their mounts . . . surprisingly free from awkwardness and uncouthness . . . an unpresuming dignity, a quiet courtliness, unspoiled by the conventional forms of etiquette and politeness . . . a genuine, unhurried serenity . . . old-time, homely ambitions . . . folk romancers and romantic rascals . . . moonshiners . . . Robin Hoods . . . Friar Tucks . . . Maid Marians . . . Little Johns . . . Greenwood revels . . . sheriffs . . . Saturday night gambles and gambols . . . handcuffs, jail houses, penitentiaries, and buryin' grounds . . . the Land of the Sky . . . azure walls of the Blue Ridge . . . the cool spicy breath of shady glens . . . swift streams . . . overhanging masses of mountain laurel and rhododendron . . . the banjo . . . Monkey Simon with his tambourine . . . the master instrument of music, the fiddle . . . uncramped by books and black notes of the masters . . . sentimental songs . . . sung by lovely women and gallant men . . . intricate circles of the country dance, weaving and swinging in graceful winding figures through the trampled stubble of the darkening field. . . . The voice of the caller . . . borne far into the evening air. . . . The "old-time fiddler" an institution.

There were still other pictures of the common man. There were the tenants and the small cotton farmers, with more than half of the share tenants in the United States found in the southern states of Texas, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, Arkansas, Alabama, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Of all the farmers to whom cotton was the chief source of income more than two-thirds were tenants. Thus with a percentage of tenancy in the United States of less than forty, eight states in the South had a rate of over 50 per cent. In the United States a fifth of all farms changed occupants. In eight cotton states more than a third of the rented farms changed their tenants. Pictures and pictures. December and the tenant in the Cotton Belt "takes a mind to move." . . . Over the neighborhood he rides, holding conferences with this and that landlord about a place for next year. . . . Landlords looking for good tenants and tenants looking for good landlords . . . in country stores, at crossroads, in backyards, and on front porches. The landlord asks questions about "the crop made under the renter's former landlord, his reasons for leaving, the number in the family able to work, the acreage to be planted in cotton. The tenant wants to know the kind of house on the farm and the details of supplies to be furnished. The deal may be closed verbally or a lease may be signed. If the renter is satisfied that he can better himself by moving he agrees to terms and announces to the family on his return home that next year 'we are going to live on the old Brockton place over across the creek.' "

Some of these tenants came to their lot by the hard way of misfortune and the turn of war and reconstruction. Some fell naturally into the new southern share and crop renting economy. Some evolved from mountain migrants. Some just grew. And some were the issue of that small portion of the non-slave owning white South who were "wretchedly 'po' white trash,' scorned even by the slaves. Any crops they might plant were likely to die of neglect, any jobs they procured were apt to be lost by default, any lands to be taken for debt. They commonly fell to drifting as tenants or squatters in wilderness clearings unless they chanced upon barren lands where they might cluster in communities of their own squalid kind."

Something more of the portraiture of southern tenants may be found in other pictures of the rural and mill village South. Thousands were illiterate, most of them were poor: "hit's mighty hard to work all year and then not have a new pair of shoes for Christmas"; or to end the year in debt and in want. And so it was inevitable that some of these ever migrating tenants would join that large group of mill workers. And there were the new pictures of the mill village common folk of the South, a tremendously important part of the southern fabric. Many of them of the best of stocks, many from the best of common folk families, many of them of the essence of America. Here again were mixed pictures. Early morning and thousands of mill folk rising and going to work at the call of the mill whistle. Day in and day out for six days in the week, Sunday alone excepted, responding to this blast of the mill whistle. It was as if the religious rules and early hours of the old New England children's homes were in force again! There was the morning whistle: "The mill worker's wife dresses hurriedly, kindles the fire in a little wood or oil stove, and hastily prepares breakfast. The mill worker, meanwhile, and his children are making themselves ready for the more than daily dozen. Sometimes the mother goes too. At five-thirty there is a second warning of the mill whistle, this time telling the worker that in twenty-five minutes he must be at his spinning frame or loom. By this time he is eating his breakfast. Fifteen minutes later, or a quarter to six, another warning is sounded, three short blasts of the whistle, which means that ten minutes more remain and the worker must be on his way."

Pictures of moving activity; here they come to work. "If it is summer, the morning is light and one sees men and women, girls and boys, coming hurriedly from every direction. In the adjacent countryside the mill workers' kinsfolk on the farms start for the fields. If it is winter, the workers are heeding the call of the mill whistle though the visitor cannot see them because of the darkness of the early morning. Five hundred, one thousand, two thousand five hundred strong they come. These people of ages from fourteen to fifty, of farm and mountain heritage for the most part, come teeming in to their new found work. The men come clad in overalls, or a three-dollar pair of trousers and a coat which does not match. The women and girls clad in dresses of gingham or of similar material, the older ones sometimes with the cotton lint from the previous day's work still clinging to their hair, hurry to the spinning or spooling department, or to the weave shop." And back home again, and tomorrow like today, unless to move to another mill.

And the never ending pictures of the Negro common man. No South, no Negro—no Negro, no South . . . Black Ulysses and his compatriots . . . Negro worksters and songsters unchanging scenes . . . local community laborers . . . road and construction gangs . . . trucks loaded with black worksters transferring from town to camp and from camp to town . . . quick shifting labor and faithful keepers of homes and grounds and stores and cars . . . now the ramblin' mind, the shiftless loafer, the quarrelsome Negro always complaining . . . now the faithful worker, distinguished in folk character, builder of gardens and houses and towns and wealth . . . labor turnover and changing jobs . . . Negro workers averaging a job a month . . . others, like Black Ulysses, aggregating over the years seemingly innumerable tasks . . . trouble with the "captain" . . . trouble with the "walker" . . . trouble with the work . . . too much expected, too little pay . . . rest periods and wanderlust . . . untrained and unskilled hordes . . . no guidance or wholesome direction . . . lack of dependability and reliability . . . characteristic lightheartedness and subtle humor . . . reckless abandon and folk freedom . . . road and construction camps . . . railroad and highway scenes . . . black drivers of mule teams . . . six mule wheelers and Mike and Jerry teamed to a scoop . . . black men and black songs . . . builders of a material progress . . . grading down hillsides . . . tunneling through mountains . . . raising up buildings . . . rain and shine, hot and cold . . . good workmen and bad. . . .

Other pictures from *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and *Wings On My Feet* . . . Evening in southern towns and cities, Negro quarters teeming with life . . . evening song and blues . . . pianos jangling with phonograph concerts . . . much coming and going to and fro . . . light-hearted and talkative

Negroes alongside silent and sullen souls . . . fine clothes for the Jew and perfume of Arabia . . . loud talking and easy walking . . . dancing and banjo singing . . . rising action till late into the night . . . sound slumbers and a world of work and struggle forgotten in a deep sleep . . . Black Ulysses a veteran two-timer moving on to new places . . . a little-scarred love-legionnaire a part of all that he had fought . . . holding his own with zest in the midst of sex conflict and strife —heat, passion and ruthless survival . . . blood and pearls, razors and hearts . . . now New Orleans, now Vicksburg, now Memphis, now north again to Cincinnati or Detroit or Chicago and back "home" . . . social episodes in the Negro scene . . . church meetings and picnics . . . church suppers and socials . . . country and village dances . . . corn shuckings and quiltings . . . courting and quarreling . . . Christmas and holiday gatherings . . . lodge and fraternal events . . . men, women and children, dressed in Sunday best . . . high spirits and serious business. . . .

Pictures and pictures. The South not one South but many. A white South, a black South . . . not a white South, not a black South. A rich South, a poor South . . . not a rich South, not a poor South. The developing South of the twentieth century a composite of its own common folks to whom had been added great numbers of common folks from other sections. In towns and cities, in commerce and industry, in school and church, in politics and the other professions, in leadership and conflict, the South of the first third of the twentieth century was in process of new culture-making, of new civilization-building. Its architecture was being fashioned by the common man. It was not surprising that the North, East, West or Europe did not understand the South, nor that the South was sadly unacquainted with itself.

CHAPTER VI

THE NORTH JUDGES THE SOUTH

Except for his adventures in the Confederate army, Uncle John in all his life never crossed the Mason and Dixon's line. Nor, for that matter, did he ever venture far beyond the confines of his own and adjacent counties. Yet the impressions which he gained from his experiences in the army remained vivid and controlling to the last day of his life. Two impressions especially were important in coloring his ideas of what the North thought of the South. On one occasion when the two battle lines were drawn up in close array he could not resist the taunting challenge of the enemy that the southerners were damned rebels and cowards. "I dare you to jump up and out," yelled a lusty Yankee. "And anyway you are not half so good as your black slaves." This was too much for the impulsive and intemperate Uncle John who, with two others, leaped up yelling and gesticulating. The other two were killed. Uncle John was saved by a small hickory sapling through which a bullet passed, wounding him only slightly in the wrist. Uncle John always believed that this was providential justification of his daring which he considered bravery. No Yankee could call him a coward and get away with it.

In later years through reconstruction and after, he never forgot the comparison between himself and the Negro. He was not interested in slavery, nor would he have fought for it. But he was interested, very much interested, in the question of race. He considered himself an American patriot of the first water, but he was hurt, immeasurably hurt, at this northern affront to his pride and his race. At first he could not believe there were people of his own blood who appraised the southern white man as no better than the Negro; or as inferior. Then, having come to believe that this was true of the North, his opinion of the North was one of emotional judgment, irritability, disgust. How could they be intelligent and believe such stuff for which he could see no evidence? How could they be just and righteous if they attempted to enforce such judgments? Yet they must believe it, for not only were they enforcing the equality and superiority of the Negroes with bayonet, but there was a northern church being organized in his very community, and its members were northern carpetbaggers and southern scalawags. It was a bitter day when later on one of his daughters married a member of this community church. And although this son-in-law came over to the southern church and Uncle John was never known to discriminate against him, nevertheless there was always the feeling that his daughter had married a man whom Uncle John looked down upon more than the old Major ever looked down upon Uncle John and his family. Yet perhaps he gave little thought to the matter, as always, taking the easiest way out and forgetting it all, except when special occasion demanded an opinion.

The old Major recognized the North's judgment of the South and the Negro with equal hurt and more bitterness, yet perhaps from a different viewpoint. Perhaps it was less emotional and personal because he still assumed, as a matter of complete fact and authenticity, the merits of the Old South and the superiority of the white man. He was perhaps more tolerant toward the Negro. What hurt him was the fact that the North and the war had taken away the priceless heritage and power of the Old South before it had had an opportunity to show what it could accomplish. This was a monstrous mistake. The old power and glory were gone and there were left immeasurable ache and void. And the North was proud of its handiwork! It was like some unending nightmare. The South gone! It couldn't be. And the North proclaiming that old civilization inferior to nigger domination!! It couldn't be and it was. Why couldn't the Old South and the Old North have come together in counsel and in peace and each made its contribution to the New Nation? What sort of justice was it that laid such unequal burden upon all the South's endeavors? It was all a mixed world of conflict and misunderstanding, and the old Major, as usual, turned to the contemplation of the past or to some sublimated consideration of abstract principles of conduct or politics. As for the carpet-baggers and scalawags they were simply matter-of-fact folks beneath respectable contempt. Their stature was further evidence of the mistaken judgment of the North. And the whole situation, North and South, had been and was, and he wondered if it would always be, conditioned by emotions and ignorance such as were unreasonable, either for Christian brothers in blood or for scientific students of civilization.

There was later a grandson of the old Major who, inquiring into the whole situation, found himself puzzled by the attitudes and judgments of some of his professors in the northern university to which he went for his advanced degree. Here was a distinguished man who expressed the opinion that the southern people were so different from the rest of the country that they always would be different and would never really become a part of the Nation. This, he thought, was unreasonable for a scholar who was supposed to survey culture from the viewpoint of long periods of time. He found himself, as was often to be the case, examining conflicting evidence. He recalled the earlier beginnings of the South, how its leadership was national in scope, how its population was recruited from all parts of the country and from European sources, even as was the North, and how so few years had intervened that a verdict of permanent differences between two such peoples, ascribed to so brief an evolution, was manifestly absurd. And yet he recalled, of course, again and again, the fact that all he had ever heard, from his childhood up at home, was that the South was different and, please God, would always be different.

Again, he recalled from his readings and from what he had heard from his parents and neighbors and teachers, some extreme verdicts of certain northern compatriots just before and after the War between the States. How quickly regions had transcended Nation! A Wendell Phillips quoted as advocating the marching of southern people—women and children and all—to the gulf. . . . Others recommending a liberal hanging of southern generals; a Ben Butler eloquent in argument that Negroes were better fit to rule than southern whites; a Thad Stevens arguing the penitentiary for millions of southerners; a Roscoe Conkling honoring the story that women and children were shot down in cold blood for decorating Union soldiers' graves; a James Russell Lowell dwelling upon the southern vulgar mind; a Julian judging that Jeff Davis and Robert E. Lee should be hanged in the name of God; *The Nation* protesting against the notion that Lee was "fit to be put at the head of a college in a country situated as Virginia is. And Wendell Phillips was exclaiming to a cheering crowd at Cooper Union that 'if Lee is fit to be president of a college, then for Heaven's sake pardon Wirtz and make him professor of what the Scots call 'the humanities.'"

The young southerner, in spite of all that he had heard from his parents, recognized with conflicting emotions the extreme verdict of the reconstruction North that southerners had been criminals and traitors, vulgar and low, suitable objects for the denunciation of great newspapers and beyond the mercies of a God, who was amply instructed by northern clergymen in His duties of vengeance. He could not understand how they could accuse Andrew Johnson, as a vulgar-minded southerner, of being responsible for the assassination of Lincoln in order that he might rule on behalf of the criminals and rebels. Even though the motive of these judgments may have been the patent justification of congress' reconstruction policy, he was constantly marvelling at the bitterness of the North against the South. Heretofore, he had thought primarily of the bitterness of the South toward the North.

Over against these northern verdicts were those of his home folks and the teachings of his institutions that these same southerners were of heroic stature; especially his impression that both North and South had recognized in Lee a rare figure; his own observations that the Negroes had not appeared superior or equal to the southern whites; and that many of the former judgments of the North had been made under the stress of emotion, hysteria, and biased motives. Yes, there was plenty of conflict and paradox in this business of appraising the South and its people. And the more he delved into the situation the more complicated it became and the more evidence he found. Both the southern fabric and the northern judgment of it were part and parcel of the whole epoch.

There was the impression of the northerners that the southerner was hot-headed, ready to fight at the drop of a hat or in response to a code of honor true or false. Always fighting, fighting. This, somewhat more than some other impressions, impressed the young southerner as certainly based upon ample evidence. There were pictures in abundance before the war and after. A hot-headed South Carolinian beating a distinguished New England senator into insensibility at his desk, duels to the death between public men of eminence, shooting and cutting scrapes in public meetings. And he had encountered in his own experience both South and North enough evidence to make the case. Before he had been in this northern university six weeks he had seen a theological student kick a critic of Lee down the high steps of a divinity building, and no less than two knock-down and drag-out parties in honor of assailants of Jefferson Davis. Yes, the northern impression of the fighting southerners was still a prevailing one at the turn of the century and was to remain so for a considerable time to come. And the South was still proud of it, sometimes enjoying a certain braggadocio about the fighting South.

There was the evidence of this fighting South aplenty in historical record and current practice. One compiler estimated that Andrew Jackson participated in more than a hundred duels, fights, and altercations, in one of which Charles Dickinson was killed and Jackson himself was seriously wounded. Henry Clay fought two duels, one with Col. Joseph Hamilton Davies and the other with John Randolph. Among other duels between southern men of public affairs were those of Benjamin G. Brown of Missouri and Thomas C. Reynolds; William Carroll, twice governor of Tennessee, with Jesse Benton and with Thomas H. Benton; Samuel Price Carson of North Carolina killed Dr. Robert B. Vance; John Moncure Daniel of Virginia with Elmore, treasurer of the Confederacy; Sam Houston of Texas with General William White of Tennessee; Albert Sidney Johnston with General Felix Houston; Samuel William Inge with Edward Stanly, both of North Carolina; John Laurens of South Carolina with General Charles Lee; Ben McCulloch of Tennessee with Col. Reuben Davis; W. McDuffie, later governor of South Carolina, with Col. William Cummings; John S. Marmaduke, later governor of Missouri, killed Lucien M. Walker; Gabriel Moore, former governor of Alabama, with Collier; Richard Dobbs Spaight, governor of North Carolina, with Ed. Stanly; Montford Stokes, governor of North Carolina, with Col. Jesse H. Pearson; Henry Alexander Wise, governor of Virginia, with Richard Coke; Stephen Decatur with James Barron of Virginia; David S. Terry of Kentucky with Senator Davis C. Boderick of California; Thomas L. Clingman of North Carolina with William L. Yancey of Alabama.

This impression of the fighting South was greatly increased by the reports of various committees and investigations during reconstruction—the Ku-Klux investigations, the reconstruction committees, the committees to investigate election frauds, the election campaigns. And the strain upon the South had been so great that it was always losing its temper and fighting. And there was ample evidence for the North to continue its estimate of the lawless South through its record of mob action, editorial denunciation and various regional conflicts. There were, however, other definite opinions of the South. It was, for instance, arrogant, proud, aristocratic, domineering, dangerous. And it was far-off, romantic and passionate. The romantic movement in literature, portraying the southern gentlemen and ladies in their life and leisure, the uncles and aunties on the southern plantation, and all the ramifications of the southern code, accentuated this impression. Thus one dominant impression of the South was that southerners were "gentlemen" after the fashion depicted in the portraiture of "The Glory That Was the South." Such an impression was general; it existed in the ideas of the common man; and it was reflected among the intellectuals. There was, therefore, after all, a sort of composite judgment in which all of the best qualities of the Old South were put together in an ideal which at least assumed that the South had been, was, or would be as portrayed.

Sometimes it was a small part of the South of the past, reflecting its whole portraiture of the past and contrasted with the present. Thus the Baltimore Mercurian in vivid contrast to his goading of the recalcitrant New South, wrote about the civilization of the Old South as "a civilization of manifold excellences—perhaps the best that the Western Hemisphere has ever seen—undoubtedly the best that These States have ever seen. Down to the middle of the last century and even beyond, the main hatchery of ideas on this side of the water was across the Potomac bridges. . . . In the South there were men of delicate fancy, urbane instinct, and aristocratic manner —in brief, superior men—in brief, gentry. To politics, their chief diversion, they brought active and original minds. It was there that nearly all the political theories we still cherish and suffer under came to birth. It was there that the crude dogmatism of New England was refined and humanized. It was there, above all, that some attention was given to the art of living—that life got beyond and above the state of mere infliction and became an exhilarating experience. A certain noble air of spaciousness was in the ancient southern scheme of things. The Ur-Confederate had leisure. He liked to toy with ideas. He was hospitable and tolerant. He had the vague thing we call culture."

The later and total portraiture, however, included predominant pictures of the New South as quite the contrary. It was, for instance, the Sahara of the Bozarts, and the Sahara it had been in the minds of northern folks. The South was a Bible Belt, ruled by morons and cowards, manacled by clergymen and politicians, void of intellectual or cultural contributions—

in fact, an uncivilized region where "the combat proceeds on an anthropoid level with a gang of fourth-rate Babbitts, on the one side, and a horde of morons, on the other."

In some ways these two extremes were representative of varied northern judgments of the South. The South was all good and glorious, or else it was all bad and abounding in ignominy. Thus a chronic critic of the South held that the Southern States were "remote from centers of commercial activities, culture and learning, and the shame of the nation." On the other hand the North was constantly picturing the South a center of a certain sort of culture. It was difficult to place either Uncle John or the old Major, their families, or their neighborhood and their work, in either of these categories. Yet the impressions remained. One common impression was that of the whole South as a land of magnolias and roses and singing mocking-birds, of open doors and flowing hospitality to all mankind, of warm breezes and golden sunshine, and of moonlight nights and ease-giving music. Such an impression was not only reflected in a certain sort of literature, in many specific beliefs, and in a certain sort of general impression as tested out on college boys and girls in northern institutions, but it permeated in a surprising way all sorts of highways and byways. There was the tragedy of the two northern boys, hitch-hiking South, starting on a cold November day. Down and down further they moved into the borders of Virginia, where instead of being greeted with southern hospitality and roses and sunshine, they found snow and sleet and few who were willing to give them a lift or succor. Colder and colder, hungrier and hungrier, and more exhausted, they moved further on down into North Carolina, where they confided, with great bitterness, to a traveller who picked them up, details of their disillusionment. Then on down to Georgia; more cold and bitterness and disillusionment until on another cold morning they hailed a grand old gentleman, a teacher of boys, driving in his Ford car, knocked him senseless, took his money and his car and sped on southward. Their violence to the old man was greater than they intended; he died. One of the boys was hanged, leaving an embittered father in the far North crying out and hurling invectives against the savage South for the murder of his only son.

Thus in a single family came change of verdict of the South from that high concept of romantic place to one of barbaric status. The fact that the boys were responsible does not detract from the fact of a quickly formed unreal impression in contrast to another equally unreal concept of the South. And there were other pictures of northern youth gone wrong in the South: One beaten to death in a lumber camp, one attacked by the Ku Klux Klan, one reaping the whirlwind of anti-semitic agitation, one black-balled by exclusive groups. And so there was, strangely enough, that paradoxical impression that whatever of the South was not glorious and romantic was sordid and savage. Thus, a chief pastime in the South was the lynching of Negroes, the massing of night riders, the marching of the K.K.K.'s., the working of women and children, the drinking of moonshine liquor, the riding of strangers out of town on a rail; tar and feathers, quick shooting at the batting of an eye, cruel punishment of prisoners, poverty, illiteracy, an uncivilized region of America. Or else, again, gentlemen's estates, beautiful women, courtly manners, a new and reconstructed South. Pictures strangely complete and preconceived from impressions of other folks or other days.

There was the charming woman of wealth and position, president of a half dozen civic and social societies, delighted to meet a southerner whom she complimented with great enthusiasm and many questions: "I am so glad to meet a southerner from that most progressive of southern states; we hear so many wonderful stories about the great things that you are doing down there. How do you explain the wonderful progress? . . . Oh, is it true that they shoot the convicts down on the roads like Indians? . . . Is it true that little children are worked day and night in the factories? . . . You must have such a wonderful state, I hear about the great University and schools that are developing. I have met some charming people from the South. . . . Is it true that all Negro girls are immoral and that all Negroes steal? . . . Is it true that nearly all the people down there cannot read and write? From what classes of people do the boys in your great University come? . . . Are Paul Green and Howard Odum really Negroes? . . . Is it true that they never let the Negroes vote down there? . . . I am so glad to have had the chance to get acquainted with you and to talk about the wonderful progress you are making. . . ."

And there were eminent intellectuals observing southern institutions on first visits, marvelling at what they found: "Why," they exclaimed, "there are real men of intelligence and thoughtfulness on these faculties, where *did* you get them? And these school buildings over the country, we had no idea that they existed. And these institutions of higher learning, and roads, and hotels! For a little persuading we would, ourselves, come South and help develop this great section and tell the world about it." Then, like bombastic southerners, who, meeting an educated, cultured, well-dressed Negro in the North, proceed to ask him, helpless, all manner of intimate questions about his own life, what he does with his money, why his shoes are not as good as the rest of his clothes, why he is "just like a nigger" even though North, and other such questions, so these intellectual northerners proceed to ask many naïve questions. What the people do and why and why not; why don't folks address Negroes as "Mr." and "Mrs."; why southern houses are set upon pillars; why they are not painted; what a wonderful opportunity for service in dispelling religious superstition and ignorance; whether Negroes and whites can eat together in the restaurants.

And, on occasion, seeking a first-hand analysis and accurate objective facts about the South, they obtain their first impressions subjectively from within themselves, and draw conclusions conditioned by the breaking up of fixed routine habits of living. They find food different, rooms and furnishing different, types of conversation different, climate different, associates different; they see things they have never seen before, work themselves into a stew of personal subjective readjustment and form judgments of the South upon their own subjective impression, mixed generously with personal discomforts due to great differences in present environment in contrast with the former urban pattern in which they have been moulded. "These southern people are certainly different," they reflect. "These northern people are certainly different," the South reacts. But what the differences are and how they come to be, neither North nor South appears to know.

A woman milking a cow back of the barn, viewed from the train en route to study a mill village—the poor woman! or working in the fields at springtime—working women! An interview with a young woman in the cotton mill village; she reflects that all her life she has had a hard time, that on the farm her father and mother were up by lamp light and all their lives they had worked hard. Poor people! Women in the mill villages dipping snuff; mill villages are therefore exclusively the cause and effect of snuff-dipping. Passing through the village at eventide in the summer men and women easing their feet barefooted on the porches. Poor people, couldn't we send them some shoes! These things, however, the visitors observe do not seem to be so new and startling to people down South, who do not share these enthusiasms and sorrows. A turning sadly homeward with a feeling of "how often would I and ye would not." Yet truth and reality were in the pictures which the visitors saw; could they, and would they, place them in balanced perspective?

Other pictures of the South and its people were revealed in the verdict of college men and women from northern colleges. They were asked to give their impressions of the South, under the frank assumption that none of them had ever been South. Was the South different? If so, in what ways? These young men and women set themselves to the task with the fine frankness and honesty of modern youth. They reflected much of the mixed pictures of their elders and of the literary and academic concept. In some ways the South was superior, but perhaps in more ways inferior. Some of the ways in which the northern student judged the southerner deficient included his attitude towards the Negro and other races, his non-progressiveness, his accent. He reflected more "class" or family distinction, not enough hustle, over-emphasis upon religious matters, quick-temper, one-sided political opinions, lack of educational facilities, proprietary attitude toward women, lack of hospitality, looser morals, lower standards. He was less temperate, less oblivious of "Civil War" feeling toward northerners, more intolerant. The southerners had too much child labor and cheap adult labor in cotton mills and all industry, they did not read modern books, were slower to grasp new ideas, married younger, were less physically healthy, dressed more carelessly, were more stubborn, had poorer homes and home furnishings, revealed less democracy, and were more conservative as to social ideals. The southerners thought in terms of state rather than nation, were lacking in ambition, boastful and conceited, their girls were more sophisticated at an early age, and yet more dependent, lacking a sense of responsibility. Southerners were "easy-going," "happy-go-lucky," impulsive, narrow-minded, persistent in traditions and customs, more provincial, more orthodox, less reserved, more prejudiced, more emotional surrendering to enervating climatic influences, were more shiftless and illiterate, and thought more of the present and past than of the future.

In other ways the South was adjudged superior. They were, for instance, more hospitable, more courteous and polite, the women were better looking, the girls more "virtuous." Natural resources were good for industries, the South was a good place for a northerner to invest, loyalty was stronger, there was better prepared food and more time in eating it, those in the country were more cheerful and democratic, more trustful of other people, and made friends more easily. There were elaborate codes of etiquette, greater love of leisure, more vivacity, more informal culture, greater sense of honor. Many southerners were rather brainless in appearance but had great depth underneath, men were more affectionate and had greater "line." Southerners also had more tact and less embarrassing candor, more conviviality, greater refinement, a keener sense of humor, purer ancestry, greater generosity, and more pleasing personalities.

Samplings from some of the longer appraisals revealed special impressions. . . . The attitude of southerners was not so much to get somewhere, as to enjoy themselves along the way. . . . They seemed to be more friendly and hospitable than we are, except to hoboes. . . . Southerners were more pleasing in personality, as a rule, since they take life less seriously than northerners and so were willing to overlook unpleasant things. . . . I have a vague idea that southern cities are mostly wharves where lazy colored folk slowly load ships in a sweltering sun. . . . The southern people were supposed to be a lazy, rather ignorant group, who oppressed the Negro unduly and kept him down by the constant threat of lynch law. All southerners were of course supposed to be dyed-in-the-wool Democrats. . . . The Dayton trial increased the northern impression that southerners were ignorant and behind the times. . . . I would rather take a southern girl to prom, but I would rather marry a northern girl. . . . One of my best friends is a southern boy; I would, however, rather have him for a friend than a business partner. . . . If the South didn't become educated, the celebrated southern pride was doomed to become an inferiority complex. . . . Everything moved slowly, i.e., the trains eased down to a walk when they crossed the Mason and Dixon's line. . . . The South needed a cultural renaissance. And so, on and on; measures of truth in all the pictures; factual basis for all the contradictions and paradoxes. And a striking agreement among the opinions of southern students as to how northern folks differed from southern! But of this later.

In many ways the North was generous and had long been so in its attitudes toward the South. In the old days, in the seventies and eighties, contrasting with the bitterness and unsatisfied passion for more blood on the part of reconstruction extremists, there was much good will and much human sympathy, and there were many tempered verdicts. Personal records and scrap books revealed a wealth of portraiture here as elsewhere. Romance and sentiment were not missing. Thus a New England woman to a southern bride, married to a northern man:

Northern hands can clasp as warmly,
  Northern hearts can love as well;
Northern lips the same sweet story
  With the same fond fervor tell;
Trust the Northern, then, sweet stranger,
  Lay your hand in his and come—
Welcome, welcome to the Northland!
  Welcome, dear, to love and home!

Later also the North manifested much evidence of good will and liberal attitude toward the South in many ways during the whole period of the South's rebuilding. There were generous verdicts concerning southern leaders of the war. Then later in the twentieth century there were generous awards of various Pulitzer prizes for editorials and literature, frequent selections of books by southern authors for special acclaim, the preference by many publishers for southern authors, and the general revival of interest in things southern. Reviews of the books of southern authors and those published by southern university presses were often more generous than might otherwise have been the case. There seemed to be a disposition to give maximum credit for all progressive efforts and accomplishments in the South. Southern students were accorded much consideration in northern institutions and southern universities were acclaimed for their rapid development and progressive measures. Hundreds of editorials were constantly acclaiming the achievement of the South. In playmaking, for instance, "The main point is that a section which is teeming with little theatres, which is producing plays by the dozens in a creative way, even through an amateurish way, can hardly be so hostile to the imaginative representation of life as has been so frequently alleged. When you try to fit these little theatres into the current picture of the malarial farmhands dodging alligators in the swamps you realize that something is wrong. The organization of a little theatre, even the most gawkish little theatre, presupposes an æsthetic consciousness on the part of some considerable portion of a community which simply cannot be overlooked. We in the north have been misinformed somehow. It might be well for us to abandon our easy superiority complex and send investigators down the Atlantic coast line to see what the south is really like. . . ."

And there were many pictures of northerners who had come to sojourn in the South or those who visited it for the first time. In Florida and its picture places, at Southern Pines, at Augusta, at Thomasville, at Asheville, at Biloxi, and in the hundreds of other resort places from Virginia to Texas there was the fine and studied effort of thousands of visitors and new residents to become identified with the land and people. Constructive civic efforts, philanthropy, and enthusiasm were measures of these efforts. And the large foundations were making liberal grants for southern work in public health, public welfare, education, social science, race relations, and other important activities.

There were many pictures of the South as seen by northern visitors. A perpetual playground. . . . A fishing and hunting paradise. . . . A place to wear summer clothes in winter . . . sunny skies. . . . "The South. . . ." One motion picture promoter reflected, "I don't know just what I expected when I got off the train. . . . A chorus of 'you-alls' probably, from a welcoming delegation of honorary colonels in broad-brimmed black felt hats; picturesque negroes, doubtless, working in still more picturesque cotton fields; a duel or two to avenge slighted honor, perhaps with two-minute intermissions for Coca-Cola. At any rate, I didn't expect to be whisked away in a yellow taxi with the meter clicking as disturbingly as ever it clicked in New York, or to be set down in front of a modern ten-story hotel equipped with running ice-water and less rapid bell boys. I thought the little lake outside of Trenton, its old moss-hung cypresses back lighted by the late afternoon sun, quite the most beautiful thing I had ever seen until I reached the pinnacle of

Linville Mountain and a panorama of unbelievable grandeur unfolded beneath my eyes. . . . At every turn a new picture, more beautiful than the one that preceded it, confronted us. . . . My outstanding impression . . . is a clean cut young man in his twenties . . . the most remarkable man I ever met . . . refused an offer of $1,000 a week from the largest vaudeville circuit in the country to imitate the songs and cries of birds and beasts so that he might devote himself to his work among his own people. . . . A kaleidoscope of impressions. A giant Negro astride an undersized mule. . . . Fort Fisher with the waves washing over the silhouetted ribs of a wrecked clipper ship . . . sunrise on Lake James . . . a Sunday evening meal at Linville Falls . . . my first taste of barbecued pig . . . the graveyard at Beaufort . . . the incomparable architecture of New Bern . . . its perfect old church after plans by Sir Christopher Wren . . . the houses with railed lookouts on their roofs where anxious wives watched for the returning ships of their husbands . . . the serpentine concrete road winding its way over the mountains between Old Fort and Asheville . . . mountaineers driving into town with shotguns over their knees."

And always the forward looking forces of commerce and industry were predicting great things for the South of the second third of the century and on. Hundreds of articles and editorials . . . advertisements and displays . . . trade journals and general newspapers and magazines . . . feature articles on the several states . . . schedules of efficiency experts and promoters . . . lists of investment agencies. . . . Thus a news feature story of 1925 began: "The New South—the industrial South—is the most fascinating part of present-day America." And in 1928 was the verdict that "the greatest single change in this country during our time is the change from the old agriculture to the new industrialism which is taking place between the Potomac and the Rio Grande. Imagine our nation industrially as made up of three marching columns. Hitherto the columns representing the North and the West have led the way. The South has tarried far behind. Now the South comes up to march abreast of us—on into the mighty future, which lies before industrial America." And again, "the South furnishes the continent's latest land boom, develops giant power to rival Niagara, finds its industrial stocks bought and sold on the New York exchange with those of Pittsburgh and Detroit. In the cold months the Manhattan man leaves his desk for Pinehurst as familiarly as he goes to his club in Gramercy Square. More important, however, the South is becoming economically a part of the nation by reason of the movement to it of industrial plants from North and West." So also the large advertising firms of the nation were making studies and estimates. They proved that actual figures would show that in many lines, "the southeast's percentage of increase in business in recent years had led all parts of the country and business men in all parts of the United States are coming more and more to realize just how important this section is from a business standpoint. They are finding out like I have that a thorough knowledge of the southeast is essential. . . ."

On the other hand, many of the judgments and efforts of the North were regarded with none too much favor from the southern viewpoint. Thus a contemporary of Uncle John and the old Major, the senior Bishop of a southern church, protested against the foundations and their grants as "northern brethren trying to purge our brains of ignorance and our stomach of worms." Certain southern business folk estimated the northern verdicts as selfish attempts to exploit the South. There were those who felt that northern awards and recognition were made primarily to southerners who criticized the South or who wrote about the Negro, the mountain folk or the mill people. They felt that the North's constant assumption that little of distinction would come out of the South was in no way complimentary or accurate. They protested the North's assumption that minor recognition in other sections was equivalent or superior to major achievements in the South. There were many unsatisfactory aspects of the North's judgment of the South. The constant verdict of "good, i.e., good for the South," was objectionable. . . . The North habitually considered the South inferior in creative work. . . . Of a hundred estimated leading men and women in the nation, none would be listed from the South. . . . Of two hundred contributing editors to a major scientific venture no southerners were listed. Europe complained that it could get no adequate impression of the South. Books dealing with the national scene habitually ignored the South. . . . A volume portraying an America finding herself—with 649 pages, of which 30 were devoted to the South. . . . Another depicting the turn of the century, with 602 pages, of which less than 60 were devoted to the South, and of these nearly all dealt with Woodrow Wilson, Walter Reed, and William Gorgas. . . . Another volume, purporting to give the mirrors of the year, with 377 pages, of which a bare five scattered pages were on the South. Another volume on contemporary civilization, written by a score of distinguished authors, practically ignored the South.

And the "stage pictures" of the South which many northerners presented were naturally considered unsatisfactory by southerners. . . . The impossible "you all." . . . Cotton fields on mountain tops. . . . Negro dialect for southern drawl. . . . The "Colonel" caricatures. . . . "You can't reconstruct a southerner." . . . "I want you to meet an emancipated southerner." . . . Verdicts of a South of holy rollers. . . . All the South a Dayton, Tennessee. . . . Hordes of incoming visitors. . . . A vast host of magazine and story writers. . . . Scores of investigators. . . . Missionaries and reformers. . . . Thousands of adventuring students. . . . National social workers and labor organizers. . . . Civic organizations seeking new worlds to conquer. . . . Whatever the South did was "southern." . . . All of these manifestations, the South felt, were more marked than was the case in current attitudes toward other regions.

A thousand editorials dealing with the De Priest and Gastonia incidents of 1929 revealed startling contrasts between North and South and striking parallels to the emotional utterances which prevailed, just before and after the Civil War.

They raised anew the old questions of wide distances and misunderstandings between North and South. They revealed again the old emotional emphasis. . . . Samplings from the mass. "A white protest in the South . . . is not white but yellow. . . . Southern states have done the expected thing—become overheated. . . . Oratorical repercussions, impudence, and rudeness . . . hollering . . . anti-nigger and wanting the world to see how loud it could be about it. . . . The climate of their section warps their senses. . . . Brutal and vulgar form. . . . The South's attitude in 1861 . . . is the same today . . . Southern states . . . childishness . . . make it difficult for northerners to maintain a sympathetic attitude . . . Tempest brewed in a teapot . . . uproared . . . cheap stuff . . . enough to make decent, intelligent, fair-minded and honorable people hang their heads in shame for their fellow countrymen. . . . Privately they always refer to the Negro contemptuously as a nigger. . . . Ridiculous vanity, odious prejudice. . . . Petty, childish bickering. . . . Despicable work and discreditable to all concerned in it. . . . The time may come when the people of the South will learn what the Civil War was fought for and what it meant when they took defeat. . . . American politics never appeared in a meaner aspect. . . . An insufferable Virginian has been wiring Mrs. Hoover. . . ." And there was a Negro North critical of all the South did.

The almost unanimous northern press, the almost unanimous southern press, but in opposite opinions, brought sharply to attention attitudes and differences which needed to be vividly portrayed. Similar critical attitudes toward the South were reflected in the northern editorials dealing with the southern mill situation in 1929. . . . "A civil war in the South. . . ." "The work of men made mad by righteousness. . . ." "Anarchy in North Carolina. . . ." "Bias and sectional hatred which precludes justice. . . ." "A startling throwback to the darkest days of industry. . . ."

Yet the North seemed scrupulously fair in its appraisals of the Judge in his difficult task at Gastonia, "from the first rigorously and impartially fair." Yet when the Nation came to confirm a southern judge for the Supreme Court, there were many reminders that he came from the Piedmont region and represented the southern viewpoint. But the South felt that the North did not understand the southern situation. And that, since it was largely northern capital and northern manufacturers pushing the southern system too far and not understanding southern white labor, which had caused much of the trouble, it was inclined, as of old, to judge the North emotionally. And the North too often judged the South, as the South judged the Negro, as of one pattern and of one mind. And the North's judgment of the South sometimes gave the impression of the closed mind, unwilling to attack a modern situation which was quite susceptible to new knowledge and to scientific and cooperative attack. And many gave the impression of wanting to be polite to the South; some because of innate courtesy, some because that was the easiest road to peace! Others thought it was time for more frankness.

So the North judged the South. The southerners were "different." Why not, therefore, frankly the give and take of regional differences? Here, for instance, was Louis Untermeyer in 1930 writing "North to South."

Forward magnolia buds that think
  To shame my northern reticence,
Posturing Judas-tree whose pink
  In March is an impertinence,
You cannot rouse me any more
  With your inveterate civil war.

When you are done, no longer willing
  To trust one jessamine to the cold,
My hardened maples will be drilling
  Dark caverns for a deeper gold;
For every strident mocking-bird,
  Ten quiet phœbes build unheard.

Flaunt your azaleas, preen your feathers,
  There's something you can never mock
In one whose heart is not the weather's,
  Whose flower is snow, whose heart is rock;
Whose faith, more green than growing green
  Is vivid with the thing unseen.

CHAPTER VII

THE SOUTH JUDGES THE NORTH

There was a day after a lost battle when Uncle John, ragged, hungry, and worn out, found the bitter dregs of defeat too much for his resisting soul. For once he cried like a little child and formed another ineradicable judgment of the North. Hundreds of miles from home, the war about to be lost so far as he could tell, marching through the prosperous country of the enemy, in the midst of abundance, he saw through the mists other pictures of a far different sort. These pictures were of his own section, broken and charred, filled with the dead bodies of his comrades and the unutterable sufferings of the folks back home . . . a straggling and ragged army in a lost cause contrasted with a northern army of fresh men, a swelling stream reinforced with ample supplies and new recruits. He could fight a battle, he could meet physical emergency; and fear he did not know; but this slow, torturing uncertainty and suffering he did not know how to bear. It was beyond his reasoning and his religion. So swept over him the first feelings of futility, the beginnings of inferiority, and the loss of confidence which he never regained. It was as if the North, with its wealth and power, was crushing the South by some merciless mastery symbolic of an unjust omnipotence. For no fault of his own, so it seemed to him, he and many others like him, were caught up in the midst of an unequal contest in which they never had a chance. Yet it must somehow be right, else the Good Lord would not have allowed it to happen. For he was forever putting off on the Lord what he himself couldn't shoulder. And so, for his part, from that moment on, the North was forever superior and powerful, severe and unjust;

the South was somehow weaker and lost, forever trying to justify itself and find its soul again.

There was still one other occasion when the big man admitted defeat, without knowing how and why. With sorrow rather than regret he told it, for he made few apologies and expressed few regrets. And he would keep nothing from the open book, not even in its telling to his adored grandchildren. It was on another day after another lost battle. There was the promise of a few days' lull. His company had passed within fifty miles of his home. He needed and wanted solace; he needed help beyond the measure of his religion and the practical amenities of the camp. A child was ill. He wouldn't be needed for a few days. He slipped off and went home. It was, he thought, a sorry story, a bitter record in his own consciousness which he never quite lived down. And so there was to him little glory in Confederate reunions, in marching old grey lines and broken remnants of what he wanted to forget. In the contemplation of these he was a pathetic figure, his broad forehead moist with perspiration, his grey mustache twitching, his big blue eyes peering straight ahead with the hurt look of the innocent wounded. His was to forget the whole nightmare; his was no respect for the North save for its power and its mastery over himself, and its dominant place in an inscrutable providence. But he often forgot. On one occasion he was delighted with the "sum" which his wife read to him from an old arithmetic from which she was trying to teach him his numbers. This example was: "If one Confederate soldier can whip seven Yankees, how many Confederate soldiers will it take to whip forty-nine Yankees?" For a moment he thought he could do it! Yet his bitterness, as always, passed quickly.

There were others, however, who were not so easily reconciled. "I have made several wills before," dated a contemporary and distant Virginia relative of the old Major in 1866, "when I had considerable property to give my wife and children, but since the Yankees have stolen all my negroes and robbed me of a great deal of my other personal property, pillaging my house, breaking open all the doors, and stealing all the clothing they wanted, I have very little to will. They stole a gold watch from me worth about three hundred dollars, which was a bridal present from me to my wife, when we were married half a century ago. They threatened to shoot me if I did not deliver the watch to them, and burn down my dwelling house, presenting their pistol at me frequently, and I, an old man of seventy-six that was too old and feeble to defend myself. I now, therefore, make this my last will and testament, in a manner and form following, viz.: 1st, I give and bequeath to my children and grandchildren, and their descendants throughout all generations, that bitter hatred and everlasting malignity of my heart and soul against the Yankees, including all the people north of Mason and Dixon's line, and I do hereby exhort and entreat my children and grandchildren, if they have any love or veneration for me, to instill in the hearts of their children and grandchildren, and all their future descendants, from their childhood, this bitter hatred and these malignant feelings, against the aforesaid people and their descendants throughout all future time and generations."

And there were others like him. Undoubtedly remnants and patterns still remained in many isolated places and among older people, after the first third of the twentieth century. Undoubtedly the old judgments, intensified by bitter invective from the North, were still factors in the formation of southern verdicts of the North and in the development of southern defensive attitudes and procedures. In this particular case a rare irony of circumstance was reflected in the common report that all of this old gentleman's children married into northern families. But there was no record to reveal a verdict such as that of the grand old southern woman who always affirmed that her northern sons-in-law were quite superior to her southern ones; and more likable to her! On the other hand, in many a wayside place could be duplicated the quick, vigorous response of a daughter of the old Major, past four score years and ten at the end of the first third of the twentieth century. If ever there was a remarkable vigor and vitality she reflected it. It was apparently a demonstrable fact that for more than fifty years neither she nor her husband had missed a single day church service in the village. She personally supervised and looked after the maintenance of the entire community cemetery, planting many flowers with her own hands, and making provision in her will for its permanent upkeep. For many years she and her husband walked every Saturday four miles from their village home to the old homeplace farm where her father, the old Major, used to live. This daughter, upon being told of dining at the White House by a relative whom she loved, responded as quick as a flash, "Did they have niggers there? They tell me they just have nigger men and women in eatin' with them all the time. The old Yankees had to free the niggers, then educate them, and now they keep on wanting to put 'em over us." And nothing that was or could be said would have changed that impression and conviction, although in the same conversation the dear old lady kept affirming, "Now, I don't envy the Yankees (meaning hate them), because Pa always told us to love our enemies, and he was always telling us that most of the Yankees didn't want to go into the war any more than we did."

How much these older impressions contributed to the newer fabric of southern judgment of the North, it was not possible to measure. Certainly, however, there was much of the old judgment left in the remnants of those who suffered such indignities as the pen of no man has yet described. And certainly much of it had been transmitted through schools and churches and families and the common traditions and loyalties of a South developed almost entirely through defense mechanisms. The South remembered the earlier judgments of the North passed upon it, and it was difficult for the South to forget either its sufferings or its pride. Thus, undoubtedly, many of its judgments of the North were interwoven with the southern pattern.

Later historians of American culture had agreed that "the North had gone far beyond the step of merely granting the Negro a full participation in the rights and duties of free society. It had taken the millions of former slaves, almost universally unlettered and ignorant, the children of the Dark Continent and the victims of slavery, and had placed them in charge of the delicate and complicated mechanism of modern democracy, with power to deal with its laws and its courts, its taxes and expenditures, its administrative system and its public institutions, its thousand perplexing social and economic problems, just as their whims dictated." This it was hard for the South to forget.

It was hard for the South to forget that perhaps there were "never more astonishing conventions, in personnel, in a civilized nation. Negroes and carpet-baggers dominated, property and intelligence were excluded, and strangers in many cases represented districts they had never seen. In Alabama, an Ohioan, as temporary chairman, recognized a Pennsylvanian who nominated a New Yorker for secretary, and the *New York Herald* correspondent, glancing over the assembly, dubbed it 'The Black Crook.' The irreverent described that in Arkansas as 'the bastard collection' or 'the menagerie.'" And again, "the political parasites and looters, scalawags and scavengers, and fools, took possession of the State Government, and entered upon the pillaging of the stricken people." It was hard to forgive brutal men, who, "inspired by personal ambitions or party motives, assumed the pose of philanthropists and patriots and thus deceived and misguided vast numbers of well meaning people of the North."

It was difficult for the old southerners and the new ones, who had little of new experience or new teaching, to forget the stories of "rough, swaggering bullies, with badges and bayonets, who promised to overawe the whites. The negro militia drilled constantly, parading the streets with fixed bayonets, forcing citizens from the highway." Pictures and pictures. . . . "Scenes of the first sessions under reconstruction, with galleries, windows, and seats packed with negro spectators voting with the members with shouts and hysterical laughter, and with colored members sleeping in their chairs, eating peanuts, and, soaked with whiskey, quarreling, fighting, pursuing one another with murderous intent" . . . "a monkey-house—with guffaws, disgusting interpolations, amendments offered that are too obscene to print, followed by shouts of glee. Bad in the beginning, the travesty grows worse. The vulgarity of the speeches increases; members stagger from the basement bar to their seats. . . ." Or the scene of aristocratic South Carolina where one "looks down upon members mostly black or brown or mahogany, some of the type seldom seen outside the Congo. Some pompous in glossy threadbare black frock coats, some in the rough, soiled costumes of the fields, others in stub jackets and rough woolen comforters tight-fitting about the neck to conceal the lack of linen. A cozy atmosphere, too, with the members' feet upon their desks, their faces hidden behind their soles. Chuckles, guffaws, the noisy cracking of peanuts, the raucous voices disturb the parliamentary dignity of the scene. . . ." Or soldiers enforcing a new order, "Laughing, jeering, singing obscene songs, they lurched along the highways and through the villages on a gay lark of utter irresponsibility. As they swung along, an unregulated and awkward mob, holding their guns haphazard, and shouting insults to citizens they passed, a terror seized upon the people."

In answer to the North's accusing verdict that the South was lacking in good government and social control, it was easy for the old southerners, all too prone to palliate their own faults, to recall the riot of graft and expenditures forced upon the South by its northern conquerors. Pictures and pictures again. . . . Pay certificates issued for three hundred and fifty persons when, as a matter of fact, thirty-five were at work . . . a state with a surplus of $19,000 in the treasury and the counties practically free from debt run into an indebtedness of more than fifteen million dollars for the state and most of the counties nearing bankruptcy. . . ." And of the accusations that the South sends to the National Congress and House its big talking blow-outs, it was easy for them to reply that Ben Wade, tramping into Congress, "thumbing his nose at all seniority, gentility and polity," and the scores of carpet-baggers pouring into the South, paved a good road for southerners to start their sorry demagogic exhibitions at home and in the National Congress.

Much of the old bitter denunciatory judgment was reflected in the personal and editorial attacks upon northerners who criticized the South. Samplings are by the thousand. *Et tu quoque, Chicago Tribune.* "After the first wave of surprise at a so crass display of ignorance, we are amused at being termed the 'shame' of anything by a newspaper in such an abattoir as Chicago, with its putrid politics, its guarded elections, its gangster-ruled streets, its St. Valentine's Day slaughters, its beer 'barons' and its neighboring Herrins and Ciceros." *Et tu quoque, New York World,* "The World is not speaking from its convictions, but from its desires. In this light, its contemptible and ill-mannered attack upon the South must be attributed to a deliberate and studied attempt to insult. . . . When the *World* refers to the South as a place of stagnation it utters a bald falsehood." *Et tu quoque, The World Tomorrow,* "At any rate, the people of Mississippi are not going to do anything to relieve the deplorable condition complained of by *The Chicago Defender* and *The World Tomorrow.* We are quite well satisfied with things as they are. In the language of Theodore Bilbo, 'Go to hell!'"

Characteristic pictures of the South in its bitterest judgments of the North and in its peculiarly vivid technique of vituperation were to be found in the gayety of nations contributed through the merry war of personal and editorial comments upon H. L. Mencken and his stimulating thrusts into southern territory. Here again were pictures and pictures of the zealous and earnest South submerged in its tempers and tempests. . . . A southern evangelist protesting against the vulgarity and stench of Mencken proclaims with great eloquence and elegance: "Mencken is just a dirty buzzard and the folks that follow him are no more than damn scoundrels." Or again rare elegance of other southern appraisals: "Maggot, buzzard, jackal, tadpole, mangy ape, gadfly, cockroach, wasp, tobacco worm, scorpion, bat, English sparrow, cow-bird, polecat, hyena, monkey, jackass." And so the delightful adjectives and appraisals continue ". . . so low down in the moral scale, so damnably dirty, so vile and degenerate, that when his time comes to die it will take a special dispensation from Heaven to get him into the bottommost pit of Hell . . . an intellectual gorilla, a literary jackal feasting at a grave, a self-parading sectional and wordy ass . . . a perpetual and preposterous pageant, a rantipole, a vain hysteric raging to and fro . . . a pariah, an outcast, a literary renegade . . . wild-eyed, loud-mouthed jackass . . . contumacious, swaggering, bullying, cowardly hyphenate . . . composite of slime, mould, bunk, miasma, decay, skunk cabbage, devil's snuff, flapdoodle . . . blended in minor proportions with razor extract, stump water and valerian. . . . And if a buzzard had laid an egg in a dunghill and the sun had hatched a thing like Mencken, the buzzard would have been justly ashamed of its offspring."

And so on and on. Here was one saying that "it seems natural that a man who would entertain Mencken would poison himself." And a reputable newspaper in 1929 countered with "Well, a person who habitually reads such publications as the *American Mercury* is hardly giving himself a square deal, and those who stuff their lives and minds with such stuff as can usually be found in the Mencken magazines are liable in due time to do about anything which an abnormal or 'cracked' person may be guilty of doing." Such pictures they were, in which much of the South still gloried in the twentieth century.

There was, however, the other side. Another paper in the same state commenting upon "Poor Mr. Mencken" as accused in the last editorial quoted replied: "Rather trying upon Mr. Mencken, is it not? Sort of a leader of another revolution, we gather, undermining the social order. But the fact is overlooked that no reader need agree with Mr. Mencken, any more than we need agree that Mr. Mencken constitutes a menace to anything worth surviving. If Mr. Mencken pricks a weakness, blame the weakness not the caustic word. And, of course, take Mr. Mencken no more seriously upon occasion than he takes the general run of us. Whatever Mr. Mencken may do to crack-brains needn't worry the nation. There aren't enough of them to do any particular harm. If Mr. Mencken's logic appeals to the public as sound logic, that is quite another matter. However, Mr. Mencken will never assume the proportions of national menace." And scores of southerners had held that he had been a most stimulating factor in all the South's recent enlivening literary renaissance. He had goaded the South into proving its merits, and he had urged them forward by promoting their publications, and at bottom he had always challenged the South to do its best.

Over against this bitterness of the older generation was, however, the more cheerful outlook and the less hostile attitude of the new. The written verdict of college men and women in southern institutions based on the same test as that previously given from northern students reflected a more generous judgment. As in the case of the northern colleges, southern students in southern colleges were asked for a statement of differences, as they saw them, between southerners and northerners, the understanding being that only those students who had never been North were to give their judgments. Was the South "different," and if so in what ways? Classified as the others were, the favorable impressions which southern students had of northerners gave them credit for being more energetic, better educated through better educational advantages, more democratic, more frank, possessed of less "mock-modesty," quicker, more ambitious, more progressive, more polite and courteous. They reflected a greater acceptance of change and new ideas, less superstitious, were more interested in national problems, more interested in economic stability and independence, more tolerant, more appreciative of sports. They had a greater industrial development, more nearly equal opportunity for all races, showed more tolerance for immigrants, a keener appreciation of the beautiful, were more willing to cooperate for common good, more efficient, more positive, more heterogeneous in population, more far-sighted, more independent, more careful, more dignified. They had more newspapers and magazines, better furnishings in the homes, more "drive," better and cleaner hotels, more self-confidence.

They were more systematic and efficient, less resentful, more even-tempered, had more initiative, greater dominating will power, less snobbishness, more information on topics of the day, more concern with details of dress and work, were less narrow-minded.

Some characteristics tending toward unfavorable criticisms were: Less hospitable, less class distinction, different attitude toward Negro, more interested in money and greater wealth, North more bitter toward South than South toward North, North more intolerant and critical of the South, more "set" in their opinions, more aloof, less conventional, less responsive, less chivalrous, conceited and self-centered, more abrupt, less refined, attitude toward women different in North, more extravagant, less adherence to tradition, more selfish. There were different social standards, women work more, they were less religious, less appreciative of sports, less friendly, more pleasure-seeking, less reserved, less loyal, less observant of the Sabbath, more boastful, less artistic, of an unforgiving spirit.

Samplings from some of the longer impressions were: "The northerner eats what he can't sell, the southerner sells what he can't eat." "The northerner will fill up a mud-hole whereas the southerner will drive around it." "The northerner works harder to get in a position to keep him from work than the southerner works to make his living." "The northerner is stingy." "The North is causing the Negroes of the South to become a problem." "The Yankees merely want to exploit the South. . . . They are usurping our industries in order to keep us in poverty. . . ."

Here, as elsewhere, were mixed pictures. The South had invited northern capital to its borders, had offered it long seasons, tax exemptions, cheap labor, ample resources, yet was ready to fight back at northern methods, northern management, chain stores and "northern exploitation." It was a hard situation. The South wanted wealth and power, but under "southern" conditions. The northern mill owners, it was said, caused most of southern mill troubles. The northern owners exacted hard work, long hours, small wages without giving the human touch or welfare work necessary. In reply to the North's charge of southern inefficiency and poor management the South was inclined to cite from *History of American Life,* written by northern authors, to show that many northerners had also failed in their Southern experiments. During reconstruction, "Every other state had its fortune hunters, sure that they could show the indolent Southerner how to raise cotton at one hundred dollars a bale. Whitelaw Reid and General Herron of Iowa removed immediately after the war to Louisiana; John Hay invested in orange groves in Florida; and Colonel Henry Lee Higginson with two comrades went to Georgia and bought a plantation of about five thousand acres, thirty miles from Savannah, for twenty-seven thousand dollars. But three out of four of these self-confident northerners failed ignominiously. Reid, dosing his ague with quinine in a damp cottage, met with one disaster after another—floods, the army worm and trouble with his one hundred and fifty Negro hands. Hay never received a cent from his orange trees. Higginson and his comrades, after encountering heavy rains, insect plagues, labor difficulties and a vexatious lawsuit, sold their plantation for five thousand dollars and, returning North, found that their experience had cost them about sixty-five thousand dollars."

But here again the South was too prone to seek excuses for its own limitations in terms of faults of the North. It wanted northern prosperity but was not willing to pay the price. It wanted to be "national" but insisted on remaining "southern." It wanted high prices and wide distribution for its fruits and vegetables, but it was not willing either to meet high standards or to perfect cooperative agencies. It wanted northern industries but not northern methods. It wanted northern farmers, but it was intolerant of their personalities, their thrift and their religion. It wanted northern influence and money, but it wanted no outside interference with its culture and its civilization. The South still considered the North undesirable.

The South was forever wanting to be recognized in its achievements as receiving "national" or international recognition. A "national authority," "national standing," recognition by national agencies were shibboleths and standards. Yet it wanted to eat its cake and to keep it. It wanted no northern materialistic and liberal universities influencing its education, yet it must boast of the Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and Chicago Ph.D.'s on its faculties. It wanted no northern creeds and fads, yet if it had money to pay for speakers or research specialists, it sent North to get them in order that it might be assured of national standards. It wanted its football teams to rank as national champions, yet it would not play teams with Negro members on them. The North was superior and it was inferior. The South had its golden complex as well as its over-powering inferiority complex.

The South's sensitiveness to outside criticism and its feeling of unjust accusations constituted an important element in many of its attitudes. It felt that many of its critics were general malcontents and maladjusted to life anywhere and that the assaults upon the South were convenient avenues through which they could gain easy hearing. Many other northern critics, they felt, were sincere but ignorant of history or economic, social, or biological processes and principles. If only the North would send its strong men and women leaders instead of the weak, pale, irritable ones or the professional agitators who have little standing at home! And all of its critics expected the impossible. The South felt that it was discriminated against by the North in intellectual ways and on many counts. For instance, although no one would think of holding the Columbia University professors responsible for maladjustment on the East Side or in city politics, nor the Univerity of Chicago professors responsible for the Thompsonian régime and gang rule, nevertheless the South was constantly being reminded that there could be no liberal and progressive professors in southern universities, else how could such conditions in race, industry, child labor, and religion exist? Or, again, the South felt itself illogically penalized in northern concept, as for instance when a popular author wrote that Governor Gardner of North Carolina ought to go live in one of the

Marion mill houses, thus holding the Governor responsible for a concrete situation in the South, although it would never occur to him to tell Governor Al Smith to go back and live in the East Side, or to hold the Governor of New York or Massachusetts or New Jersey responsible for the strikes that are constantly in vogue. The North was, so many southerners felt, ignorant, presumptuous and impolite in many of its assumptions about the South, and it was not willing to get the facts.

The South was wont to consider the North's judgment of its labor strikes as too severe. First, they were partly caused by the North; second, the South had always had so many less than the North and thought it deserved some credit for this. Of nearly 25,000 strikes and lockouts occurring during the last twenty years of the nineteenth century the South had few. In the early twentieth century disputes were more marked than ever. In 1917 there were nearly 5,000, and the disputes of 1922 included two which involved about 1,000,000 men, the coal strike about 600,000 and the rail strike about 400,000. Most of the strikes related to wages, hours, working conditions, recognition of the union, and the like. These, the South claimed, were the same troubles with which it, too, was blundering later in the century.

There were those who recalled an almost identical situation in Chicago as that at Gastonia. The same arguments were used, the same illogical convictions, for the same sort of deeds. "During the course of the strike some workmen gathered near the McCormick Reaper Works; the police approached, were stoned, and retorted by firing upon the strikers, killing four and wounding many others. Thereupon the men called a meeting in Haymarket Square to protest against the action of the police; in the main they were orderly, for Mayor Carter Harrison was present and found nothing objectionable. Later in the evening, when the Mayor and most of the audience had left, remarks of a violent nature seem to have been made, and at this point a force of 180 police marched forward and ordered the meeting to disperse. Just then a bomb was thrown into the midst of the police, killing seven and wounding many others. . . . Eight of them, nearly all Germans, were tried for murder on the ground that the person who threw the bomb must have read the speeches or writings of the accused anarchists and have been thereby encouraged to do the act. . . . Eventually eight anarchists were convicted, of whom four were hanged, one committed suicide, and three were imprisoned. . . . The result of the conviction was the break-up of the radical anarchistic movement and also the temporary discrediting of the general agitation for an eight-hour day, although neither the Knights of Labor nor the Federation of Labor had any connection with the anarchists, and both deprecated violence."

The South judged the North unfavorably for its tendency to promiscuous judgments of everything "down there," "down South in Dixie," as being peculiar to southern temperament or temper. If the South wanted normal geographical representation, like the rest of the country, it was accused of selfish ends. If it protested, it was accused of being temperamental. It objected to the publicity and judgments based upon isolated or sensational happenings or picturesque personalities. It was offended by the ease with which distinguished editors, educators, and publicists drew their conclusions and expounded them from unverified evidence of newspaper reports or out-of-date data. It was surprised to note the emotional set of the intellectuals and to find so many of them usurping the purported southern dogmatism. It was tired of being solicited for funds to be added to the national surplus to be used in remaking the South. It was sensitive to the constant call for "socially minded," "emancipated," "reconstructed" southerners.

And the South thought the North was more bitter towards the South than was the South toward the North! There were evidences of an increasing invective and impatience in the North. The South had hoped to make progress in liberal attitudes in race and industry as rapidly as possible. It regretted limitations set upon it by a few outside extremists whose efforts slowed down logical processes. The whole situation was all mixed up and funny and tragic! The South with the highest homicide rate in the world was forever saying that something had to be done about this crime-infested Chicago! And yet, if only the North would have more information, more common-sense and more humor! Especially humor!

Here was a northerner marvelling at the spectacle of the southern woman calling a Negro man by his given name or by his surname without title of "Mr.," because to his manner of thinking this meant a measure of intimacy . . . or wondering why the southern white man speaks to the wife of a Negro doctor as Mary or Fanny, or other given name. What to the northerner denotes intimacy, to the southerner connoted menial capacity. What a difference! And the logic of it had nothing to do with its merits! Or, again, the northerner comes South and is amazed to learn that southerners do not call Negroes "Mr." and "Mrs."; he simply doesn't understand it. The southerner is equally, if not more, amazed that the northerner should be amazed! He simply doesn't understand it. And, that's that. What a difference! And the logic of it is lost in the structure! The North's picture of the South, the South's picture of the North, and the South's picture of itself—all were still basic factors in the understanding of America and in the development of its civilization—on toward the middle of the century.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SOUTH APPRAISES ITSELF

THE fourth cardinal intemperance of Uncle John was the sublime assurance that he was right about everything; he was never wrong. What he did was good; what he thought was right; what he owned was the best in existence. And he was an artist in setting forth the merits of his own and his children's and grandchildren's qualities, deeds, and belongings. In this he had a close rival in the old Major, and they both reflected again a southern pattern.

The Negro man who described a certain monument as something which a group of enthusiastic folks had erected "in honor of theyselves," was in a fair way to characterize much of the southern pattern for a half century following the War between the States. In praise of practically everything southern, to paraphrase a popular title, might be said to describe the prevailing state of mind of the South, reflected especially against a background of hostile criticism. If the old Major or Uncle John or any of their families or relatives or friends, or any other individuals or families or groups of the Old South were ever conscious of mistakes or blunders or imperfections it was not reflected in the published annals of a struggling and recovering section. Whatever possibilities there might have been for calm reflection, honest review of the South's part in the tragedy of the war, of frank appraisal and confession of mistakes, and of building upon dead selves to higher things, were dissipated by the bitter onslaught of the victors whose emotional intellectuals had still not enough of war. Here, after all, may be the essential tragedy of the reconstruction period. The suffering of the South and the bitterness of both sections were bad enough; but the national tragedy may have been in fixing an environment which moulded a southern pattern incapable of careful judgment upon itself and upon the real issues, and immeasurably handicapped for starting a comprehensive reconstruction of all fortunes—social, political, and economic.

But whatever the nature and cause of the backgrounds the South had a most creditable and enviable record for building monuments to the glory of its cause, of superlative praise for its leaders, of rare unity in presenting a defensive front, of unusual sensitiveness to criticism, of more than the usual regional inferiority complex, and of the whole art and technique of oratory, poetry, and southern style for flowery descriptions. Its monuments had been numerous, noble and pathetic, set in all manner of places, made in all manner of fashion, dedicated in all manner of styles, chiseled, fashioned, and set up by groups trying to meet the requirements of southern patriotism, local pride, and financial stringency. There was in this situation alone opportunity for rare portraiture such as would present many features of great value: The romance of a lost cause, the loyalties of a spiritually-minded and stubborn people, a sort of beauty representative of the aspirations of youth, a naïvety born of limited social and cultural experience, and always an undying faith and persistence. In the picture there was to be found much of the glory that was the South and certainly the conclusion would seem justified that, if the South had not set forth in praise and in honor of itself, much of its epic struggle would not have been recorded and much more of its energies and disappointments might have gone into repressive forces than was actually the case.

Again pictures and pictures. One was the Stone Mountain Memorial project as portraiture of the whole southern appraisal. It was the emblem of "the South's greatest vindication," and "the most marvelous monument ever conceived and planned by human mind. . . ." "While the patriotic worth and artistic wonder of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial are instantly felt, and are the inspiring power of its creators, we have yet duly to appraise the material good that will accrue to the South from the world's admiration of that vast monument. Benefits of which the Memorial's founders did not dream will come ever-increasingly, not from anyone's design or effort, but as a natural consequence of humanity's compelling interest in the beautiful, the heroic, the marvelous and the sublime." Here were grand pictures, magnificent descriptions, southern-wide campaigns to have every school child, in the revival of the old-time patriotic parade, subscribing a part to the building of the project. The world-wide comparison of the meaning and significance of such a memorial, the quarreling and bickering among the southern groups, the lawsuits, the arrests, the Ku Klux Klan, the Daughters of the Confederacy, interstate conflicts, and all the rest, reflected the old pattern of southerners solid against the outside quarreling among themselves.

And what pictures the South has painted of itself: "The world has never seen the equal of those days; nor in all the tides of time is it likely to do so again . . . in the Old South . . . deference to woman, chastity of honor . . . the republic's lamp of hope lit upon the Blue Ridge Mountains . . . pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon stock . . . love of temperance, her faith in an orthodox religion, her fidelity to the nation's flag, her loyalty to womankind, and her uncompromising allegiance to 'Home, Sweet Home.'" And again, here were appraisals of southern character: "The civilization of the Old South produced great political leaders and orators and statesmen. . . . Control of the slaves on the plantation taught these men not only self-control but how to control others. . . . The institution of slavery gave time for the cultivation of mind and manners. . . . Character counted more than money. . . . It was the chivalry of the Old South that sweetened southern life. . . . Truth, courage, and honor required of the men. . . . Absolute purity of the women." And again, "The story of the Old South is one for which literature has a tender longing and to which romance has lent an undying charm. . . ." And still again: "Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women pales into commonplace beside the picture gallery which is here presented. . . . The Confederate woman. Imagination cannot dwell too tenderly upon a theme so inspiring. Reverence cannot linger too fondly at so pure an altar. The historian's pen, which tells us of a Rome and of a Sparta—aye, the pen of inspiration which tells us of an Israel—has not portrayed her superior, if, indeed, her equal; nor may we expect to find it in all the hidden future. It took the civilization of an Old South to produce her—a civilization whose exquisite but fallen fabric now belongs to the dust of dreams."

And there were dreams of the future, built upon the past. "But we have not lost the blood royal of the ancient line; and in the veins of an infant Southland still ripples the heroic strain. The Confederate woman, in her silent influence, in her eternal vigil, still abides. Her gentle spirit is the priceless heritage of her daughters. The old queen passes, but the young queen lives; and radiant, like the morning, on her brow, is Dixie's diadem." The southern woman was the key to southern culture. Of such was the kingdom. Here was immortality. Samplings of the orator-artists' pictures reflect the southern style. "The soul of the Southern woman! It blazed on the firing-line of battle. It hovered over the sleeping bivouac in which the weary soldiers dreamed of home. It paced the sentinel rounds of the camp. It inspired Lee to write that glorious order at Chambersburg—a model for his enemies—in which he forbade a single act of vandalism by his men while in the country of the foe. . . ."

The South's appraisal did not stop with its rare glorification of its cause and its people in romantic forms. It did not stop with beautiful ideals of a past as defense mechanisms. It extended aggressively to honest and rich emotional enthusiasms and also to bitter attacks upon all those who might disagree or who might turn to a frank facing of facts. Those who looked realism in the face were often traitors still, lacking in patriotism, and the finer sensibilities of gentlefolk, and were but come up from the common places of life. And those who, coming from other sections, ventured suggestions or criticisms were surely up from the streets and the slums—as witness their names and their manners. If only the South could have a certain sense of humor! Pictures of excited gentry arresting young Lombrowski, graduate and former alumni secretary of one of its greater denominational institutions, arresting him in the midst of labor troubles because of the sound of his name. And not six months later the Daughters of the Confederacy in all their glory electing as president a popular woman whose name was no less alien in sound and connotation.

Few episodes could be found more beautiful than much for which the Daughters of the Confederacy had been responsible. They reflected an inimitable picture and constituted a southern masterpiece. And yet, they had sometimes encouraged superficiality, narrowness, hypocrisy, energy-draining and initiative-killing forces. There was the picture of a handsome woman, powerful, vigorous, magnificent in avoirdupois, of admirable Irish inheritance. To the Daughters and their memoirs, she was the essence of "gentle bearing, delicate beauty, benevolent spirit, and angelic ways." To deny this was to become traitor, to reflect coarseness of character, utter lack of refinement and appreciation of all that the South stood for, because she was the wife of a beloved southerner.

Again, pictures and pictures. Samplings from the Old South's concepts, style, and militant attitude were abundant. One was reflected in a sample reaction which might be used to illustrate the composite picture of the Old South's judgment of itself and of all those who would paint the portrait differently. Appraising a new book dealing with a southern portrait, an enthusiastic critic wrote: "This is one of the most dangerous books that has appeared in the South in many a day. Not since Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Trollope visited our shores have American ideals and customs received as mean and petty a blow as is dealt them in this book—a book that was published by a supposedly reliable and trustworthy New York house (Macmillan) and which piously parades under the sub-title of 'A Study of the Development of Culture in the South. . . .' Professor Wade takes a grand old antebellum character . . . a genuine gentleman of the old school, and builds up around him a pack of the most monstrous implications that have ever appeared between the covers of a book. What makes it all the more inexplicable is the fact that Professor Wade himself is a direct product of and is essentially identified with the Old South. He would have us believe that in those glorious old times there was not much civilization after all; that our brave and hardy ancestors were little more than uncouth, tobacco-chewing-and-spitting horse shoe pitchers, who, when they were not engaging in that sport, were lounging around the village or cross-roads tavern gorging themselves on whiskey bought in quart lots."

Something must be done about it, or else not only will the South be slandered, but the common folks like Uncle John and his children would be encouraged in their lack of respect for the aristocracy! "People of Georgia, Daughters of the American Revolution, Colonial Dames, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and ye stalwart sons and fair daughters of a glorious civilization, rise up and shake off such a slur as this! Shall we permit the untarnished name of this our grand old State to be traduced? Shall we permit the outside world to be told that our ancestors were rude, uncultured, uncouth people? Shall we suffer other people to be told that the principles for which our progenitors bled and died have been ignominiously rejected by an ungrateful progeny? Is it true—tell me—is it true that Georgia is not democratic? Is it true that there are two distinct civilizations in this the Empire State of the South? Not only is the book un-Southern as to the subject matter and its general treatment. The style of it—well, in view of other things, is positively offensive to all right-thinking Southern people. . . . Are the sentences full and rounded like those of our Henry Grady whose style is certainly Georgia's style—and who has probably turned over in his grave a dozen times since this indictment for all he stood for has appeared?"

There was a vivid picture of the old Confederate soldiers, in the resurrection day, rising from the dead and giving the rebel yell, vindicated at last in the sight of God and all humanity. . . . One asks, "Is it right that we should permit her heroes, the men around whom cluster the grandest stories that we tell to our children, to lie neglected, their last homes untidy, weed-grown mounds? Here they await the day when again the trumpet blast shall wake them to march again behind their matchless leaders, Lee and Jackson and cheer their president, Jefferson Davis. When the grand old rebel yell rings again across the hills and valleys of the South, the men who fought the good fight and fell, will rise the noblest souls of all ages, to face the final judgment bar."

And the old patterns were still powerful at the beginning of the second quarter of the twentieth century. In the presidential campaign of 1928 the southern preachers harked back to 1860, and southern pulpits rang with loyalty to southern ideals. The South was right then; it must be right now. It had God on its side then though he seemed to have deserted temporarily; it must have God on its side now. The South was martyr then! it must be martyr now. It was the righteous South against the wicked North. "What about Nathan and David (Samuel 18:17, 18; 21:20-24); Jeremiah and the apostate kings of Judah (entire book of Jeremiah); John the Baptist and Herod (Matthew 14:1-11)? What about Christ and the Pharisees who were the politicians, the candidates, the office holders of his day? In one chapter to their faces the Savior called these 'rulers of the Jews' ten names, each one a fire, beginning at the milder flame 'fools' and ending with the terrific blaze: 'Children of Hell' (Matthew 23). . . . Post-Scripture history stands by the Bible. What of Chrysostom in Constantinople, Luther in Germany, John Knox in Scotland, Savonarola in Italy, Cranmer and Ridley in England? If Luther had kept silent, there might have been no Reformation. If Knox had shut his mouth, Scotland under Mary and the Roman court might have been as Roman Catholic as Ireland. . . . Through all religious and secular history, from Enoch down, ministers of Jehovah have felt it their duty to 'rebuke, reprove and admonish.'" Thus the self-righteous South.

And the pictures of the Old South were still painted with the pictures of the New, with the same enthusiasms and wholeheartedness. Here was a popular picture of 1929: "You have heard of the Old South. This begins the story of the New South. Not a story of romance; and yet a romantic story of a cultured, charming, gallant people who rose from beneath the threat of a black cloud sixty-three years ago and have, in those three score years and three, so far restored the wealth and power and property that was theirs until, today, the entire nation sees with astonished eyes the accomplishments that stand as a monument to the pride and congenital ability of the South . . . the story of the Old South . . . its traditions . . . memories . . . old Colonial homes . . . the expansive plantations . . . forty-four per cent of the entire Nation's wealth . . . in Southern hands . . . in four tragic years all this swept away, destroyed . . . stolen. . . . Priceless traditions of gallantry that had sustained an ill-prepared, ill-equipped, ill-fed army for four years against a force tremendously greater. . . . The South was at the nadir of poverty. That which was material of the Old South was gone. Only the soul of its charm and aristocracy and breeding, the memories of its power, lived on. For these were things which not even war, and the horrors of war's aftermath, could destroy. . . . Everything, then, which the New South has and is, has been built anew, from sheer nothing; energized by an innate courage as old as the Nation, and reared on the bier of as rich and charming a period as the Americas have ever seen."

And again, the picture develops through "Sixty-three years. Not one man's full life span. And yet within their scope a people accustomed by decades of wealth to culture and ease of living have risen from the depths of poverty, and have discovered and developed their resources until today they produce 99 per cent of the Nation's cotton, sulphur, phosphate, carbon black, graphite, and bauxite; 93 per cent of its asphalt, and two-thirds of its petroleum; until today they hold in their hands once more a fifth of the Nation's wealth, a sixth of its manufactured products, and a half of its cotton manufactured products. . . . It is a story which, in itself, is the highest tribute to Southern blood and pride that can be paid. For there is a power in Southern blood. Quiet power. Affairs move quietly in the South. The bigger they are, the more quietly they move. But they do move, and with a swiftness that is as dazzling as the quietness is deceptive. This power has been felt before, by various peoples and in various ways. But never before has it so manifested itself as in the tremendous movements that are daily taking place in the thrusting drive of the New South for its highly deserved place in the sun. . . ."

And ever enthusiasm and the superlatives. The bluest skies and the warmest sunshine; the warmest hearted folks and all the good creatures of life. First and last; always best. A whole city honors the return of its golf champion; legislative and gubernatorial resolutions in one state proclaim the glory of a winning football team. In another, intersectional victory is ascribed to the religious demeanor of the players. It's great to be a southerner—the South leads the world. This same enthusiasm pervaded extreme southern appraisals of southern codes, policies and practices. It was, again, the South against the world in religion, race, industry, manners, morality. Christianity was southern Christianity; Democracy was southern democracy; Race integrity was southern integrity. Such issues were not debatable. Those who did not agree might leave; for Russia, for instance. For, "We have men to teach our faith and traditions, not to attack them."

Samplings by the thousands. Some extreme pictures alongside the mean. Here was one which claimed that the "well-balanced Southerner hopes that lynchings of Negroes will increase rather than decrease, that Cracker fiendishness and cruelty will never diminish, that persecution, prosecution of and fury against the Negro will prevail until their numbers are eliminated or substantially reduced, and preferably exterminated. . . . Down here we don't care if all the Negroes are lynched, or even burned or slit open with knives. The outrageous, damnable, unbearable spectacle of lawlessness of the Negro is infinitely greater than would be the entire extermination of the cursed race by the white man. The Northern 'nigger-lovers' are going to be forced to see our position some day." A picture was receding, but nevertheless extant in 1930, as witness the Senator from South Carolina.

On the other hand, there was a rapidly growing minority in the South responsible for a different sort of appraisal. Without neglecting the past, it nevertheless insisted upon facing facts and upon a realistic approach to the whole southern scene. The early and most vivid portraiture here was that of Walter Hines Page. This turgid oratory and blind partisanship "offended both his sense of literary form and his intelligence. The constant insistence that Southern 'civerlerzation,' destroyed by the Northern armies, was 'the purest and loftiest time had ever known,' provoked editorial amusement and anger. The harping on 'chivalry,' 'beauty,' 'heroism,' 'the sacred dead,' 'devotion to the Southland,' 'President Davis,' seemed to Page disloyalty to the National concept. The Confederate 'colonel,' constantly seeking office on the strength of his military career, his campaign speeches consisting of little else than descriptions of battle scenes, was Page's particular butt. Not only the 'Frying Pan,' but the 'war record' must go —this was another of his catch phrases."

The Page militancy a decade after his death had become a Page tradition, challenging a critical patriotism as opposed to a blind and fanatical allegiance to the past and the present status quo. The number of southern critics of the South was increasing rapidly; numbers and leisure with extended education and experience were giving more force to their efforts, although they met recurrent cycles of attack and denunciation. But they represented a strong minority mode of southern leadership. They were inclined to seek more facts and to interpret them in new perspective. They could see the inconsistencies of the present order as well as the defects of the past. They wanted to look at the fruits of the southern economy and see if they were good. If they were bad, they wanted to work for a better South. That was all.

There was the paradoxical spectacle of the South in the

1928 presidential election stigmatizing a man because he came up from the common people while in all of their religious and political dogma they stood for the common man as the heart of Christian democracy of America. The religious press and zealots were constantly clamoring for Jeffersonian democracy, while they ignorantly were demanding Hamiltonian democracy or the right of the specially privileged. That is, the South in this respect was so ignorant of Jeffersonian democracy that it played upon it as a Shibboleth at the same time trampling it under foot. The South was interpreting southern democracy as the *only* democracy, southern democracy being undefined except in the emotional subjective characterization of *our* democracy, sometimes measured by allegiance to the Confederacy, sometimes to religion. There was, for instance, one exclamation which received great cheers in the Asheville Anti-Smith Conference of 1928. It was that of the old gentleman who said nobody could question his democracy, forsooth, because he had so much Yankee lead in him that he couldn't even swim.

Many southern critics regretted the fact that the South could not see the inconsistency of its clamoring for states rights with reference to the Negro and child labor, but clamoring for federalism for the enforcement of prohibition over states rights; nor the inconsistency of the South's individualism and its well-known tradition for rich eating and drinking alongside its extreme damnation of all those who questioned the perfection of the National Prohibition Law. There were pictures of the churches clamoring for law enforcement and "righteousness" with reference to prohibition, and silent on injustice to Negroes and mill workers. And southern Protestants recommending that the United States interfere in Mexico to free the Mexicans from ecclesiastical domination!

The presidential campaign of 1928 revealed many other pictures of inconsistency which the southern critic wanted to review. The South, especially the extremely religious factions, could not see the inconsistency of its bitter denunciation of Smith as a nullifier of the Constitution because of his open advocacy of reform in the prohibition world, while they—the religious factions—made bitter attack upon Smith for his purported interest in giving the Negro his constitutional rights, which the South, particularly the religious South, insisted should be taken away from him. Nor would it see the inconsistency of the principle of nullifying the Constitution by openly advocating the elimination of all Catholics for office and voting, while making a chief point of attack upon Smith his nullification of the eighteenth amendment.

The South still felt that if it prayed vigorously enough there was a God guaranteeing to bring about its own particular wishes in any concrete situation. Witness thousands of prayers dictating to the Lord what he should do or think concerning personalities and issues. "We are facing great danger. We have Thee, O Lord, to lead us on. We ask Thee, O Lord, to lead our Republican candidates to victory. We know they are of the Protestant church, O Lord, and we ask Thee to bless them. We ask Thee to protect our people, to save our educational institutions. We ask Thee to bless our candidates and lead us on to victory. And you know, O Lord, we are right with you. You can count on us. Amen."

But there were protests from others who prayed still other kinds of prayers. "They were ironical, suggesting that perhaps the makers of prayers forgot that God himself made Alfred E. Smith . . . But that didn't count for anything. It never counts with those who rush, hobnails and all, into the Holy of Holies as though they were running into a station to catch a train. . . . Amusing; shocking, too. . . . And so these makers of prayers, scorning the divine Sermon on the Mount, tattled to God about the good Governor—still tattling."

Or again the South romanticising itself as the home of "chivalry," "culture," "manners," found itself considerably lacking in a certain sort of chivalry in its open and whispered campaign against the wife of one candidate for president and later its attack upon the wife of the president in the De Priest incident. There was the South proclaiming its Jeffersonian democracy, and the rights of common people, censuring a woman who did her own work. This was one of the most interesting pictures, in which, however, there were many mixed elements . . . some of the real aristocrats professing not to be afraid of the issue, many of the less aristocratic being much perturbed. And there were other pictures of the manners and chivalry of the South as evidenced by the Texas, Georgia, and Florida legislatures and many other factions, criticising the First Lady of the Land for her conduct of her own social affairs. It was, indeed, a very gracious South!

Extreme southern critics appraised the South with some severity. Said one, "In this part of the country a man who thinks his own thoughts has a harder time getting on than in any other part of the country." There were other defects. The South was always quarreling among its factions. It was nearly always "against" something. It was always wanting something without paying for it. In politics it was constantly bickering and wanting something for nothing. If the South would forget its factional politics and achieve the old-time statesmanship it would soon rank well again. The South's democracy, they said, was a sort of easiness in social and personal relationships . . . optimistic Hedonism . . . romanticism, tempered by Puritanism, lack of speculation for which was substituted matter-of-fact acceptance . . . politics as absorbing all of the intelligence that might have gone into the arts . . . and poor politics at that . . . close relation of church to politics. Among the severest critics were young college students seeking new realities. They were to be found in many institutions throughout the South. Sometimes perhaps a little extreme but always seeking truth and progress. Here was a picture of a student body writing to a Board of Trustees, "We approach maturity with jostlings which, it seems to us, are peculiarly violent. Growing up for the most part in a happy fulsomeness of state pride, we begin as students to encounter facts which make that pride less and less sure of itself. In one field of laudable activity after another, we foot the list—that is the truth. People say that dirty politics is our chief trouble, and we believe that is the truth, also. This foul stick has been slung around with startling abandon and has tarred many whom it should not have tarred; but the office of the chancellor has always fortunately been spared. Most fortunately. As we see it, even the dimmest suspicion that a chancellor owed his place to any type of selfish political trading would immediately turn his most wholesome words to stale clabber. Such a man would be a joke to us, and a pretty sickening one at that. . . . For our next chancellor, we are asking of you a man even better than the one who was chosen for us last. It is a hard request, but we are youngsters, and we want the world. Does the whole United States not offer what we need? We beg you to give us a man who, more than being pure and lovable and wise, is boldly aggressive and comprehendingly aware of every phase of contemporary life and thought, whether here or yonder."

And among the frankest of its critics were southerners gone North and looking back and down upon a "benighted region." Partly their criticisms came from careful analysis, partly from conditioning in a new atmosphere, partly in personal retaliation for the South's failure to recognize their merits or to provide satisfactorily for their talents and their ambitions. For the South was forever sending its children away! And again, many of the South's most friendly critics were northerners and westerners adjusted to the southern way of life, loyal enthusiasts and apologists for life and labor as it was in the South.

There was, finally, the middleground critic, eager to criticize and to build up, sensitive to the justice of outside criticism but more eager to correct conditions than to resent criticisms. Nevertheless, his lot was with his people and his was a policy of criticism well mixed with justifications of shortcomings, comparison of shortcomings of other sections and optimism in general. Here was one: "Many magazines and reviews show a penchant for the publication of high-brow criticisms of the southern people. The charges include our lack of modernity in cultural matters. We are pictured as an element of the nation sadly lacking in educational provisions and standards, and ingested political provincialisms, and indifference to any spirit of ambition to rank with the progressive civilization of the nation at large. Details are cited in numbers to prove up the counts in the various indictments until the combined verdict is that the South is trailing the nation in a sort of sad uncertain intellectual and civic lameness. It is not flattering to southern historic pride to read these writings by accredited educators, social engineers and political economists, but candor compels the admission that much of the criticism is warranted by the undeniable facts of our conditions. . . . There is a strong cult of sectional provincialism in the south, but it is not wholly deplorable and differs only in complex from equally evident and prevalent provincialisms in other sections of the republic. It has its uses and justifications. It is a less endemic provincialism than that of New England; far less pathological than that of the New Yorkers on Manhattan Island; and is much less inconvertible than that of the Pacific slopers. The peculiarity of southern provincialism is that it is the patriotism of the soil. . . ."

Or again, southerners "are all right; still groping a bit but they will find themselves in due time. They will not always keep their minds closed." And still again, "There is no part of America, and that means there is no part of the globe, which has so much to which its people can look forward with confidence as the South. 'Pessimism.' It can't live in such an atmosphere." Thus the South came to the second third of the century; yet the picture of the South was often one of doubting and puzzling and of working heroically to analyze and develop its possibilities. It was a South which, although it was conscious of its power, was nevertheless conscious of vast limitations and need for help. But a South not yet quite frank with itself. Perhaps this was not possible.

CHAPTER IX

REGIONAL RANGE AND POWER

THE South at the end of three decades of the twentieth century was part of all that the varied judgments of the North and South had set forth. It was all these and more. At the same time some of these characterizations were well out of perspective both in time and environmental relationship. Both Uncle John and the old Major had passed on. What the North had said about them and the South was partly true; what it was saying about their descendants was partly true. What the South had said of them and about itself was partly true, and the southern appraisals of the New South were partly true. Part of what the North and the South said was often unreliable and both North and South had left much unsaid. Both the North and the South had judged too much and too little. And the examples of northern and southern judgments which might be presented in any brief chronicle were but samplings from a great mass. And some had never been sampled. It was as if the South, in all its varied sub-regions, were a part of all that it had met and something besides, some intrinsic and immeasurable nicking of inheritance and environment; and as if its unfolding story, like the making of its culture and the architecture of its civilization, was such as could be portrayed only through partial pictures, worked into a mosaic of time and changing patterns.

Thus Walter Lippmann in 1927 estimated the range and power of the South in a startling challenge which was in substance, that the South could do anything that any people at any time in any place had ever done because the South had the resources—physical, human, cultural—that any other people at any other time or place had ever had. But the South would have to do it itself. And what a task! On the other hand, the South's physical resources and promise appeared such as to lead President Hoover to suggest that "with one-third of the Nation's land area, with about three-fifths of its sea frontage, with vast resources in soil, climate and minerals, no limit can be set to the continued progress and ever increasing prosperity of the whole South." And *if* a limit, perhaps none except a limit which the South may be setting upon itself.

From a consciousness of its resources and of the need to regain much lost time many southerners devoted themselves to the discovery, measurement and development of the southern region. There was a grandson of the old Major who had attained eminence in wealth, who was forever urging the South to develop its possibilities. His business had become his profession and his religion. There was a grandson of Uncle John who ranked high among the commercial boosters of the South. He had only one message, but he delivered it often. It was in substance that there was no section of the Union more abounding in resources and industrial opportunities than the states below the Mason and Dixon's line. Here was a full share of farms, agricultural products, highways, timber, tobacco products, lumber, naval stores, fertilizer, and mineral products. These were to be developed further, and in addition the South must seek a proportionate share of manufactures, wealth, bank deposits, developed water power, fish products, blast furnace products, and paper manufacture.

The range and power of the region, he pointed out, were measured by an area which was 32 per cent that of the Union and a population more than 30 per cent of that of the forty-eight states. It was true that the South had 25 per cent only of the national wealth, but considering the large percentage of non-thrifty Negroes, that proportion of wealth was not a bad showing. The limited 14 per cent of bank deposits was due largely to the fact that what money the South had must be kept active in the growing enterprises of the section. The South had 50 per cent of the Nation's farms, but produced only 38 per cent of the annual farm crops, because too many farmers were inexpert and did not farm intelligently and scientifically. It had 37 per cent of the highways and was improving them to standard with reasonable rapidity. It still had in 1930, 28 per cent of the standing timber, 15 per cent of the total potential water power, and 24 per cent of the Nation's already developed water power. And it had nearly 30 per cent of imports and over 30 per cent of exports, both items being above normal proportion. Producing also 100 per cent of cotton and naval stores he urged the need particularly for an increase in manufactures to use up the raw material and power everywhere at easy command. These possessions, he argued eloquently, could not be taken from us and carried away to other sections and they were steadily drawing capital and enterprises into the South.

Pictures of the physical and cultural resources of the South as developed over a long period of time and as portrayed at the first third of the twentieth century were therefore so abundant that selection was difficult. There were many ways in which the regional range and power of the South could be estimated. Perhaps all of them were used. One was to present its pictures, one after another, such as had already often been reviewed. One was to compare the South with the rest of the Nation. That is, the South approximated one-third of the Nation's population and area; how did it compare in other respects? One was to present its resources in aggregates and trends. That is, its total wealth and expenditures were more than those of the whole Nation a few years ago. One was to compare the utilization of its power with its possibilities. That is, its unused lands and resources were far in excess of those being utilized. Still another was to show its ratios of advance. That is, the South had advanced from 500 to 1,500 per cent in certain items of production. Still other ways were to be found in the attempt to evaluate certain qualitative contributions to the national life and to portray certain culture patterns and institutional modes. All of these were essential to the pictures; yet again samplings from the southern human geography were not always adequate.

The most popular method of presenting the South's power was to portray resources that business and commercial organizations tend to make the basis of their southern developments. Thus there were certain standards by which to measure certain trends upon which the future growth of a region would depend. And here it was pointed out that of approximately a score of such trends the South was making favorable progress in each. Thus, favorable trends were found in population growth; population shift toward certain trade centers; wealth, as reflected by industries, by increasing buying power; growth of certain zones as manufacturing centers; growth of industrially employed population; range of natural resources; growth of building contracts; growth of number and kinds of manufacturers; value of manufactured products; growth of retail establishments; expansion of transportation facilities; number of banks and growth of annual transactions; income tax returns; freight receipts; life insurance sales; telephone expansion; automobiles owned; newspapers and newspaper circulation.

Still another way of presenting the picture of the South's resources and progress was to obtain estimates from leaders in big business. And this was done often and well. Thus there was Charles M. Schwab's optimistic outlook in 1928 in which he estimated the South to be progressing as rapidly as safety permitted. The South, particularly, he thought was equipped for the manufacture of lighter materials and already excelled in the textiles, and was taking its place rapidly industrially as it had already held its place agriculturally. Looking out over the Gulf of Mexico from his hotel window, the interviewer pictured the steel magnate as pointing up and down the coast and declaring, "All along here this section has a great opportunity for development. It has climate. It has labor. It has harbors and it is close to the great trade centers of South America. South American trade is just developing and the visit of Herbert Hoover will be a great boon to welding the people of these great countries together. It will result in mutual respect and broader trade activities between North and South America."

Or again attractive pictures of the South were presented in most intriguing advertisements. Here was a campaign for the development of the South in which feature stories pictured it as a place "in which to live better and make more money. In many parts of the great, prosperous, and attractive Central South there are most desirable locations for poultry, general farming, or cattle raising, husbandry, etc.—farms which may be bought at prices much lower than those which prevail in the more thickly populated sections of the North, Northeast, and East. Because of open winters, of all-year forage and pasturage, and, in many instances, of year round production—because of plenty of green feed, small grains, inexpensive labor, and superior facilities for shipping to the country's great markets—you should be interested in the Central South as a place to live and to prosper. Good schools, good roads, and churches, added to the healthful climate, make the Southland a most attractive place to rear your family and to have something left over after the end of your year's work." Pictures and pictures, such that a scrap-book of southern advertisements in 1930 would have appeared as magic literature to Uncle John and the old Major, while state and local Chamber of Commerce bulletins and railroad folders would have appeared as invitations to fairyland.

So well had the specialists in scientific study and commercial expansion done their work that our enthusiast found his task well laid out. A bare analysis of the South's regions and resources assumed encyclopedic proportions. There was the cotton belt of nearly three hundred million acres or almost one-sixth of the area of the continental United States, producing nearly four billion dollars' worth of crops approximating nearly one-fourth of the total crop value for the United States. In the cotton belt were more than two million farms or nearly one-third of all the farms in the United States, with nearly twice as many farms per unit of area as in the rest of the United States. Within this cotton belt were various sub-regions, varying with fertile soils, hills, plains, black belts, sandhills, such as the Black Prairie of Alabama and Mississippi, the Red River Valley, the Yazoo-Mississippi delta, Black Waxy Prairie of Texas, the rice sub-regions, the sugar-cane sub-regions, the Gulf and

South Atlantic vegetable sub-regions, the citrus fruit and winter vegetable sub-regions, these last extending often below the cotton belt.

In the cotton belt again it was estimated that there were some thirty million more acres in swamp or marsh or one-third of the total wet grounds of the United States. In the humid sub-tropical belts it was estimated that there were thirty-six million acres of land still unfit for agriculture without drainage, or nearly 40 per cent of the total acreage in the United States. Thus there were two or three times as much acreage of wet land in the South awaiting drainage as there was dry land in the West needing irrigation. On the other hand only some six million acres had been drained in the South, as compared with twenty million acres irrigated in the West. An automobile trip skirting the coast from Virginia along the Carolinas, through Georgia, down through Florida and across the Tamiami trail, then across South Alabama and Mississippi into Louisiana and westward to Texas revealed a vast empire of still unconquered nature fascinating in its splendor, difficult to conquer.

Further pictures of the range and variety of physical backgrounds of the South were possible from an examination of the various agricultural divisions. There was the coastal plain with all its richness in soil, climate, and natural resources. The coastal flatwoods in South Carolina and Georgia joined to the Florida flatwoods and Everglades made an empire in themselves. So also other divisions: Middle coastal plain of South Carolina and Georgia; Florida limestone, Limestone sink, Hammock land, and Lake section; Florida Pine Hills; Lower Coastal Plain in Alabama and Mississippi; Red and Gray lands of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi; Sand Hills of North and South Carolina and Georgia; Black Prairie Belt in Alabama and Mississippi; Appalachian Border. Within these various areas and sub-areas in the South were almost unbelievable range of resources other than agriculture.

So rich was this region in possibilities that the enthusiasts had estimated that there were "two regions on this earth and only two, which eventually will outdistance all others as to the number of people they will support by agriculture and factory production. These two are Southern China and our South. Both are marked out by nature in a most extraordinary way. Each lies between the subtropical and the temperate zones. The westward moving currents of the oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, throw upon these two vast regions an abundant rainfall. Normally these would be parts of the great desert zone which includes Arabia and Arizona. But physiographic conditions make them fertile. Above all the other regions, they are the gardens of the world. . . ."

Again they called upon the engineers, who responded nobly by speaking of the Tennessee River Basin as "more richly endowed with potential water power than any equal area in eastern United States. This territory is at the beginning of an industrial expansion, growing around water power, that is fast converting it into an important manufacturing center." Or, again, the picture of a great diversified industry such as that of pulp and paper in operation in the Carolina and Tennessee Piedmont regions. "A complete pulp and paper industry using any one of the three standard processes—soda, sulphid or sulphate—is in itself a complicated undertaking. But when an industry is built to use all three of these processes in simultaneous production and, in addition, operates a sizable electrolytic alkali plant, one of the largest tannin-extract factories in the country, its own coal mine and chemical lime plant, and produces container board, turpentine and adhesives as by-products—then that industry may well be said to represent a truly diversified chemical engineering enterprise. . . ."

Or, again, there were cited samplings of the development of great natural resources—minerals, timber, water power, coal, climate, and abundant native-born labor supply. Here, for instance, was a state ranking fifth in the United States in water-power development. Among the important mineral raw materials for which the region was noted were feldspar, mica, kaolin, pyrophyllite and other clays, talc, marble, and limestone. Rarer minerals, such as zircon, chromite, monazite and rutile, were all found there, yet, for various reasons, they had not been exploited commercially. In point of value, feldspar, with an output of 105,560 tons in 1928, leads the list of the 260 native minerals found in one state, which placed it in the front rank, with almost exactly 50 per cent of the total United States production of feldspar. Pictures and pictures of development. Feature stories of new industries. "Another chapter of the amazing story of southern industrial development was written recently with the completion of the ten-million-dollar rayon plant of the American Enka Corporation. Here in the peaceful valley of Hominy Creek, surrounded by towering mountains, there now stands a mammoth plant that covers seventy-five acres of land and provides over twenty acres of actual manufacturing floor space. . . ." Then other pictures of aggregates and possibilities. In 1927 rayon products amounted to seventy-five million dollars; in 1928, ninety-eight millions; and the estimate for 1929, one hundred and forty millions . . . the South so rich by nature that it was almost beyond competition in many of its resources . . . bulk of wood used in paper rayon now imported from Canada, whereas in the South slashed pine will produce nearly seven times as much as in Canada . . . due to the longer hours of sunshine in the South . . . development of paper industry . . . challenge to the South to make parks pay just as California had . . . the great spiritual value of the parks to people as well as one hundred million dollars tourist business . . . millions of idle acres available for growing forests for wood fibre.

And still the listing was expanded. A simple catalogue of the physical resources of the South revealed more than twenty-five hundred single items, the bare listing and describing of which would begin a substantial volume. In minerals alone the list comprehended 326 varieties varying from gold, copper, iron, coal, sulphur, lead, zinc to rahtite, chaleotrichite, melonlerite, wallorstonite and all the three hundred and more in between. Ninety-seven principal undeveloped mineral resources were listed. Other physical resources included a remarkable range and quality: agriculture, horticulture, and trucking with a list of 110; animals, domestic and wild, 32;

birds, 84; bulbs and ornamental plants, 24; domestic fowls, 14; fish, 47; fruits and nuts, 50; lumber, 188; medicinal plants, 210; ornamental trees, 145; tobacco, 12; trees or forest, 183; vines, 200; wild flowers, 260; manufacturing industries, 73; commercial, 49; and miscellaneous, 483, ranging from large industries to many others, such as, peanut products with 14; petroleum products, 15; woodpulp, 5; wood distillation, 9; clay working products, 19; cottonseed products, 5.

Still other pictures of the South's range and power were to be seen from figures showing aggregates for some of the major interests. The figures were impressive and constantly accelerating. The South's eighty billion dollars of true value of property was nearly three times that of the New England States, approximately as much as the Middle Atlantic States, a little more than that of the East-North Central, twice as much as that of the West-North Central, six times as much as that of the Mountain States, and three times as much as that of the Pacific. The wealth of the South had increased during the first quarter of the century more than four times. In 1926, the value of farm crops alone was more than three and one-quarter billion dollars or about 40 per cent of the total for the nation. Mining capital and products were about the same; lumber amounted to nearly nineteen billion dollars; banking more than ten billion; exports and imports more than two billion. And the South was expending nearly four hundred million dollars each for education and highway expenditures.

There were many students and observers, however, who were inclined to be more critical of facts in their perspective. They thought that it was more important to compare the South with standards of the rest of the nation and to inquire into the sort of use the South was making of its vast resources. They thought that the development of leadership and of culture was more important than mere quantitative achievement. Comparative figures were important in fixing the South's real status. The South's wealth was less concentrated in the hands of a few states. Statistics of income at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century showed a total of more than thirty thousand millionaires in the United States if measured by those who paid income tax on $50,000 or more, of whom less than twenty-five hundred were in the South. Texas had more than five hundred, Florida had more than four hundred, Oklahoma more than two hundred, with Virginia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Tennessee with more than one hundred and fifty each. North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama had more than one hundred, while Mississippi and South Carolina each had less than twenty. These were in contrast to the top states of the rest of the Nation; New York with more than nine thousand, Pennsylvania with more than three thousand; California and Illinois with more than two thousand, with only Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming having less than twenty.

Again, the relativity of the region. The South, with its border states, in area and population represented approximately a third of the Nation. Its area in square miles was a little under one-third and its population perhaps a little more than a third, with the South's increase in population a little below the ratio of the rest of the Nation. On the other hand, its wealth was about one-fifth and its millionaires about one-fifteenth. In the value of manufactured products in 1927 the South represented approximately 16 per cent of the Nation; in values added by manufacturing 15 per cent; in primary horsepower 19 per cent; and in cost of materials 18 per cent; in average number of wage earners 20 per cent; in total wages paid 15 per cent. On the other hand in cotton manufacturing, in value of products it represented 58 per cent; active spindles 55 per cent; active looms 48 per cent; cotton consumed, bales, 71 per cent. Other ratios revealed a varying picture. In furniture manufacturing, value of products 17 per cent; pig iron, tons made, 12 per cent; coke, tons made, 17 per cent; in value of mineral products 33 per cent; in coal mined, tons, 43 per cent; in iron ore mined, tons, 11 per cent.

Back again to larger proportions: in lumber cut, feet, 47 per cent; petroleum, barrels, 64 per cent; cotton, bales, 97 per cent; cotton value including seeds, 97 per cent; tobacco, pounds, 87 per cent; value of tobacco, 85 per cent. Then receding again, corn, bushels, 27 per cent; wheat, bushels, 15 per cent; cattle, number, 32 per cent; swine, number, 27 per cent; property, value, 22 per cent; federal tax receipts, 22 per cent; water power, horsepower developed, 24 per cent; banking, aggregate resources, 15 per cent; banking, paid in capital, 21 per cent; banking, deposits, 14 per cent; exports, value, 32 per cent; imports, value, 12 per cent; railway mileage, 37 per cent; number of motor vehicles, 27 per cent; highway expenditures, 30 per cent; public school expenditures, 21 per cent; state government debts, 32 per cent.

Another way of presenting the southern picture was to note actual and relative increases in twenty years in each of several activities. Measured by this standard the picture was one which nearly always elicited enthusiasm. In value of products, for instance, the increase in the South was more than 227 per cent as against less than 200 per cent for the rest of the country. In value added by manufacturing the South was about the same as for the rest of the country; cost of materials, nearly 250 per cent against less than 200 per cent for the rest of the country; average number of wage earners, 33 per cent against 25 per cent; in cotton manufacturing, the value of product, 290 per cent as against 68 per cent; active spindles, 65 per cent as against —11 per cent; active looms, 47 per cent as against —15 per cent; cotton consumed, bales, 114 per cent as against —3 per cent; in furniture manufacturing, the value of product, nearly 500 per cent as against half as much. And so on for pig iron, coke, mineral products, coal, iron ore, lumber, petroleum, all land on farms, improved land on farms, number of farms, value of all farm property, value of farm products, and value of farm crops and all the others.

The critic, however, was inclined to ask further for the relative position of the Southern States in the scale of other states. For instance, in the value of manufactured products in 1927 New York was first with more than nine billion; Pennsylvania had more than six billion, and Illinois and Ohio each followed with more than five billion; Texas and North Carolina then ranked twelfth and fourteenth with more than one billion each, while Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Georgia ranked in median places twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third. In wage earners and amount of total wages New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois again held the first four places, while southern states in the first quartet included North Carolina, Georgia, Maryland, and Missouri. In the average annual wage New York and Michigan were among the first five with Wyoming and Nevada first and second, while South Carolina ranked lowest with less than half the rate of New York, and no southern state ranked within the first two-thirds. And so for other aspects of life and labor the Southern States ranked relatively low, in spite of their phenomenal growth and development.

There were the pictures, perhaps too constant reminders of the vast physical backgrounds of the southern region. Their continuous enumeration palled. On the one hand this constant recital was likely to leave the impression of some impregnable South in which nothing was wrong, everything was right, and that there was nothing anywhere else in the world comparable to it. Or it was likely to lead to false conclusions about the real values of civilization and to influence the New South too much toward measuring its culture and civilization in terms of mere economic development and cheap standards. It was likely to accelerate an already too rapidly developing tendency to evolve a cheap and snappy abundance in place of the values which were manifestly inherent in the South. Or there was a discouraging monotony in it all and even the boosters sometimes grew tired of their own wares. There were reactions from the Florida boom, the near-boom at Asheville and even from the "Atlanta spirit," when it was recognized that superlative and superficial claims were retarding normal and proper big-scale development. The critics, therefore, among them other grandsons of both the old Major and Uncle John, wanted to see the whole picture. They wanted to measure other resources in leadership and institutions, in creative effort and human resources, and their utilization. Their concern was rather with what manner of use should be made of these vast resources and what sort of leaders were being developed to guide the South in this new American epoch. And so they wanted to turn the spotlight frankly and earnestly upon the fruits of southern leadership and the prospects of its development.

CHAPTER X

LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS

It seemed difficult for the South of 1925 or 1930 to realize that it was no longer the South of Uncle John and of the old Major, nor yet the South of their sons and daughters, even though it was their work and their spirit which had made the "New South" possible. It was difficult for southern folk to realize that this South was one of such increased population, resources, and problems as to challenge the best efforts of still another and another generation of better trained and educated youth, collaborating with citizens of other regions. And it was as if the South, looking on the rapid pace of the world, reacted partly in fear, partly in resentment, and partly in doubt. The world was running away from the South and this ought not so to be.

It was still difficult for the South to realize that its earlier leadership and culture had not been successful. And especially that the old standards, even where successful, would not apply to modern conditions. Students of history and culture were constantly asking why Virginia in the earlier days had made the richest contribution of all the states; what they were not yet asking with sufficient earnestness was why Virginia had not made more recent contributions. And so it was, in less measure, for other Southern States. There were reasons a-plenty, of course, but what were they? And were the real reasons commonly assigned? The South, in the midst of its "growing pains" and problems, with its rapidly expanding industrialism, its suffering agriculture, its growing cities and modern highways, still seemed to insist that its leadership in religion, education, politics, industry, should conform to the same standards which had failed in both the earlier and more recent past. The South had followed its religious leaders a long time—what were the fruits of its following? It had followed its political leaders—where were the Jeffersons, the Washingtons, the Madisons, the Marshalls, the Calhouns? The South was a third of the Nation—where was its third of outstanding leaders? Leaders of the first order in the Nation had come out of the South. The South had now much of the same admixture of blood and social heritage that produced them. Moreover, the South had an excellent physical environment for the development of strong personalities. Why, then, were the Southern States so barren of individual leaders who represented the highest achievement in their fields? Where were the scientists from whom to choose representatives? Or jurists? In politics, in education, in art, in business, in religion, in any aspect of human endeavor, where were there to be found residing in the South leaders occupying the foremost place in their respective groups?

And the South appeared to be becoming more state and sectional minded so far as its leaders were concerned. It wanted not only southern folks to head its institutions and activities, but it usually wanted native state leaders for state work. And it wanted these leaders to be leaders of "southern" or individual state patterns and culture. A region which started out after the World War with every indication of becoming at once a dynamic part of the Nation, suddenly receding into the sectional mould. It was one of the most interesting situations in the whole Nation: how would it develop? It was as if there was an accelerating social and cultural lag in the South since the Great War, which, so far as its leadership was concerned, was reflecting the old dramatic struggles and cultural patterns anew. It may have been partly the influence of the 1928 presidential election; it may have been defense reaction to outside agitation, but whatever it was, it was a mixed picture again. Or it appeared as if the South with its phenomenal physical development, in the midst of phenomenal social and economic changes, still insisted that it needed no new leadership for its new fortunes. Or that, in the difficult ways of reconstruction, it had become so involved in survival that its leadership was still suffering the long lapse. And so once again the chief pictures of its leadership were those of mixed patterns, portraiture of distinguished leaders of the Old South, of mid-channel Memorial-day orator-leaders and program makers, of loyal defenders of the lost cause, of later translators of this loyalty into demagoguery, of religious leaders, of Ku Klux Klan leaders, of various political leaders, and of a certain new type of southern critic and liberal. All these and more contributed to the colorful mosaic of the South of the first third of the twentieth century.

There was Uncle John himself just before the turn of the century listening eagerly to the sandy-haired Tom Watson hurling his philippics at the Democratic plutocrats at Washington. There were hundreds of other eager listeners like him in the old open-air Harbor at the Camp Meeting Grounds. Populist against Democrat, family against family, and the Watsonian influence extended far into the generations of his children and grandchildren. The pictures were vivid ones. Wild cheering, hats thrown in the air, while the silver-tongued orator pictured the idle rich with their silver-lined bath tubs, their luxury and high-living at Washington and New York. To Uncle John and the thousands of his compatriots, without experience in leadership, here was a new prophet of Jeffersonian democracy. He was, he told them, fighting against the intrenched interests on behalf of the common man. And so the students of political history agree that he was. What Jefferson fought for as against Hamilton, Watson fought for as against the recalcitrant Cleveland, long since surrendered to the plutocrats. Watson, they said, was the full-fledged Jeffersonian. What a picture, could he only have fought his fight without personal bitterness. Was it the southern atmosphere or defeat which made him the archetype of demagogue?

For, a little later, the selfsame orator was fighting "against" something else; he was always against something or somebody, inflaming his followers into a sort of white heat of emotional loyalties. Now it was against the Democrats, now against the Republicans, now against the Negro, now against the Jew, now against missionaries and now against the Catholics, and then against Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover. And always the brilliant half-truth technique of the master demagogue. Once, in the notable Frank case, it fanned his following into such a flame as would lynch the governor of a state and did later result in the lynching of the accused. It was one of the South's most dramatic illustrations of a leader and his followers and one of the most dramatic that has appeared on the American scene. No one who has not heard the murmur of a vast mob swell into some terrifying roar could understand the power of this sort of leader.

And the story of how this leader came to be what he was, and how his followers swore allegiance to him is one representative of the whole southern picture, more particularly perhaps in South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, and Florida. The picture of the evolution of this leader was one of the most vivid in all America. His native state "was a wretched land and it had brought to the ruin of the Civil War a population already ground under by economic shifts. The people had found a philosophy for their necessities. They were kindly, loyal, and in their way aspiring; and Watson's association with them taught him that they were worthy. He was a passionate soul, and he resolved then that something must be done to relieve the abuses they were subjected to. He was early in life the emotional fighting southerner. Speaking, he was irresistible, swinging his audiences delightfully down the dizzy transitions he made from impalpable illusion, to stories of a man who could smell the gravy and know the sex of a hog—and then back again to what seemed the final citadel of erudition. Among his chief targets were various ecclesiastics, particularly Catholics, and those Protestants who busied themselves with foreign missions. He would not give any of those brethren any rest. His Catholic animosities, indeed, soon blazed into an obsession, the prosecution of which cost him, before all was done, some $200,000. Tried for alleged indecency in his lampoons against Holy Church, he was acquitted. Upon being threatened with a change of venue to some place out of Georgia, he sent word succinctly to the authorities in Washington that he would wait upon his doorstep, with pistols, any extraordinary officer sent for him." . . . And then the Frank case . . . "The fact that a fusillade against the Yankees in the affair would inescapably set loose an unreasoning racial hatred and that it would in great likelihood result in a violation of Georgia sovereignty graver than any Yankee violation, did not check him. He took that risk unblenchingly, and the hatred he released, along with a little hemp rope, did the rest. And he looked upon his work and—for all he ever said to the contrary—found it good."

Characteristic of Watson in his growing obsession, and characteristic of much of the intemperate language of personal politics, was his famous attack on Herbert Hoover as "an infamous scoundrel." He was, ventured the red-headed sage of Thompson, "nothing in the world but a great big bluff, a propagandist, a British spy, a fraud, and a humbug." Yet here was a man who had produced competent historical work, had given promise of rare ability, and was considered by many southerners the greatest living American. Jefferson had mellowed under the influence of success and an earlier southern atmosphere; Watson had become almost maniacally bitter through failure and a later southern atmosphere.

It was from such episodes as this, with their bitter, unreasonable and unreasoning denunciation of men and causes, that the North had gained many of its pictures of the South. Leaders and followers—following the by-paths and dark hidden ways of demagoguery. The South protested that these were not representative leaders and that it was wont to receive undue publicity for their antics and their explosions. Nevertheless, if these leaders had thousands of followers and if they represented always the balance of power in religion, politics and education, then they must be accorded a chief place in the leadership of the South. To measure the following of preacher and governor of Texas, of long-haired senator and local preacher-governor of Mississippi, of preacher-governor and Blue Shirts of Florida, of a Tom-Tom senator and Ku Klux of Alabama, of a willy-nilly congressman and Baptist-Methodist combine in Georgia, of a firebrand senator and fundamentalist governor of South Carolina, and of various religious demagogues throughout the South headed by an intemperate bishop, was to give one index of the leaders and followers who would determine the destiny of the South.

It was not enough to say that the masses would have followed better leaders. The tragedy of it was that they wanted good leaders and would have followed them; and the further tragedy was that the people thought their leaders were good. But whatever their characteristics, most critics of the dominant pattern seemed powerless, or did not know how, or were afraid to fight for a change. Many professional and business men and women, as well as many special groups, appeared to feel that too much energy and trouble were required to interfere with the prevailing mode. It was, they felt, easier to go along without "hurting people's feelings."

There were pictures of worn-out and discredited leaders in one state slipping over into a neighboring state, now from Texas to North Carolina, now from North Carolina to Florida, now from South Carolina to North Carolina, now from Mississippi to Tennessee, now from Tennessee again to North Carolina, stirring up religious, race or sectional strife and intolerance, setting the state into an uproar. Such spectacles were rather absurd when pictured in the perspective of the weakness and ignorance of these leaders and the lack of respect which the people of the state would hold for such leaders and their tactics. And yet prominent leaders in politics, in church, in schools, and in other phases of professional life were for all practical purposes scarcely articulate and less dominant for the time being. Southern demagogues had little or no competition in controlling the people. "And here," one regrets, "is the most unfortunate fact of all, that the enlightened man, be he preacher or editor or scholar or business man, either keeps quiet or is so often so interested in an institution or organization that he will not endanger his leadership by taking a positive stand for what he knows is right."

Thus it happened that such leaders exerted a dominance entirely out of proportion to the esteem in which they were held. This applied to various aspects of southern life—religion, politics, education. And later the problem appeared in the industrial world. Here was a minority group of dominant and domineering types, not so much esteemed and followed by the better industrial leaders and the common folks, but somehow helping to determine the southern pattern and to give the South its reputation in the field of industrial leadership. And just as there had often been pictures of a solid phalanx of ministers unreasonably attacking institutions, measures, and individuals, with none among them to break the ranks, so there had appeared pictures of closed ranks among textile folk, with no man among them apparently able or knowing how or bold enough to break the unfortunate spell.

Some of the elements which appeared oftenest in the picture of domineering and demagogic leaders had been those of ignorance, naïvety, disregard of truth, hypocrisy, and unfair methods. Thus a single editor of an important industrial publication over a period of years was known to have published literally hundreds of falsehoods about individuals, institutions, and movements, the facts in all of which cases could have been verified. The published statements ranged from libel to naïve misinterpretation of commonplace utterances. Yet for a third of a century this man had proceeded on his way with little interruption or exposure, hundreds of leaders in the industrial field denying that he was representative of their group and yet going right on believing what he had to say and repeating his falsehoods.

There was another type of power and publicity seeking, yet honest and sincere. A joint group of ministers, a countrywide association, a citywide federation of several denominations on occasion issued to the governor, to the legislature, to the president of the state university and to its board of trustees solemn petitions to inquire whether or not the state university paid any money toward the publication of a certain technical sociological journal. In what ways, they advertised in the newspapers, was the faculty of the university connected with it and in what ways was the university, with the people's money, standing back of its contributors? The petitions were rushed to the newspapers for feature stories, yet no copy or letter was ventured to the editors or managers of the journal. All facts about the situation could have been determined by any one of these in five minutes. Self-imposed leaders collecting money, publishing reports, setting the state in an uproar, ran their course and were glorified.

On the other hand there was nearly always the mixed picture-protest from a minority, less articulate but constituting the basis for liberalism. In this instance there were other small groups protesting. They wrote that "we prize the stand you take for intellectual liberty and academic freedom, and are proud of you that, putting consideration of personal advantage aside, you determine to continue in this high pursuit after your ideals have been challenged and your motives have been incriminated by little minds. It is a pleasure to assure you that with malice toward none and charity for all, we find ourselves of like ideals with you and shall join in an unwavering contention for them, the sacredest of all human rights."

Here was another picture of leaders and followers. Five thousand people gathered in a southern auditorium to hear the joint verdict of Georgia Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, W.C.T.U.'s, Anti-Saloon Leaguers, that John Roach Straton and Willie D. Upshaw were two great heroic and militant leaders of a new day. Thousands of falsifying, vulgar, and dishonest propaganda sheets were scattered as campaign materials throughout the auditorium. Fervent prayers, hallelujah songs, the waving of flags, and shouting of Amens. There was no leadership to protest the methods and the falsehoods.

Other pictures of demagogic leadership were reflected in the unfolding chapters of Politics and Religion. They were contrasted with the old types of leadership in which the South excelled. One of the many periods of the reconstruction period and rebuilding was a chaos resulting in the South's lack of facilities for training and developing a new leadership. Thus, the great body of leaders of the South of the early twentieth century had neither experience nor training for leadership outside the atmosphere of political strife, economic limitations, educational and social deficiencies, and general mediocrity in many aspects of life. How, then, could they lead with distinction or govern well? Or how attain an equal place in the last half century of rapid development? Who were the old southern leaders, the lawyers, the mayors, the judges, the statesmen? Consider then the same communities, towns, cities, states in which they held forth; how many of their children occupied the same positions of leadership as did their fathers? If their children had not come into the succession, then others had. Who were they but the chance representatives of a new diffused leadership, whose potential abilities had in no wise been brought out or tested? Some there were of the same heritage as the old leaders; more there were of the common folk, mixed here and there and everywhere in a varied composite of the land. Now, whatever else might be said of the old southern leaders; whatever their shortcomings according to democratic standards, such as attitudes toward the Negro and the working man, there can be no doubt that they stood forth in their leadership as examples of distinction, charm, order, force, character. They led. And while the younger leaders did have many ideas in advance of their predecessors and might have in them the making of another generation of distinction, they did not stand out as did the leaders of the Old South. This does not mean that their status was a final criterion any more than the first efforts of women in politics proved to be the permanent mode or index of ability. It meant simply that here was a new generation with limited experience, limited training, and limited leisure but with an abundance of energy, enthusiasm, and small-town adolescent zest for participating in politico-social activities and for enacting righteousness.

Thus the responsibility and promise of the South for the development of a better leadership was reinforced both by a need and deficiency and by the heritage of a South of which the pictures of the old leaders were vivid enough. This thing of the masses of southern people following their leaders was not new. Dodd estimated that only twice in the history of the country had men felt so keenly the loss of leaders, once when John C. Calhoun died and at the death of Lincoln. Of Calhoun "today the people of a great state think of him as of no other American and linger sadly about the tomb where their fathers laid him—a people who still feel more keenly than all others the weight of Sherman's terrible blows of 1864 and 1865, who still insist that their cause and his was just." And of all the Southern qualities, their loyalty was perhaps most characteristic. Pictured in terms of loyalty to leaders and causes, coupled with ideals of defense from outside criticism and stimulated by eloquence and mass meetings, the result was easily understood.

There were many picturesque leaders of the earlier days, offering vivid precedents. One was "the most remarkable looking figure of his age. Little more than five feet tall, he weighed about ninety pounds and had the body of a fourteen-year-old boy. At a glance he hardly looked older than that. But the almost beardless face was seamed with fine wrinkles, and the small slits of eyes, dull and lightless, were the eyes of a nonagenarian. He was steeped in the classical orators, in the Bible, and in American constitutional law; and he knew nothing else. The son of a poor farmer school-teacher of the Georgia 'up-country,' he was educated by local subscription for the ministry, which he repudiated for the law; he repaid his benefactors; he became the best jury lawyer in his state." Here was still another picture, "He rose. A few seconds he hesitated, standing perfectly erect, almost swayback, in the manner of statesmen and other great men of his time. A stranger, unmoved by the scene, might have wondered what kind of man he was. He was not tall, but he looked tall because he was slender; he was faultlessly dressed in black broadcloth, wore a black silk handkerchief tied stock-wise round his neck and a white stiff shirt and black satin waistcoat. His long brown hair fell on each side of a high, square, finely modelled forehead; beneath heavy brows, deep-set gray eyes looked out with a kind of unseeing intensity; a handsome aquiline nose, perfectly set in his face, almost hid a mobile, receding upper lip; under the high cheekbones lay deep hollows; these and the square jaws and protruding chin gave the whole face a look of extreme emaciation—and of an iron will. A glance at this man would have revealed his possession of absolute self-mastery. . . ." And still another, "Nature had moulded him for leadership. Six feet in height, with deep chest, broad shoulders, narrow hips, and powerful legs, his was a superb presence, and in the saddle he and his horse seemed one. His complexion, hair, and large bluish-gray eyes gave him the appearance of an old Saxon king. The call to arms naturally found him in the saddle at the head of the cavalry, where his genius for command, his quiet poise, dash, and daring, endeared him to Lee, and to his men, and to all his people. He had suffered uncomplainingly—a perfect Spartan. In one engagement he had seen one son fall; and, sending another son to his succor, had seen him fall, too, and had ridden back to kiss the dying youth and whisper in his ear—then back to the fight and to sleep on the ground that night in the rain, not knowing the fate of his children."

A later leader of a different sort coming up from the people presented a vivid picture. "The boy, as well as the man was a great, ruddy, freckled-faced countryman—big in person, big in brain; with large round childlike eyes, well-filled cheeks, huge shoulders, and yet with a body quick and nervous in its movements, as far removed from the traditional southern repose as his mighty laughter was removed from the discouragement that too commonly formed the background of southern life. Few men could fight so persistently for a cause, and yet fight with such undeviating good nature. Few could so enforce their arguments with alternating facts, pathos, eloquence, and funny stories. There was something almost ferocious in McIver's enthusiasm, yet in his methods laughter and even buffoonery went hand in hand. . . . His career had been romantic. Out in the hills of his boyhood he had learned his Scott, his Shakespeare, and his Bible, and his well-stored mind redeemed the crudity of his clothes and his home-made shoes when he appeared in college at Chapel Hill. . . . 'The noblest soldier now is he that with axe and plough pitches his tent against the waste places of his fire-blasted home, and swears that from its ruins shall arise another like unto it.' . . . As an orator and debater, never his equal, the opinion that he was 'the greatest stump speaker in America.' The essence of his eloquence was in his warmth and manifest sincerity. . . . In the mingling of pathos and humor he was a master. His prepared speeches were more literary in their phrasing, his notable tribute to the Jews in his lecture 'The Scattered Race' an example. His voice was soft, musical, of great flexibility, and in its higher notes clarionlike and thrilling. . . ."

And still another picture. "In personal appearance he was impressive, his profile and features regular but massive, his abundant hair and pointed beard both brown, his eyebrows heavy. Practice with the sword and gloves had given him the solid powerful shoulders of a pugilist, though his hands and feet were slender and sensitive. Though an impassioned nature, his outer appearance was that of a dreamer; his manner always that of a cultivated gentleman. Unless intolerably provoked, he was gentle, and his heart was as tender as that of a young girl. His oratory was natural and at times inspired, and he combined the qualities of a deeply analytical and philosophical mind with those of a mastery of exquisite English which clothed his arguments in beauty. . . . His voice was soft and musical, modulated to the solemnity of the occasion. . . . The brilliant audience sat in rapt attention as the southerner proceeded with a brilliant analysis of Sumner's character, without reflecting on his own people or yielding aught to the foe. 'The South prostrated, exhausted, drained of her life blood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true, accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament today could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which would reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen, know one another and you will love one another." ' "

Pictures of the old leaders, like pictures of the old houses, were too numerous to present. Yet samplings contrasted with samplings of the new, revealed vivid contrasts. There was the great Virginian, "who held every important political office in the gift of his commonwealth, who penned the Declaration of Independence, outlined the American land system and the Northwest Ordinance, pushed through the Virginian Assembly the greatest program of liberal reforms ever consummated at one time in our history, organized the Democratic party, formulated the doctrine of agrarian Democracy, founded the University of Virginia, purchased Louisiana and maintained the most varied cultural activities of any man of his time." Contrasted with him were those other Virginians in 1928 and 1929 clamoring for religious interference with the University of Virginia and demanding the defeat of a distinguished governor and senator whose records came nearer comparing to the Jeffersonian democracy than any other current leadership. That the efforts were not successful in 1929 gave some evidence that Virginia was not to be stampeded. And yet the campaign stooped to the conventional demagogic methods of Negro domination and equality, and the new Virginia manners with reference to Mrs. Hoover's fine American manners were often a sorry comparison.

And contrasted with one great South Carolinian, popular national leader, vice president of the Nation, popular idol and expounder of political philosophy of the Old South, was another servant of the New South who inscribed himself as the . . . "only South Carolinian who has been Mayor of his city, Senator from his county, Speaker of the House, President of the Senate, Governor of the State and United States Senator; elected by the people and served in more offices than any citizen of the State up to the present date. Only one who has represented three of the State fraternal bodies in national grand bodies. Great sachem and great representative, Improved Order of Red Men; grand master, grand patriarch and grand representative of grand encampment and grand lodge to sovereign grand lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; dictator, Loyal Order of Moose, and representative to supreme lodge; past chancellor commander, Knights of Pythias; member Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and Woodmen of the World. . . ."

And contrasted again with the old Jacksonian democracy and the Walter Hines Page concepts of North Carolina democracy which "was to free the average man and woman from the trammels the centuries had laid upon them," and intervene for the common man against oppression, was the "eloquent" and demagogic philosophy at Gastonia in 1929. Here was bombastic oratory substituted for argument and justice. It was a tirade against a few feeble communists at Gastonia, "where the dove of peace hovered around the vine-clad door and the kindly light of the autumn sun kissed the curly hair of little children," a place into which came "these fiends incarnate, stripped of their hoofs and horns, bearing guns instead of pitchforks," whose unionism "came sweeping like a cyclone and the tornado to sink its damnable fangs into the heart and life blood of my community." And another thing, did the jurymen believe in the flag of their country "floating in the breeze, kissing the sunlight"? Did not the jury believe in progress, "the good roads of North Carolina on which the heaven-bannered hosts could walk as far as San Francisco?"

There were, however, many pictures of other leaders of a different sort. Hundreds of them outstanding in their states, yet somehow often inarticulate when it came to effective direction of policies. Some of these were the critics of the South already portrayed, but more of them were found among the day-by-day professional men and women. In each state were a score or more, commonly acclaimed by thoughtful men and women as being the most influential individuals of the state—three hundred so listed in the several states. Educators, editors, business men, professional men whose pictures, though less picturesque, were nevertheless quite impressive.

Here was a social worker, pioneering, giving himself heedlessly to the work, with pride of personality, genius of foresight, a sort of subtle power and ability to "put across" his plans, and a fearless and insatiable ambition for the cause for which he labored. He thought little of things for himself and never in all his life accumulated even moderate substance. Among his many other characteristics was his ability to influence leadership in varied fields—the men and women interested in civic endeavor, the capitalist interested in philanthropy, leaders in labor reform, the law makers of the land, college professors, university presidents. And with extensive knowledge of movements and men is also the love of quiet philosophy, typical of the just reward of the worker in social welfare who would also become a dreamer. A chronicle of the work of all who have worked with him—of their past, their present, their future—was a part of the picture.

Here was another picture of leadership as found in one of the oldest and greatest of the southern state universities. The story—constituting perhaps the most distinctive chapter in educational administration in southern universities—centered around two leaders, university presidents, both of the new generation. In these leaders were common, to a remarkable degree, the qualities of youth, service, simple living, sincerity, and calm but resolute purpose. The one left a fine heritage and found his eulogy written by the President of the United States "as one gift and character alike qualified to play a distinguished part and playing it to the admiration of all who knew him." The other, a later president devoted to the ideals and service of a state university. The one, a native son, sought to make the state university "the instrument of democracy for realizing all the high and healthful aspirations of the state," and in so doing he interpreted to the people of the state "democracy, culture, efficient citizenship" to be guided by a "confident, and competent leadership." The other, a native of New England, making his way by simple effectiveness and winning personality, saw the state university as one which "typifies and serves and guides this new civilization" of the South, "an institution shot through with the spirit of service broad and quick in its sympathies, practical in its training for the practical things of that life which in its astounding complexity confronts the new generation . . . resolutely keeping in the foreground those spiritual values by which alone a state can survive." The one, a southerner of national reputation, the planter of good seed which would "grow up and set in motion potential evolutionary processes that will go on and on working themselves out in the life of the university and the state," held democracy to be the "main and active manifestation" of culture and magnified "democracy and work" as the heart of American civilization, holding at the same time that "culture and work" are the basis of a sound democracy. The other, a son of Massachusetts, reaping where another had sown, yet believing in the South, as he believed in the Nation, expressed the strong conviction that "the next great creative chapter in the history of the nation is to be written here in the South where is now the real center of that pioneering spirit which has made America possible." And so he set himself to the task of aiding in the building of the greater South through an education which will add "to the individual competency public-mindedness, and to public-mindedness an abiding sense of spiritual realities." In these pictures was found a contribution which the South of 1930 wanted passionately to keep, but was in a fair way to lose.

Pictures of southern women in the rôle of leaders and followers were again mixed portraiture. They had led in the preservation of the old ideals and the glorification of southern romance and they had joined in modern movements. There were five volumes of portraiture of more than three hundred and fifty southern women. These biographies revealed pictures of the old patterns mixed with the new. They were romantic and eloquent as of the old days but they exercised a great influence upon the South. In the new political opportunities for women the southern woman stood out, at first as a reluctant entrant, and later, as moral issues seemed to come to the front, as a militant enthusiast emotionally leading her fellow workers into battle. The traditional picture of the southern woman was one in which her men folks were heroic fighters—fighters for her honor and their own. The later pictures showed her changing gradually but still challenging to battle all who offered slights to pride or honor. There were other pictures of the Federation of Women's Clubs, of social work and public welfare, and of the work of social service and race relations in the church, which revealed southern women as leaders ahead of the procession. And the southern college woman, the new students in the local institutions and in the North, gave every promise of becoming real leaders.

And among the most vivid pictures of the South the Negro leader presented a challenge for special portraiture. He was a rare picture, hard to paint. He was here, there, and everywhere, his skill the pleasant envy of many a white man. It was not only that there had been distinguished leaders such as Washington and Moton, who had stood out as statesmen among both whites and blacks. The picture included also the composite of thousands of Negro leaders—teachers, professional men, business men, preachers whose vividness and artistry are worthy of a major effort to portray. Skill, patience, courage, humility, poise, frankness, these and many other requirements made the measure of their success all the more remarkable.

Leaders and followers—there was the picture. But it could be seen fully only through the unfolding cultural developments of the South and through its politics, its religion, its education, its industry, and especially its crowds and masses of people. The leaders were revealed through their followers. They were measured by the fruits of their work. They were weighed in the balance of a region poised between great potentialities to be developed and the damages of epochal waste which might be wrought through demagogues of politics and religion.

CHAPTER XI

POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT

THE first quarter of the twentieth century is about to be ended. There is a late summer political campaign under way—a final great day. People gathering as if to some great shrine or pilgrimage—cars, buggies, and wagons—a steady stream into the night; of the clans and kinds of Uncle John mostly; but many also of the descendants of the old Major and his kind, and of the thriftless neighbors across the way and from mill towns and small cities. Camping nearabouts. And on the morrow near ten thousand people have gathered waiting for the chief candidate. Walking about, talking, sitting in automobiles and buggies. Men folks talking about crops, weather, and politics. Women folks preparing dinner on the ground, taking care of babies and older children, talking about health and sickness, weather and food, when to start back home. Crowds gathering, milling up nearer and nearer the speaker's stand. Lemonade and Coca-cola, hot sunshine and soft breezes. A song leader starts the crowd—singing slowly some good old tunes. Then more. Then gospel songs, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," rising fervor, increasing volume and power, revival symptoms. . . . "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?", "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." The candidate-idol appears on the platform, the gospel hymn stops, suddenly as if by magic, and instead there go up shouts and shouts. Tension and emotion break forth into pandemonium. Hats in the air, shouts as of victory and encouragement—glory in the highest—then silence. Silence. "Boys, let's hear him." Silence, then the candidate, in preliminary greeting—"Well, boys, we're gonna give 'em hell, ain't we?" That is all. Shouts. Hats in the air, laughter, glory in the highest! Then the gospel songs again whilst the candidate rests a moment for his speech. And the cause of the party had become the cause of God, even as the voice of the people was the voice of God.

Or, five years later in a city among the hills where converging states brought together a militant group of religious leaders and church folks to set the pace for an all-southern political campaign against the democratic candidate for President of the United States. Gathering folks from many states, by train and automobile, joyous and talkative, glorying in their numbers and their spirit. Southern democracy would show New York that it could not trample the pride of a proud people. Southern Christianity would rise in its might and resist the dirty Raskobian, rascalian Popish hypocrisy of an impudent northern Democracy. Crowds gathering to standing room. Bishops and bishops, secretaries and secretaries, laymen and laywomen, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians and newspaper folk from the provinces and from afar. A political gathering of revival portents. Southern leaders and followers again. Songs with fervor. Prayers with eloquence and unction and assurance to the Divine Leader that southern Christianity and southern Democracy were still on His side! Singing, exhortations, fight, fight . . . one started the Rebel Yell . . . one thanked God Raskob sounded like Rascal . . . one slurred the "nigger," one challenged the righteous *country* against the upstanding wickedness of the *cities,* one told a vulgar parable . . . some referred to millions of voters and some referred to God. And the cause of the party had become the cause of God even as the voice of the people was the voice of God.

Again another great mass meeting militant in fusion of religion and politics. Large advertisements, circulars, feature pages: "Rev. John Roach Straton, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, of New York, and considered the best debater and among the most militant and able Protestant ministers in the world, has consented to return to help in the launching of an organized Anti-Smith movement that will embrace the political activities of men, women and first-voters in team-work to defeat Alfred Smith for the Presidency of the United States." The joined forces of leading Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, W.C.T.U.'s, Anti-Saloon League to defeat candidates. Leading men and women on the platform. "Rev. Straton's address will be the main one of the evening. Seated upon the platform and scheduled for short addresses will be . . . the President of the W.C.T.U. and Regional Director of the Anti-Saloon League, and a number of other Democratic War Horses. . . ." The Reverend Mr. Straton proclaiming the Honorable Willie D. one of the greatest forces for righteousness in America. On the platform the chairman and others steeled against giving the Honorable Willie D. a chance to speak. In the audience liberal wagers that he *will* speak. Gossip and stories about his records in Congress, in the state, on the platform and elsewhere. To the public, proclaimed a great moral leader . . . privately admitted to be a total loss! . . . Baptist chairman of the platform, trained in histrionic procedures in New York, with dramatic methods working his audience up to a high pitch, slurring at Negroes . . . he, a minister of the gospel, was required to get permission from a New York Negro to perform the marriage ceremony for some white friends. . . . Here was plenty of evidence that northern people did not respect a minister of the gospel as do the southerners. Glory in the highest. The South against the North, the white man against the Negro, religious folks against the sinners, peace on earth, good will to men! And the voice of the women: "Today we have an additional weapon of warfare and defense with which to aid in bringing the Kingdom of God among men, and that weapon is the ballot. We may not have considered its value in our special field of endeavor, but now that it is ours, a failure to use it is little less than a failure in our duty to God and man. One ballot may determine the weal or woe of a great moral issue,—and that ballot may be yours." And the cause of the party had become the cause of God, even as the voice of the people was the voice of God.

It was very difficult to separate the elements in prevailing pictures of leaders and followers, of politics and government, of religion and life. Pictures of the church and politics were to constitute vivid parts of the southern portraiture. There was talk of a clerical party. There were the representatives of "seventeen states" called together as a National Constitutional Democratic Committee. It was pictured by many as a Protestant clerical party. The picture of a prominent church leader starting at Asheville in 1928, retarded somewhat in Virginia in 1929, indicated the extreme pattern of ecclesiastical politics which threatened to sweep the South in the first third of the twentieth century. There was the Bishop, "the prophet, if not the pope, of the new era of ecclesiastical domination . . . as thorough as the mediæval priest. Ignatius Loyola was not better equipped for his labors nor could he have had a clearer conception of the ends in view . . . no questions here of the *union* of church and state . . . subservience of the state to the church . . . one of the most interesting developments the United States has ever witnessed . . . in the midst of a great change. If he is successful the America we pass on to our children will be as different from the America in which we were born as the France of the end of Richelieu's sway differed from the France which Louis XIII received from Henry IV."

The ecclesiastical politicians had ample opportunity to employ a high type of politics; a dignified appeal of constructive policies. They had for their candidate in Mr. Hoover a man peculiarly representative of high American standards and ideals. He had long been popular in the South; he was the ideal man to "break the solid South." Yet the southern church politicians often stooped to the lowest kind of political methods, in their reference to Catholics, to independent leaders, to opponents of the 18th Amendment, to Negroes. With every chance in the world to advocate justice and fair play for the Negro, for the Negro's sake and for the sake of social justice, never a word. In all the literature and oral technique of an unprecedented campaign, no pictures were extant of the militant church advocating something good on behalf of the Negroes! On the other hand a great church leader proclaimed the doctrine that the only Negro problem in the South was to keep cheap liquor from the working Negro and to keep white supremacy! Pictures of Al Smith and social equality, but "I had rather see a Negro in the White House than a Catholic." But he would not be there. . . . "Al Smith may be elected to the Presidency, but he will never get in the White House—we will see to that." The cause of the Republican Party had become the cause of God, and those who were for Smith and opposed to Hoover were classified as people of the streets, followers of the underworld, bought and paid for by the wet press, whose interests were, in the words of another Bishop, quoting scripture, "sweet in his mouth, bitter in his belly."

Thus the crusaders' emotions were fanned by extreme and sensational statements having little respect for truth, by garbled incidents all out of perspective, by down-right mis-statements and interpretations, and by the usual emotional tricks of part truth. Baiting the Catholics was again the order—even as in other sections but more! Slogans such as "A vote for Al Smith is a vote for the Pope," "Wake up, Protestants, America is at the cross-roads." Caricatures of Smith as the long-nosed Jew or foreigner with his bottle in his pocket and a chorus singing "Open wide the immigration gates," "There will be glory when the Pope moves in the White House," "It is a crime to drink in public but you can have all the booze you want," "Honest folks are reformed." Pictures of Al Smith's Negro employee dictating to a white stenographer, and the promise of new revelations which will startle all white people, especially the "white Democrats of the South." Other slogans and cartoons, "Dixie, here we come," title to cartoon, four marchers, one carrying a smoking bomb called Alienism; a fat priest carrying a cross called Romanism; a big fat boss carrying a huge bottle; Al Smith carrying a banner called Nullification, all accompanied by the Tammany tiger. Cartoon picturing Al Smith driving a truck loaded with kegs of beer pulled by horses named for southern states—Al says "From Washington I will drive these Protestant nags through to Mexico City." Running alongside is a priest saying, "Mr. President, allow me to suggest that I will receive your confession daily and advise you. . . ." "All home-loving women opposed to Smith." . . . "No such hour of peril and danger has ever before faced our nation."

And again, a vicious attack upon a congressman in the form of an unsigned handbill that bears a picture purporting to be that of a white mother with triplets, two white and one black. On one side of the picture of the woman and three children were the words "Roman Catholic white supremacy." On the other side was printed "Romanist white supremacy." Under the picture was written: "The above picture is a white mother, married to a negro father in New York. Triplets were born to her. The two on the ends are white—the one in the middle is black—Roman Catholic white supremacy."

Again there was the appeal to southern pride to carry its political points, featured side by side with the appeal for southern material gain, both being featured alongside religious motivation. Full page advertisements, campaign documents, letters and letters, speeches and speeches pointing to progress and prosperity, if only the southern states will break their shackles. Thus, "the decision at the polls on November 6 shall determine whether this state is to plant her feet firmly on the road to prosperity and share equally with her sister states in the nation's well-being. It shall be the answer to her opportunity to emerge from political neglect—the South's response to a prospect that will bring it into national prominence and progress . . . more factories, more paid workers, increased markets for farm products, more homes modern and comfortable, more furniture and clothing—prosperity for our farmers, merchants, business men and women . . . and aid to lightening tax burdens by promoting national prosperity and the locating of new industries, which mean better schools, better living and working conditions, more jobs and more money. Let's keep the money in the South by turning our own raw materials into finished products."

On the other hand, there were many who protested against this sort of thing as not worthy of southern politics. It was not politics; and although it used the standard techniques of the politicians, it was abortive. There were signed protests against the church in politics from laymen throughout the South. One group of 133 "members, friends and supporters of the Southern Methodist Church" protested against four political bishops: "The organized assault that is being made by the church is in effect an assault upon the Democratic organization of every southern state, an assault upon southern men who have given us by their voice and influence, both as representatives and as citizens, whatever we have in our state governments which is best and most satisfying to our citizenship as a whole; it is an assault upon our judiciary, elected by Democratic constituencies, which stands as a model of courage, fairness and integrity, and it is an assault upon those northern Democrats who stood nobly and courageously between us and federal bayonets for forty long years after the close of the Civil War."

On the other hand, the regular Democratic politicians were also busy with religion, race, sectionalism, and pride. There were the similar appeals to religion and loyalty, likening Al Smith to the great martyrs of the world, crucified on the cross of persecution. Scriptures and the church, Christianity and righteousness, and the other shibboleths were used freely for supporting the Democratic Party. Those who turned against it were disloyal and unpatriotic. Slanderous references and pictures concerning the Negro were used against Mr. Hoover, the climax being reached perhaps when the governor of a southern state asserted that Hoover had danced with a Negro woman during his visit South on the Mississippi Flood Relief. It mattered little that there was the secretarial reply that the statement was unqualifiedly false. "There is," he wrote, "not the slightest foundation for it. It is the most indecent and unworthy statement in the whole of a bitter campaign. . . . No more untruthful and ignoble assertion was ever uttered by a public man in the United States." On the other hand there was this same governor proclaiming, "If this country stands for anything it stands for tolerance and religious freedom and to say that the Catholics are attempting to elect a president is just as foolish as to say that we Baptists—and I am a licensed Baptist minister—are trying to elect a president. We did some years back and we got the rottenest we ever had."

Throughout the South there were pictures of loyalties and animosities. Quoth an old gentleman, staunch Democrat, "Now, I want it understood that I am not unreasonable, I am a reasonable man . . . but any of my children who vote for a Republican, well, they need not darken my door again. . . . I went to church Sunday and my preacher preached a political sermon. I am a religious man and I don't want to be unreasonable, but I told my children if any of them ever went to hear him preach again they need not darken my door." And in one small city-town more than half of the subscriptions to the leading church paper were reported as stopped in vigorous protest to its political editorials and policies.

On behalf of all these, it might be said that the politicians and the church folks were having a good time. Over against these patterns of political procedure there were many protests from individuals and groups. Thousands of individuals found themselves doubting the policies of their churches and stopped going to church. Others protested the injection of the race issue. Perhaps the most representative statement was one signed by forty-five southern leaders in which they said: "We believe these appeals are both irrelevant and dangerous. It is our hope that no one will be deterred by them from calmly considering the real issues and voting his honest convictions; and certainly that no one will allow them to inflame his mind with antagonism toward our Negro neighbors, who too long have been pawns in the game of politics. Any attempt to influence men and women with an issue so untimely is unworthy of the white man and unjust to all. If taken seriously, it is the sowing of dragon's teeth of which future generations must reap the harvest. Happily, we believe it will not be taken seriously. We believe our citizenship is too intelligent and too fair-minded thus to sacrifice the cause of inter-racial peace and progress. We, therefore, call upon the leadership of the South

—the pulpit, the press, the platform—and upon every right thinking man and woman among us to disclaim, discourage and discountenance such appeals to prejudice and fear, to the end that the gains of recent years in inter-racial good will and understanding may not be sacrificed to the passing interests of a political campaign." *The Nation* called the statement "a remarkable document with the unique purpose of demanding that the race issue be not dragged into this campaign. Ever since Reconstruction it has been the habit of southern politicians to ride into office on the backs of Negroes—by abusing them. There being no State issues, and no contest between parties, the game has usually been to see who could denounce the Negro loudest. In this campaign there has not been the slightest excuse for lugging in our colored fellow-citizens; there have been enough other 'horrifying' issues. . . . When one considers the conservatism of the South and the general fear of being denounced as Negrophile, this is an almost epoch-making statement."

And yet it was difficult to keep the Negro out of politics. The South was to complain later of the North's injection of the Negro into the question of confirming a Supreme Court Judge. And there were many who predicted that his rejection would give rise again to the conflict of the Negro in southern politics. Much of this type of political patterns was due to backgrounds. Special pictures of the presidential campaign were significant as revealing the cumulative politics of the whole southern era. They reflected the carry-over from the traditions and habits of southern leaders and followers since the War between the States. Much was explained in terms of developing politics, of defense pressures and economic struggle and of the limitations of ignorance and lack of experience. Much was explained in terms of the intermingling of religion and politics. Some was in continuation of the Old South's tendency to follow dominant personalities as leaders and to set itself into emotional stir, feeling intensely about matters instead of looking at them on a calm and factual basis. Much was in contrast to the earlier and older southern political leadership in which the South dominated the Nation and gave promise of political genius worthy of the new world. Here, as elsewhere, contrasts with the past and continuing patterns, as well, compose the picture.

There was still the influence of the earlier sectionalism which developed at the close of the nineteenth century and also of the still earlier southern political economy. Here was one picture revealing a situation between 1840 and 1860 in which there grew up in the South "the political doctrine of 'king cotton,' which held that in case of the secession of the southern states, England and France would intervene in behalf of the South in order to get its cotton upon which they depended." Yet the South missed its guess in both domestic and foreign relations. It was believed, for instance, "that this intervention might not be necessary as even the northern states depended upon southern cotton and would not dare attack the source of their supply. The belief that England and France would intervene in case the North should, despite its dependence upon southern cotton, attack the South was not an unreasonable doctrine. The South was aware that a fourth of England's population earned its bread from the cotton industry, that nearly as large a proportion of its wealth was derived from that industry, directly and indirectly, and that from two-fifths to four-ninths of the British export and a large portion of her domestic trade were made up of goods manufactured from southern cotton."

Again, there were the backgrounds of southern politics in which were the old conditioning of conflicting political theories of the Old South, and conflicting forces of the aristocracy and the later popular Populist trends. There were the two conflicting theories of government and constitutions in the southern slave-holding states: *first,* the aristocratic or the planter aristocracy, and the *second,* the democratic. That is, although the South was controlled by the planter aristocracy, since the planter class ruled by the consent of and in the interest of the masses of the people, the objective was an advocacy of

Jeffersonian democracy. These conflicts were then accentuated by the later entrance into political control of the great mass of common folks.

Nor was this later picture of southern politics as partizan, religious, bitterly personal, and abounding in controversies entirely new. There were duels in the earlier days in which public men did public men to the death. There were fights and cuttings and abuse "in those days." And after the formal duel, there were shootings in the streets . . . governors and editors, candidates and incumbents, followers and followers. The South had perpetuated the emphasis of personalities in politics and often found its chief weapon to be personal abuse. . . . "The most abusive and slanderous attack in a century." . . . "If —— will come out in the open and say what he is saying in private, I will put him in stripes and chains." Front page inch headlines . . . skunk . . . liar . . . crook . . . scoundrel . . . personalities rather than issues still dominating southern politics.

Nor was the attempt at religious domination of government new in the South. Thomas Jefferson wrote in 1820, "The serious enemies are the priests of the different religious sects, to whose spells on the human mind its improvement is ominous. . . . The Presbyterian clergy are loudest; the most intolerant of all sects, the most tyrannical and ambitious; ready at the word of the lawgiver, if such a word could be now obtained, to put the torch to the pile, and to rekindle in this virgin hemisphere, the flames in which their oracle Calvin consumed the poor Servetus. . . . They pant to re-establish, *by law*, that holy inquisition, which they can now only infuse into *public opinion*." And just before and after the War between the States southern churches were leaders in separation of North and South. Attempts at reunion have shown how much of the old antagonisms still remain. As late as 1925 there were resolutions of ministerial associations, representing all Protestant denominations which were contrary to Jeffersonian principles. Here is a sample resolution. ". . . We would most strongly urge . . . citizens . . . to be very careful in the selection of persons who shall represent us in the legislatures; see to it that, touching all vital questions, we are honestly represented. . . . That said legislators be very careful and discriminating in the choice of trustees of our state educational institutions. . . . That said trustees use all possible care and discrimination in the choice of presidents and teachers in the aforementioned institutions. . . . When the fact has been established that any president or teacher in our tax-supported schools is inculcating theories which tend to unsettle or destroy the faith of our boys and girls in the Old and New Testaments as the inspired Word of God, that such officer or teacher be promptly removed from his position. . . . That in our unalterable determination to make our state institutions safe places for our boys and girls we call upon the good citizens of North Carolina to join us in a fight to the finish. . . . Shall we through ignorance or indifference elect persons to represent us in the legislature who will advocate the appropriation of state funds to the support of such schools?" And later the same association held a big day for law enforcement in the midst of great lawlessness of Gastonia mobs—and never a public word about it. But they wanted a law against airplanes operating on Sunday.

And all during the first quarter of the new century it was frequently the rule for chief state officers to be elected by a margin of denominational influence. From the same county of Uncle John and the old Major came a governor elected by the Baptists of the state who also elected other officials and his successor; another state's ministerial governor was indicted for counterfeiting; another for immorality; another was high in Ku Klux circles; another made his fight on Sunday golf; another refused to attend his own inauguration ball because the rules of his church forbade dancing; another taught the largest Sunday School class in his state; another was superintendent of a big Sunday School; another was a "local" preacher. And so on and on. And in one of the city governments where graft was being most consistently revealed, every major official was a prominent and active church member.

There were protests against ecclesiastical dominance, against invisible government and there were frank appraisals of the danger of the situation. Here was one, submitting that it was "one of the remarkable commentaries on the state of civilization . . . in 1928 that the governor of the state thinks it necessary or wise, as part of a political campaign, to explain in such detail and with such earnestness the fact that citizens may vote for a presidential candidate, properly nominated after long consideration of his other qualifications, without fearing that if they do so the candidate's religious affiliations will cause the heavens to fall about their heads. This, we repeat . . . in the year of our Lord, 1928, at a time when the state loves to call itself the most progressive, the most alert, the most up-and-coming and the most hopeful commonwealth in its section. Let those who love their irony look at the fundamentals of such a situation."

Again the South was many Souths. There was a North Carolina democratic organization which differed from the one in Virginia. There was Georgia politics *sui generis*, and Mississippi politics, none like it; or South Carolina, or Florida, or Alabama, or Texas. Or Tennessee legislatures adjourning to another state; or Kentucky conflicts. And there were the disgraceful pictures of the Ku Klux Klan domination for a season now happily on the decline. And all these were manifestations of a people who were reputed to have a genius for politics—and politics the noblest of all sciences. And all of this in contrast to liberal politics in the formation of the States as in the pre-war period.

In the contemplation of "differences" between the South and other sections, it was commonly noted that the southern brand of government was less often addicted to graft than was reputed in other regions. A hundred million dollars in road construction and never a symptom of misuse of funds. Plenty of inefficiency and ignorance but little corruption, often reported as much less in government than in churches and banks. And the low state of county governments led to many studies, conferences and commissions for its improvements. The city commission form of government started in Texas and with the manager form did well in many southern cities and in some counties. The States did notable work in public education, public health, and public welfare. There were many stirrings for the reorganization of state governments, much study of taxation, and much public protest against mob action and disrespect for the law. There were notable examples of vigor in state protection of intended victims of the mob. There were numerous conferences and institutes on politics and government.

Nevertheless the verdict of the distinguished Harvard political scientist that the South's greatest need was for better government and more respect for law still remained a vivid reminder of its problems. The solid South was still solid in spite of the fact that North Carolina, Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, and Texas went for Mr. Hoover in the 1928 election. It was "solid" on the Negro question, on matters of religion, and of southern-rural against northern-urban. In spite of a notable opportunity to consider fundamental issues and to break the solid South through new issues it preferred to dig up the old ones. And it preferred to view politics from sectional viewpoints rather than from fundamental principles. It had long since surrendered many of its Jeffersonian traditions and practices.

There was much evidence of this solid South in the De Priest episode in 1930. Supporters of Mr. Hoover were panicky and impolite in their protests while the "Solid Democrats" were revelling in unholy glee. They were not interested in issues—they would rather be right than president—right being their vindication on one issue alone. And didn't Mr. Hoover go fishing on Sunday! And didn't he say "damn" on a day when radio connections kept breaking down, and didn't he get scores of letters from his southern supporters telling him he ought not so to have said! Religion and race, that was the thing in all southern politics! And there were many who felt that they were used as stalking horses for power interests and other corporate masters, thus setting another challenge to the old Jeffersonian political instincts of the South. And also politics must enter into everything else—religion, education, industry, yes, the South had a genius for politics; of what sort it was to develop was the essence of the new epoch in American life. Could the South distinguish between moral issues and scientific principles of government? Could the South get down to hard work or real principles? Could politics be divorced from religion?

CHAPTER XII

RELIGION AND THE PEOPLE

UNCLE JOHN's tent at the camp meeting grounds was a mecca for preachers; his home and the homes of his children always kept open house for the local pastor, who often brought good cheer and inspiration, and sometimes entertainment to larger households. To the tired mother, a visitor, new thoughts, a joke, and a benediction, were quite ample recompense for additional work required to kill the chicken and fry it to be served with hot biscuits made from the spare supply of white flour. "Well, now, let me see, Sister Southern," the man of God would drawl out, "this boy looks like a judge. See that bump on his head" . . . and "Ah-yes, this one will sholy be a bishop. Look here at this bump. . . ." And "Ah-ha, look at this little queen of a girl. Ain't she sweet?" And so the mother was cheered, the children were entertained, and Uncle John felt better for having the preacher "break bread" with him and saying a "word of prayer" before bedtime, albeit no preacher was perhaps ever found who could pray more eloquently than Uncle John himself. There was vitality in that simple other-worldly religion.

And as for the annual camp meeting, there were pictures challenging all resources of descriptive art. They were forerunners of summer camps in the mountains or countryside, forerunners of Chautauqua, religious conferences, and of Billy Sunday's tabernacle and sawdust trails. They were composites of the regular summer revival meetings, and special Pentecostal showers. Once each year during "laying-by-time" the community revelled in one great feast of worship, of rest, and of eating. About the old church and the big "arbor" tabernacle were the tents, rows around. They were made of rough lumber, simple and comfortable after the manner of forest tent-cottages. Tables and bed frames were made, rough and strong. Each tent had its bedroom, its dressing room, its big dining room with the long table, and often the "preacher's room." A week before the opening of the camp meeting all hands turned in for such a cleaning as only a camp meeting ground, unused for a year, could demand. The inside of the building was swept and washed. Fresh wheat straw was scattered thickly on the ground floors and made into mattress ticks for the beds. Coops were made for the chickens, back home, lambs were killed for mutton, pigs for pork, and neighbors cooperated in killing a beef. Cook stoves were set up, wood was cut, and all was ready. There was thrill and excitement to it, whether more for the children or the elders, or the ministers, the records do not tell.

And so forgathered the hosts. Some had tents. Others came for the day. Others were invited as guests of those who had tents and guest facilities. From far and wide they came, kinsfolk and friends, the earnest and the curious; city folks arrayed in fine clothes, came to impress and to enjoy religion in their own way. It was a season of rejoicing and courting and comfort. And what meals they served in the tents! . . . Long table, at one head seated the senior preacher and around him other brethren in profusion of numbers and spirits. At the other head of the table Uncle John, and 'round about him members of the families of his clan and their guests. The women for the most part, busy with serving. And such serving. The second noon dinner of the week. There were fried chicken, and steak, and roast beef and mutton, and boiled vegetables and fresh potatoes, and all manner of abundant dishes, pickles, jellies, and jams. And pies, apple and egg custard, and sweet potato, and cakes of many kinds, products of choice family recipes. Much talk and enjoyment. Fine food, nectar for the gods. The charmed clerics would affirm: "Best mutton I've had in a long time," for mutton was a rare meat in those days. A pause. One small grandson of Uncle John to another double-first cousin grandson, piping up: "We killed dis sheep, didn't we, John?"

Then on to the big tent—the "arbor"—tabernacle. A bell ringing, people gathering for the preliminary "service." A song and prayer. Couples walking around. Strolling down to the big spring of incomparable cool water. Strolling back. Gathering crowds, the sermon begins. A fair sermon and success. Dismissed congregation and supper. Then the first *real* service with the big preacher brought from the conference's best ranks. A big sermon, responsive singing, and the camp meeting is on. Tomorrow a little more fervent and tomorrow and tomorrow increasing crowds and religious fervor until the meeting had assumed the proportions of a genuine revival. Earnest, tired people seeking after God find him. Young, wild youth seeking to avoid him, escape. Others are caught in the sweep and "saved." Couples in love seek God together. Others draw apart, alienated the one from the other by the Holy Spirit. Exhortations, showers of blessings, shouting and praying, some years the spirit moving more than others, but always a tired, hungry people going home, exhausted, but somehow satisfied.

These camp meeting scenes were reminiscent of much of the fabric of the South. On the psychological side they were powerful combinations of physical and spiritual stimuli. Sweet-smelling wheat straw against songs of exaltation; hard benches against ease in Zion; pungent odors of well cooked food and the eloquent "blessings"; new smelling smoke of cigars from the city, lemonade in the shade of the trees, watermelons in abundance, the Tom Watson and the Georgia Rattlesnake unbeatable! And genuine, honest, and sincere religion, still remnants of the pioneer and wilderness of the frontier South, still reminiscent of the circuit rider and his powerful and picturesque influence over a people. For few figures have been more interesting and unique than the circuit-rider type of preacher, whose life and influence moulded powerfully the destiny of the South. His was a guiding hand frequently more powerful than all the economic forces often adjudged to be the determinant factor in southern economy. His was the influence paving the way for the later religious South, still emotional and Pentecostal, but expressing itself more in objective attacks upon men and causes than in the subjective old-time religion that was "good for Paul and Silas."

As a matter of fact, the old time religion was not good enough for the folks. The camp meetings evolved into such mongrel mixtures that a son of Uncle John took steps which ultimately led to their abandonment. Year by year the meetings grew larger and less orderly. A summer hotel was built, advertisements were spread abroad, a temporary drug store and soda fountain was established. Couples set out in buggies more than in meeting, preachers lost their power, so the gathering had to go. To an old timer it was a tragic picture later to see hotel and tents used for the fattening of steers for the markets, and the son of Uncle John was roundly abused for his part in the breaking up of such an institution. He could see, they told him, before his very eyes the fatted calf which was brought forth not for the prodigal son, but for a golden image to be worshipped of Mammon. No longer echoed shouts and hallelujahs, and songs of glory, but instead bleats of calves and bellows of bullocks. Even Uncle John himself was almost persuaded that his son had made a great mistake, for he loved his religion well and wanted it in as much variety and effectiveness as was possible.

There were, however, always the "protracted meetings" which every local church must have sometime during the year. There were special weeks set aside for reinforcing the faith of the members, and they lasted as long as they were successful. Uncle John's participation in these was simple and sincere, and they wrought no havoc upon his soul or conduct. They were occasions for worship and expressions and for social gatherings. They had not yet developed into the professional revivals of later days when maddened campaigns wrought havoc with the souls of men or with their fortunes and standing in the community, if they happened to be Jews or outside the faith. Nor had the professional evangelist yet swept down with such devastating plight. In later days the revival often joined hands with the Ku Klux Klan, the white robed leaders strutting down the church aisles impudently to bless the preacher and to tell him what to do. The revivals came also to be a fanning breeze for the fires of bigotry and intolerance, and the revivalists used a powerful mob psychology to warp the minds and souls of thousands of children and youth who were never to recover. There was one night, long after midnight, a small grandson of Uncle John, sleepless and tormented from the terrors which a leading evangelist had painted for his soul the evening before. Only a boy ten years of age, wide-eyed and weeping, he sought out an older brother. "How can I know," he implored, "that God and hell are like he says? And when I haven't done wrong, why must I go to hell?" It was a sorry, pathetic occasion when a small boy must become helpless before fanatical onslaughts which made men, women, and children accept all sorts of "propositions" and do things for which they would later feel ashamed. Even Uncle John could not approve of these later evangelists; and his son, the father of the small boy, waxed eloquent in denunciation. And later some of the grandchildren of Uncle John, and many of the grandchildren of the old Major, fought shy of the churches and their revivals. Yet they grew and multiplied throughout the new leadership and special technology of the theological schools, until the first quarter of the century was over, when they gave evidence of receding.

If Uncle John and his folks were inclined to be intemperate in their religion, so was the South, for the most part. The earlier religious enthusiasms continued, taking more and more form in the southern civilization and tending more and more to follow the paths of the Pharisees. Indeed, the first third of the twentieth century showed the chief pattern of the South to be still preëminently religious, and primarily a worldly religion of self-righteousness, although the South was undoubtedly unconscious of it. "Southern" Christianity was the index of all Christianity. Like southern Democracy, it was being measured by the measuring rods of "our" Christianity, that is, agreeing with "our" ideas, concepts, and practices. In fact, it was often assumed that a cosmopolitan or world Christianity or world brotherhood, ordinarily considered basic in the principles of Christianity, were opposed to many of the ideals of "southern" Christianity. This was in part heritage of a conflict between North and South and between white and Negro, which made the complete brotherhood of man, except in foreign fields, untenable. The Southern Christianity was generous in its treatment of foreigners abroad, but hard on foreigners in America. And upon all questions, political, financial, educational, scientific, and technical, the judgment of religion and the scriptures was likely to be invoked.

And yet the church membership of the South, as a whole, was not greater than for the rest of the country. All of the members of the families of Uncle John and the old Major belonged to the church, but scores of their neighbors across the way were outside the fold. And many of their grandchildren found the church a far less influential factor. Of thirty-three million people in the larger southern region not quite fifteen million were church members—just a little under 45 per cent. And yet nearly 47 per cent of the population of the United States was reported as church members in the 1926 report of religious organizations. Again, the rank of the several Southern States in the total of the states was not always high. Louisiana was eighth, North Carolina was thirteenth, South Carolina was seventeenth, Virginia was twentieth, Mississippi was twenty-second, Alabama was twenty-fifth, Georgia was twenty-seventh, Texas was twenty-eighth, Kentucky was thirtieth, Tennessee was thirty-second, while Florida was thirty-fifth. In percentage of population belonging to the church the order of Southern States was Louisiana first, with 54 per cent, North Carolina with 49 per cent, South Carolina with 1 per cent less, and Virginia, Texas, Alabama, and Georgia having only 40 per cent. In the number of church edifices among the Southern States Texas led, with North Carolina second, Georgia third, and Alabama fourth. The ratio of church edifices per capita was somewhat greater than for the country as a whole. And as throwing light upon the southern religious question, the ratio of church membership was low among southern tenants of whom there were a million and a quarter families.

There were, therefore, pictures of communities and neighborhoods in which the church membership was large and of others in which it was small. Dominant families in many communities tended to belong to and to dominate church activities as well as social custom. There was much that revealed church and social standing closely correlated with participation in community activities. Everywhere among the leading people, on the one hand, and the dominant middle class on the other, the religious test was apt to be an important one. Not only membership but orthodox and active participation in church work were set forth as articles of preferment. The South was militantly religious.

Many evidences of this were available. Some were seen in the pictures of southern politics and southern leadership. Others were reflected in the South's appraisal of the North and of itself. Still others were found in the claims of cities for the large number and high quality of their churches. Still other evidences were found in the South's judgments of nonmembers and liberals as "atheists." The followings which William Jennings Bryan had at Dayton and elsewhere were representative of the fundamentalists' drive which, although often led by inferiors, nevertheless had a great influence which many leaders were afraid to oppose. For the most part all of this was natural and logical. There was a relative of Uncle John actually on the jury of the Scopes trial in Tennessee, in appearance almost the image of one of his sons. He was an upstanding, honest fellow following his leader. And he and thousands like him were hard to turn from their ways of voting and living in accordance with the light of their leaders.

It was not a matter of belief in concrete creeds; it was rather a matter of feeling about it, and that was final. The old songs; the old creeds of another world; prayer and worship; faith—all these were restful and surcease, powerful for expression and relief—"Blessed air him that hain't seen yet believes." Nobody stopped to question what they believed; indeed to stop and question was one of the cardinal heresies. Southern worshippers, high and low, were not to reason why. They were afraid of liberalism, and they continually assumed that well meaning religious intention could substitute for many realities, scientific principles, and political procedure, for instance, and they followed the arrogant assumptions of the less informed and less Christian clergy. Even those who would not follow protested against protest. The result was religious pattern of admirable expanse, fearfully and wonderfully made.

In the way places were still primitive fashions. Thus, there could still be reported in 1928 "a new religious group . . . whose chief tenets are, no bobbed hair, no short skirts, and no ministers who are college trained men." Or again, "this church is a remnant church of the Prophecy, but we are more than a church. This is a movement. We are a people on a march to the heavenly Canaan." On the other hand, leaders were often fundamentalists in more ways than one. In a leading church organ, fundamental tenets were set forth as follows: "Our doctrine is calomel for a torpid liver, hell fire for unrepentant sinners and hanging for murderers, burglars, rapists and kidnappers of little children. The modern theologians have gotten rid of punishment, and the result is that society is headed toward the place that the modernist says does not exist, and worse than all we are arriving. Our creed is old-fashioned theology and old-fashioned law enforcement. We believe in Hell, hanging, and calomel." And some still believed in burning for evolutionists, and some believed in Russia for dissenters, as was evidenced from picturesque letters sent in to the papers for publication.

Some of the best portraiture of the religious South was found by continuing the pictures so abundant in the 1928 presidential campaign. Here were religious organizations calling a day of prayer if perchance God might be persuaded to cast out so evil an influence as the Democratic candidate. Here were thousands of women, sincere and earnest, praying for deliverance: "Believing that great moral and spiritual issues must be decided at the ballot box on November 6 and knowing that without Divine help and guidance His people can accomplish nothing; feeling also that this is a crucial time when all Christions should definitely seek Divine guidance, we hereby call upon all members of the W.C.T.U., all missionary women of whatever faith, all Christian club women, all Christian P.T.A. women, and all Christian citizens, men and women, to assemble in some central place of prayer in the several communities on Monday, November 5, 1928, for the purpose of asking God's help through His Holy Spirit in the conduct of the election and in the attitude of all Christians thereto."

And in the same state was the urgent exhortation from the opposing camp, that Al Smith, even as Jesus himself, was being nailed to the cross: "When all of the soiled birds . . . started out to destroy Al Smith they took the same course that was taken by the enemies of Jesus Christ, who undertook to dispose of him by nailing him to a cross. It was the same method which the enemies of the reformers of the middle ages took when they were burned at the stake and when their lives were taken. The misguided folks who thought truth could be put to death or that it could be ended by being buried did not stop to consider the fact that it is not disposed of that way. But it rises up out of the grave and lives again even when it has been buried deep in the ground and covered over with tons of earth."

There was a vivid picture of a leading church paper making Hoover and the Republican Party synonymous with God and Christianity and Smith and the Democratic Party synonymous with the Devil and unrighteousness. Quoth a stubborn Democrat, protesting: "This is to remind you that the proposition you were to demonstrate is: That the Republicanism of today is synonymous with Christianity, and therefore loyalty to the Republican Party is loyalty to God. You were to demonstrate the truth of this proposition by 'giving an analysis of the things the Republican party of today stands for and means,' and show from such an analysis 'wherein Christianity and Republicanism are synonymous, and loyalty to the Republican Party is loyalty to God.'"

And there were picturesque bishops taking the stump in political rôle, one changing the date of a conference in order that Methodist preachers might vote conveniently, another denouncing loyal churchmen who favored Smith as enemies of the church, and another proclaiming the doctrine that no Methodist preacher would vote for Smith. Still another Bishop after the election, more in sorrow than in anger, regretting the De Priest incident: "The President," he complained, "has wrecked temporarily the fairest vision that has come to the South in the last few years." And then the other side! A distinguished layman in bitter denunciation: "Thus it will be seen that this bishop of the Methodist church openly and publicly flaunted the federal constitution and trampled under his feet the fundamental principle of our government which forbids opposition to anyone for office because of his religious belief. Off and on since that time the bishop has repeated his opposition to Smith because he is a Catholic. I can't keep from wondering whether the bishop's hand trembled the last time he placed it upon the Bible and swore to support the Constitution of the United States. . . . Now a word. Bishop, as you seem determined to play the political game, I beg you in God's name to play it fairly. Don't wrap yourself in priestly robes and take your seat upon your episcopal throne in the church where your authority is unchallenged, and from that exalted position hurl ecclesiastical anathemas at me! Don't interrupt the 'love-feast,' on Sunday morning in order to utter another tirade against me. If you have any spirit of fairness you must know that it is grossly unfair for you to attack me in the church where you will not admit me to defend myself. . . . But if you find, as I know you will, that you must fail utterly in that effort, then confess before God and man that you have wronged me by making an unjust and an unfounded charge, and publicly retract it." But there was no retraction; the preachers did vote as the Bishop prophesied; and they laughed loud and raucously in conference whenever Democratic victory was suggested. And they knew their ground well, their prophecies being notably fulfilled. They were shrewd and accurate judges of the rural religious South.

Among the most vivid of the religious pictures of the South in the campaign was to be found much that appeared to be arrogant, vulgar, intolerant, inconsistent, ignorant, naïve, supremely conceited. Telling the Lord what to do was, of course, assumed. But there were pictures of saintly sops for the worldly. Vulgar references to the sidewalks of New York, to Smith and Tammany were greeted with great enthusiasm, and the brethren were whispering and talking in analogies. "I could describe Smith and his slums, but I would have to hold my nose with my fingers while I was doing it. Ha! Haw, Haw! Whoops." Or again another group: "You cannot nail us to a Roman cross and submerge us in a sea of rum. We modestly suggest that the Democratic donkey's life be not risked in this environment, but that their emblem be a billy goat on a beer keg." Or again, professing allegiance to Jesus, the lover of the common man and of Christian charity yet urging the deadly parallel of Alfred Smith and Herbert Hoover: At twenty Alfred Smith clerking in a fish market, having quit school earlier at the death of his father, helping to care for his widowed mother; over against this Mr. Hoover just graduating from Leland Stanford University, a mining engineer. Age twenty-four, Mr. Smith still clerking in the fish market; Mr. Hoover, age twenty-four, earning a salary of $15,000. . . .

And a metropolitan evangelical ministers' association protesting that they stood for Jeffersonian democracy followed by their slurring references to the farmer-labor vote, the foreign-born, and to the Negro. Rising climax of eloquence, pictures, and pictures. "Turn about is fair play, the East gave us emancipation from slavery and states rights, by the barbarous method of consecrated bullets; we will continue to give the East prohibition and federal control by the civilized method of consecrated ballots. . . . As to scalawags, we can trust Tammany to supply them, and with the native white, a Negro or a foreign accent. Never before has the finest settlement of the South been so insulted, or outraged. . . . It is the thunder of God, and we will not be browbeaten and intimidated. . . ." "We are told that the Tammanyized Negro vote is over three hundred thousand, being more than the entire black Republican vote of the South. How about deodorizing this mixture? . . ." "And Raskob leaps into fame and if possible out-Herods Herod. . . ." "We expect to win, for thrice armed is he whose cause is just. The predatory forces before us seek a triumph for the sake of sacking. Their shock troops are the Black-Horse Cavalry whose hoofbeats have made hideous music on the sidewalks of New York for many decades. They are led by liquor-mad cynics and scoffers. And we go forth to battle for the cause of man. In the presence of such a foe he who dallies is a dastard, and he who doubts is condemned. In this supreme hour we close debate and grasp the sword. The time has come. The battle hour has struck. Then to your tents, O Israel!"

This was not an isolated picture. Neither was it the picture of rural folks led by demagogues. The authors and signers were proud of the document. The resolutions were passed by a large group of ministers representing several denominations and among its signers was a senior professor in a major theological school, a man who had more than once been heralded as a great archæologist and whose honorary doctors' degrees were most creditable. This picture, therefore, deserved a permanent place in the gallery of the early twentieth century South.

Again and again the churches and their leaders slandered the Democratic candidate and his wife and family; again and again they presented downright falsehoods. Again and again they were given facts and facts. Again and again they had opportunity to make a good campaign in the cause of Mr. Hoover without the necessity of slander and falsehood. But there were no pictures extant of any man of God among those who so grasped the sword as ever acknowledging in the least the error of his way. There was on the other hand an almost solid and unanimous verdict of the leading religious folks of the South proclaiming the Democratic candidate as the greatest enemy of America and Christianity.

Yet there was a different picture presented by a large number of prominent social workers in the Nation, giving evidence that he had made a very great contribution to human welfare. Without attempting to pass judgment upon the right or wrong of either picture, the startling thing was the stark contrast between them. The southern religionists were different, as indeed they boasted of being. Contrasted with the estimate of social workers, the result was little short of startling. Said the social workers, "Alfred E. Smith has done more to promote human welfare and social justice in New York than any other man in public life throughout the history of the State. His record of accomplishment in behalf of the sick, the poor and those with physical or mental disabilities and his success in improving the living conditions of the people as a whole mark him as unique among our statesmen for his contribution to social progress. To the service of those who are out of step in the march of life he has brought a warm and sympathetic understanding, aided by keen intelligence, practical common sense and a passion for facts. Unmoved by mere sentimentality, his response to real need and to effective methods of meeting it has been prompt and productive of results. Of the many problems of government which confront the country today and of Governor Smith's varied qualifications for dealing with them, we select for comment those which we as social workers know in our daily experience. We hail Governor Smith as a statesman in social welfare who will make social justice a national issue."

And an eminent editor and political leader, prominent in church circles and everywhere recognized as a representative whose message would ordinarily be heard, protested against the continuous falsehoods: "They know that Governor Smith had nothing to do with the appointment of the Negro official in New York City, whose picture they parade. They know he was appointed by ex-mayor Hylan, who was put out of office by Governor Smith and his political friends in New York.

They know that Mayor Hylan owed his election to Hearst and not to Smith, and that Hearst and all the Hearst newspapers are supporting Hoover. They know that this publication, made in the hope of influencing votes against Smith, is misleading and a cruel wrong." All of this meant nothing. Neither did the signed statement of Alfred Smith concerning his own religious belief receive respectful attention. The picture of Smith saying "I believe in the common brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God" was jeered as social equality. His eloquent appeal, "In this spirit I join with fellow Americans of all creeds in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged because of the faith in which he has tried to walk humbly with his God," was called hypocritical subterfuge to get control of the Nation, although he had sworn his belief in "the absolute separation of church and state."

The length and breadth and thickness of gratuitous insolence heaped upon a man who had been three times the successful governor of the leading state of the Union by the "Christian" South was amazing. It was not as if there were not issues; there were many. It was not as if there were not ample room for difference of opinion; there was. Nor was there any disposition to defend the low order of religious and race intolerance exhibited by others than the ministers, or by other people throughout the United States. It was, rather, to present the picture of the "Christian" South in a specific test that appeared on the records. For here was occasion for bringing out attitudes, spirit, conduct, more exhaustively and vividly than might have been possible with millions of dollars for research. Again the Bishop, later defending himself as "unspotted from the world" in a 15,000 word apology for stock gambling—catechizing Smith on front page newspaper stories: "First: Do you believe that all but Roman Catholics are 'strangers to the hope of life and salvation'? . . . Second: Do you repudiate the authoritative encyclical statement of Popes Gregory, Pius, and Leo, and Dr. Ryan concerning the union of church and state, Masonry, Bible societies and the

Y.M.C.A.?" . . . "I ask you to state whether you do actually agree with this encyclical 'infallible' declaration—that all but Romanists are strangers to the hope of salvation. If you do not, you are not a loyal Roman Catholic; if you do you are more intolerant than those whom for political purposes you denounce as intolerant." And again, "Mr. Raskob may understand the Roman Catholic priesthood which takes its orders from the Vatican, but he does not understand Southern Methodists who take their orders from no one!"

Or to leave the picture of the Christian folks painting the un-Christian Smith, turn to the Bishop's high standards for his Church. In a long document, distributed by the thousands, he protested that the claim that American Protestantism was more intolerant than Roman Catholicism constituted "deliberate malicious political falsehoods." The Bishop, himself, admitted that the Roman Catholics were of the essence of intolerance, and many others, including Catholics, admitted their intolerance. Yet the Bishop was protesting only that his church had been accused of being more intolerant than the Catholic. The question was then, Why *more* or *less* intolerant? Why have American Protestantism intolerant at all? But there was the Bishop's standard: "The present political campaign has brought to the front an amazing, indeed a startling question. Expressed in plain blunt speech, the question is, 'Is American Protestantism more intolerant than Roman Catholicism? Are Protestant leaders—bishops, ministers and laymen—more intolerant than the Romish Pope, cardinals, archbishops, priests and laymen? One would think that no man, acquainted with openly declared religious beliefs of Roman Catholics and of Protestants and the facts of secular and church history would ask such a question, or even intimate such a possibility.' "

Pictures of this "Christian" insolence and vulgarity were abundant long before the 1928 election and afterwards as well. There was a Baptist minister in one of the largest churches of one of the largest cities of the South who publicly rebuked a President of the United States for placing the name of God third in his enumeration of Scout virtues. Said he, "It is very unfortunate that our president should have been so careless with his thoughts and words, for in so doing, in my judgment he has not only dishonored the office he holds, but the God that we worship and serve. I think it is a shame on a nation, and a slur on Christianity. Wisdom, honor and principles, as well as Christianity ever reverence God first."

There was a leading communication from a leading church paper of the South complaining bitterly against social Christianity, protesting against the Federal Council of Churches. This leader was protesting against a Denominational support which was advocated on the grounds that other churches were banded together. The topics discussed during the industrial relations week which he complained about included the social inadequacies of the industrial order, problems of industrial democracy, the principles which should be applied to industrial life to make it conform to the teachings of Jesus. The enthusiastic verdict against which he protested was that "International relations week developed a beautiful spirit of comradeship between the Gentile group and the remarkable group of Jewish rabbis and laymen who were brought to the conference under the auspices of the Committee on Good Will between Jews and Christians of the Federal Council of Churches. Jews and Gentiles discussed together the problems of peace and war, militarism and our educational system, economic imperialism, Europe's war debt, the recognition of Russia, the rights of minorities, the contribution of church and synagogue to world peace . . . personal attitudes towards men and women of different races—in business and social relations . . . inter-marriage." And the protest: "The Churches of Christ! To associate His name with such a pamphlet is little short of blasphemous. Could anybody who knows Christ conceive of a real Church of Christ meddling with the things mentioned in the above article! . . ." "Yes, if a group of our neighbors band themselves together to steal hams, we ought to join ourselves to them, because, if we do not, they might get to stealing whole hogs. It seems to me that the Federal Council has long since passed into the hog-stealing stage. Of course I have no way of knowing how much its supporters in our midst check up on its activities and how much restraining influence they exert. It may be that if it were not for our restraint they would now be stealing hogs by the hundred instead of only a few dozen at a time."

And other pictures of missionary Christianity from the same organ. First picture, the superiority of the white race proved, undoubted, as it should be. The world must retain this superiority at any cost. Second picture, but there are twice as many colored people in the world as white people; think of the awful spectacle of war in which the colored people should attempt to destroy the white pepole. Third picture, but the white people have all the advantage, nine-tenths of the land, superior intelligence and Christianity on their side. Fourth picture, here is the chance of the world to Christianize the heathen. Show them that we are Christian by mastering and conquering them and keeping them down.

And so the southern gospel of protest, of anti-something, was extended into various fields: Against "evolution," "materialism," "atheism," against airplanes flying on Sunday, against recreation on Sunday, against divorce, against Catholics, against Jews, against the North, against cards, against fiddling, against theatres, which they knew little about, against "lawlessness," against the crime wave, against youth . . . But not against ignorance, and hypocrisy, and narrowness, and intolerance, and industrial wrongs, or racial discriminations—not against homicide and lynching. The situation was a hard one, it is true—the new psychology, the new liberalism, the new economics—"Well, I never let them bother me. I will have none of them. I never read them." The churches were loyal to the southern order—they led it and they followed it. For the psychological background of the southern people was of long standing and grounded in fundamental and natural processes. Their life and labor were interwoven with their song and story strongly cemented through the religious setting.

CHAPTER XIII

HYMNS AND RELIGIOUS SONGS

Much of the religion of the South was expressed through song. Hymns in abundance, song books by the millions, all-day singings, and song in the home and on the farm gave abundant expression to much of the religious trend of southern folks. The South of the new century continued particularly susceptible to music and song, the power and influence of which appear deeply imbedded in the folk-backgrounds and folk-life. Their influence was constantly being accentuated through religious and emotional patterns, developed further through the sweeping hymnological modes. Here music and song not only brought forth the sweep of social heritage and individual memories but touched deep the chords of old moralities and loyalties, mingling actual association with whatever poetic aspiration might be found in the suppressed, hard life of individuals or the roaming, carefree individuality of the lovers of liberty. "Here old melodies are born anew, songs of long ago are revived, new songs of the soil come forth like wayside flowers when the sun sends winter backing off."

There were, for instance, the favorite hymns of a son of Uncle John and his wife who was the daughter of the old Major. Uncle John could neither read nor write yet he could sing a hundred hymns *in toto*. They were sung at church, at home, at music classes. These songs, to their children, came to be a part of their parents' personalities and part of the environmental pattern under which they grew up. And years later, no matter where any of them sojourned, or under what circumstances, the singing of the old hymns would bring their thoughts and emotions back to the old scenes and the old influences. They were music so interwoven in the fabric of their experiences and emotions that they were never-dying. Their singing was effective, partly because they brought back memories, emotions, or experiences as unerringly as the needle point reproduces the record of a song on its wax imprint; partly because they represented patterns and techniques of worship, inspiration and longing, born of hardships, struggles, and idealisms. The associations of the past and the aspirations of the future were inseparably bound up in these psycho-physical expressions of self and environment. What the words were made little difference. It was the imprint that counted.

This picture of the religious South could not be presented without giving a large place to this powerful psychological force of religious songs. The singing of the old hymns in congregational fervor, or alone in solitude, carried a sense-sweep of rare importance. Thus George O'Neil's "Tribute to Music" might very well apply to the vocal expression in the old hymns: "what odd persuasion coils into strings and pipes that they can do such subtle violence to any brain?"

From heights where unimagined echoes fall
Fleet disembodied voices, scarcely heard,
Crying in over-tones a breathless word
Of incommunicable power, unlock
The gates which have been closed against us. Call
This intricate illusion what you will:
With song we are allowed in Eden still.

Or hymns embedded in the memory, no less than great war tunes, or great folk songs, or dance rhythms, or great oratorios, or opera, are keys to emotional settings and action. From *Trench and Camp* we are reminded of the oft rendered verdict of soldiers in camp or over seas, of the power of song whether in military pomp or nursery songs from childhood:

You sing
And olden joys
That I had long forgot
Come running back like crowds of merry boys

Let out from school,
Filling the air with happy noise;
I hear again my mother's evening croon
Falling about me like the cool,
Clear water in a shadowy grot,
And all the simple things
That gave naïve delight to me
When I was young.

Or as it was expressed again, "Here is a shrine of quietude and peace, and of gracious, healing influences, amid the turmoil and confusion of a restless and noisy world. . . . And, finally, a peculiarly tender value attaches to these familiar strains, because of the subtle power of association. Here again the literary critic must be patient and generous in his judgments. The associations which cluster round our best-known hymns invest them with a value out of all proportion to their literary or musical worth."

Here was power in simple but vigorous expression and in pictures . . . rest for the weary on the golden shores . . . in "a land where we'll never grow old," . . . a home "far beyond the skies," . . . "where no storm clouds rise," . . . a land of "cloudless skies," . . . a "land of an unclouded day." Other-world pictures accentuated by mass feeling against a background of hardship and religious faith.

My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home,
I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

Or "gathering home," after tragedies of death and disease and thwarted hopes, or ambition for something better, but yet in unrealistic aspirations.

Up to the city
Where falleth no night,
Gathering home, gathering home!
Up where the Savior's
Own face is the light,
The dear ones are gathering home.

Repeated and repeated with attractive variations. Pictures and pictures. Friends and neighbors, relatives, the social objective of heaven.

We have friends who have gone
To that home on high
And I trust I shall meet them above the sky.
Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there.

Or again to sing "on that beautiful shore, the melodious songs of the past" was promise enough.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

And so there was the abiding faith in the sweet bye and bye to meet on that beautiful shore. . . . And peace . . . peace . . . rest.

There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Noble sentiments of devotion and loyalties . . . worship and adoration . . . surrender and self-effacing pleasure in worship . . . men and women . . . God and people . . . contrast enough to the realities of a conflicting world.

Let me love thee more and more
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,
Till my soul is lost in love
In a brighter, brighter world above.

. . . . .

At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet;
King of Kings in heaven will crown us
When our journey is complete.

. . . . .

Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

. . . . .

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Thou my everlasting portion,
Savior, let me walk with thee.

. . . . .

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

And the blood power had its peculiarly strong appeal, strangely inartistic and crude and contradictory to many of the elements of Christianity; yet full of the sacrificial heritage of formal religion. And the love power . . . transforming many a maiden into rapturous worshipful emotions, strangely mixed . . . a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins . . . sinners plunged beneath that flood . . . lose all their guilty stains . . . Or,

Alas and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die—
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

. . . . .

There is a stream that flows from Calvary,
A crimson tide so deep and wide
That whosoever will but plunge therein,
Shall be made free from sin.

. . . . .

There is power, power,
Wonder-working power
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Love and endearment, "Jesus has his way with me," . . . "I'm true to him, I'm true to him," . . . "I love Him," . . . "Still sweeter every day," . . . "A little more love," . . . "He hides my past," . . . "A smile from God above means so much to me," . . . "Just when I need Him, He is near." And

The half cannot be fancied
This side the golden shore,
Then he will be
Sweeter than he ever was before.

And there are songs of struggle and songs of sorrow. Here, for instance, is an age-old song that has been readapted in many a southern home, in which womanhood, retreating from inspirational church meetings to "work that's never done" finds solace in

There is rest for the weary
There is rest for the weary
There is rest for the weary
There is rest for you.

Then, impetuously and suddenly, with quickening tempo, turning the chorus into

There's *no* rest for the weary
There's *no* rest for the weary
There's *no* rest for the weary
There's *no* rest for me.

Surrender, aspiration, hope, prayer, grandeur, victory are all on the wings of song. Favorites all . . . powerful . . . spiritual beyond measurement . . . reality after all. . . .

My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.
Oh, come, angel band,
Come and around me stand;
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

. . . . .

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

. . . . .

I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I;
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire;
And the moon it was under my feet.

. . . . .

And there were the old "standbys" of all congregations, "Rock of Ages," "All Hail the Power," "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." In and through them had been expressed not only much of the religion and philosophy of the common man, but in the cities and larger churches and over radio many of the more beautiful and dignified hymns had had a large part in musical programs and organ recitals. They were an important part of the culture fabric. There had been some new emphasis upon the dignified beautiful hymns in opposition to the cheap ragtime, revival and Sunday school songs. This was reflected in church musical programs and in calls which came to the radio centers for the playing of favorite hymns . . . Sidney Lanier's "Into the woods my master went, Clean forespent was He." Old dignified favorite hymns . . . "Our Blest Redeemer," "For the beauty of the earth," "Praise my soul the King of Heaven," "O breath of God, breathe on us," "Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts," "Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult," "Lord of all being," "Fill Thou my life," "O love of God, how strong," "Dear Lord and Father," "I sing the Almighty," "Spirit Divine! attend," "We love the place," "O worship the King," "Gracious Spirit, dwell with me," "Lord in the fullness," "The day Thou gavest," "At even ere the sun was set," "Break, Thou, the bread of life," "Summer Suns are glowing," "Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "All things bright and beautiful," "O Master, let me walk with Thee."

Or take the opening exercises of a village rural school. The lusty singing of youth, morning enthusiasm and zest, older boys and girls, younger children, starting early in the religious mood "look away from the cross to the glittering crown." Beaming faces, swelling voices, sparkling eyes, carrying "parts," admiring glances.

Just beyond the rolling river
In that land so bright and fair
Pearly gates on golden hinges
Will be standing open there.

And there were pictures of the all-day singings, community vying with community, prizes offered, choruses, teams, individuals. Religious fervor, community competition, personal exhibition, courtship, recreation. Young girls singing with abandon like golden-throated song birds. Hard-to-be-forgotten pictures. Young men admiring from far or near, or an occasional bold fellow trying to pitch his song high enough or low enough to become attuned with the singing of his beloved. Singing in "parts." Men on the right side, women on the left.

Or take the Sacred Harp singing. Here are pictures as suggested by typical announcements in newspapers of Alabama and Mississippi. "Continuing a program inaugurated thirty years ago, there will be an all-day sing at the courthouse here Sunday, according to announcement made yesterday by J. H. Hodges, state chairman of the Alabama Sacred Harp singers. The program will begin at 9 A.M., and conclude about 5 P.M., with a short intermission for dinner, which will be served picnic style on the courthouse grounds. . . . Probate Judge David W. Crosland will deliver the address of the day in welcoming the singers to Montgomery. This will be on the program at 11:30, following which dinner will be served. Singers from throughout the state are expected to be present and join in the singing. . . . This meeting and sing is the annual meeting time of the organization which has been assembling on the first Sunday in October at Montgomery ever since 1897."

Another picture announcing that "Lovers of old time Sacred Harp singing will be given an opportunity of gratifying their desires for such music at the courthouse Sunday, according to J. H. Hodges, one of the Sacred Harp leaders in a statement yesterday. The program provides for an all-day sing with basket lunches brought by those so inclined. . . . Old melodies will be featured in the program, which begins about 10 o'clock Sunday morning and runs until late in the afternoon. One or more prominent speakers will be invited to deliver short talks during the day, it is stated." And still another, "J. R. Johnston, Shannon, president of the North Mississippi Singing Convention, announces the regular annual session of the body at Brewer, Lee county, Saturday and Sunday, July 2-3. The session will bring a large gathering of singers of North Mississippi together. Clifford Montgomery, Plantersville, is secretary." "Nearly 5,000 attend annual Sacred Harp singing convention."

Here they come together in a big bare courtroom of the county seat, filling it with men and women, all ages and kinds—clerks, farmers, workers, busy with the air of getting ready for dignified and pleasant occasions. This picture was by Thomasine McGehee: "At least six 'leaders' were chosen and groups of songs assigned to each 'leader' to be sung under his direction by the assembly. Without the aid of any instrument or even a tiny pitch pipe, the leader alone sang the tenor, which is always the melody, to the curious dialectal syllables, faw, sol, la, mi. Each part, bass, alto, and treble in turn sang separately then ensemble using finally the words of the songs. The effect of the final rendition was startling. There was a lusty vigor, spontaneous and unaffected that community song leaders in the past decade have worked for indefatigably and often failed to get from their choruses of cultivated musicians. But beyond this quality there was also a feeling of intense spiritual longing that touched the heart when one looked at many of those worn faces, knotted hands, and bent bodies, all marked by toil. There was, too, a peculiar archaic quality to the melodies:

Lord, what is man, poor feeble man?
Born of the earth at first;
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust.

Here were unknown melodies with minor modes and unusual harmonies giving primitive character and its musical symbols indicating interpretations of strange musical writing. Here was a pattern of folk life often overlooked in the study of the South and the American tradition. Here were songs and song patterns, developing all the way down from Egyptian, Greek, later church and Latin hymn on through Ireland and Wales harp schools following the early church traditions, the harp being symbol of power. Thus with those great numbers of covenanters, chapel folk of England and Ulster, from the high-land settlements, English, Welsh, Scotch-Irish, which we have pictured, came a religious musical heritage along with the other culture patterns. There is thus preserved a rare folk art in the sacred harp. And in this preservation are the records of state and community developments, of many conflicts, of development of round and shaped notes, seven-shape and four-shape sacred harp, pictures of meetings of the musical conventions after the War between the States and later, in session for days, with as many as eight thousand people present, deep wells of cool water and bold springs, cooling parched throats on warm days. And even toward the end of the first third of the twentieth century the great Auditorium Hall in Atlanta had been filled with a three-day session, a Montgomery, Alabama, courthouse was filled for all-day Sunday singing; and throughout the land there had been continued these remarkable pictures of singing folks. Pictures and pictures of life.

This folk singing was part both of the past picture of the South and its present fabric, full of meaning. To the uninitiated it was a mystery. "The key to the riddle lies in the relation of the Sacred Harp to the outstanding characteristics of early British music; namely, the form of notation retaining the primitive triangle, lozenge, diamond and square note forms; the popularity of counterpoint, the tenor as the fixed melody; the terms crochet, minin, and breve to describe time values; the love of chorus singing; the significance of the Harp as a symbol of the highest function of music in worship; and finally the hymn as the triumphant belief that,

"God will not forever cast us off,
His wrath forever smote,
Against the people of His love
His little chosen flock."

Still other pictures of the magic power of the singing of hymns by a group of Holiness folk gathering in the evening darkness under the trees around the lighted lanterns hung on lowered branches of trees. Here were primitive scenes and primitive norms which beggar description. Tired from day's work in field or store or shop on the fringe of town, the gathering worshippers come together in the quiet of a valley under the spreading trees for worship and solace and expression.

Oh, there's peace and rest and love
Where the healing waters flow.

In the light of the lanterns, still forms are silhouetted against the distant valley or hill, creepy effects of song and prayer and shouts "Glory to God in the Highest," "Blessed Be the Name of Jesus," "Bless His Name," "Look Away from the Cross to the Glittering Crown." Song and intoned sing-song prayer and sermon far into the night. Swaying and rhythm, O Lord God.

A little sick child is brought by the mother to be healed. Prayers and shouts and groans. "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me." The groans of the mother, and the groans of the preacher, and the groans of the audience, the laying on of hands, pathetic little face, writhing body. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Midnight, broken mother, and a little child gone. "Blessed Be the Name of the Lord." "I know my children are in heaven. Thank God I never give 'em no larnin'. Glory Be to God. Blessed air him that hain't never seen yet believes."

Around the throne of God in heaven thousands
  of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

And there were the remarkable pictures of a great political convention to which people began arriving on the evening before, camping near-abouts, and in the early morning streams of automobiles, even some wagons and buggies remaining, pouring in from all radii, until perhaps ten thousand people have come together for great political speech making. And then the songs: "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as a starter, followed by "On Jordan's stormy bank I stand and cast a wishful eye," quickly balanced over against "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there." Tension, excitement, enthusiasm, emotional conflict, such as only a southern political audience of this sort can generate. Then a song started, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," then another, "Will there be any stars in my crown?", and so on until the crowd has reached the revival stage ready for the preacher of political gospel. Hymns of praise, America, and sentimental home-made songs carry the day . . . and the crowd.

And millions of copies of the revival song books and Sunday School editions, everywhere literally setting culture patterns of a people. Blood and the Lamb, crowns and stars, glory for me, fast stepping music, and pleasure-loving tunes. And new editions. And for everybody, everywhere. Here was a big stalwart member of Cleveland's cabinet, twice governor of his state, and United States senator, writing his testimonial: "Dear Sir: I have used your song book, Revival No. 2, for three years. I now use your Revival No. 3. I have never seen any song books which, I think, give more satisfaction than yours."

These pictures were of the white folks of the South. Negro pictures were even more vivid. It was not necessary to recall that the Negro had long since taken over many of the hymns of the white man, and so far outstripped him and surpassed him in their execution as to make many of them appear as the Negro's own spirituals. In "The Old Time Religion" and in many other favorites of the revival mode, were found common songs among whites and Negroes. Thus, very much like "Ain't gonna study war no more," there was a popular hymn of the old camp meetings and revivals of the southern white folks:

If you get there before I do
Down by the river;
Tell all the folks I'm coming too
Down by the river side.

We'll end this warfare
Down by the river,
We'll end this warfare
Down by the river side.

In pictures of Heaven's bright home, too, the hymns of the Negroes and the whites vied with each other in painting pictures more vivid than Greek mythology, more concrete than a Tannhäuser chorus, or more compelling than the English poet Noyes' imagery of the world beyond. In both the Negro and white songs, Heaven is glory land, blessed promised land, that blissful shore, the unseen shore, Beulah Land, goodly land, Canaan's happy land, the golden strand, the land divine, that land so bright and fair, Canaan's fair and happy land, the blessed homeland, glory land, beauteous fields, those mansions fair, home, a mansion in the sky, an eternal home, a better home, the home of glory, a city, beautiful city of gold, a city high eternal, that great kingdom, yon bright heaven.

And in many of the songs of both there were other common pictures. Heaven is a place where there will be companionship and surcease from toil and sorrow.

We'll shout and sing at God's command
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there
Where the angels wait to join us
Where parents and children shall meet
There is no dying there
In heaven alone no sin is found
There's no weeping there
There the righteous forever shall shine like the stars
There no sickness, no danger in that bright world to which I go
Where all is joy and peace and love
Where the trials of this world can never come
There God the Son forever reigns and scatters night away
No chilling winds or poisonous breath can reach that healthful shore
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more

In heaven God shall wipe all tears away
Where 'tis everlasting day
No more sorrow, no more weeping
Peace and joy shall hold full sway
Every care will be forgotten
When we get to heaven with God we shall remain friends and relations
Heaven's expecting me, who once went sorrowing here;
I am going there to see my father
I am going there no more to roam
Beauteous fields lie just before me
There with relatives and friends I shall be so happy there
In the presence of the Lord all the time
Where sin and sorrow are all done away peace abounds
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
In a city with an angel fair
There with Jesus I shall live in glory
Songs of gladness I shall ever sing
Endless praises I shall shout forever
Joy celestial in that home eternal
With my Savior a crown to wear.

In many of the Negro's songs, however, he had outdistanced the white folks in his personal imagery.

> I wants to go to heaven—join the angel band;
> I wants to go to heaven—stand where the angels stand.
> I wants to go to heaven—have some angel wings;
> I wants to go to heaven—see the Jesus King.
> I wants to go to heaven—shout like the angels shout;
> I wants to go to heaven—an' walk about.
> I wants to go to heaven—set in de angels' seat;
> I wants to go to heaven—eat what the angels eat.
> I wants to go to heaven—weep when the angels weep;
> I wants to go to heaven—sleep where the angels sleep.

The Negro songs had been portrayed so often that it was scarcely more than necessary to recall their vividness and the important place which they had had in the development of the southern picture. Pictures and pictures. And songs, the enumeration of which had never been made and probably never would be made and the variation of which surpasses all recording and notation. Heritage of the old scenes. Beautiful but impossible of perpetuity. An older generation of black folks, artistic in manners and souls. A black epic in a white world. Memory of old bards and singers of rare personality—charm to the race, creative art in the southern scene, long ashamed of its sorrow songs. A Negro church on the village hillside, eventide to darkness, late gathering worshipers, toil-tired from road and field and kitchen door. Lights dim by pulpit and altar, native-hewn rugged benches askew. Quiet sittings in accustomed places. The gathering spirit of worship, night contrast to day, self-expression and solace, feeling that "De other world is not lak this." A leader opening song, swaying body, closed eyes, head backward, face heavenward, rhythmic swing of arms, slow pat of feet, rich vibrato voice, now swelling in ascendency, now softening to appeal.

Steal away, steal away to Jesus,
I ain't got long to stay here.

A picture not yet painted was that of the joint singing of whites and Negroes in the rendering of religious songs. Pictures of the whites enjoying the Negro songs were abundant. White college glee clubs found Negro spirituals their most popular songs; and ever the Negro sang his way into the good will of his white neighbors. In the large auditorium where were recently gathered thousands of white Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and others united against the Negro and Tammany, also were recently gathered hundreds of white folks and black folks cheering on black boy boxers, Battling Cowboy and Fighting Johnson. Cheers and cheers . . . good will and fun . . . whites over here . . . Negroes over there. . . . Another picture worth the painting . . . two thousand Negroes on this side . . . two thousand whites on this side . . . Negro song leader . . . white song leader . . . competitive singing of old hymns . . . then joining in unison.

Sing together, children, don't you get weary;
There's a big camp meetin' in the promised land.

There were still other pictures of religious singing in the South. There were the itinerant white singers, sometimes blind, sometimes carrying banjo and harp, sometimes accordion and sometimes playing on the church or home organ. More often they were near the mountain country. They sang and played hymns. But they sang more from the vast store of general folk songs. If religious songs were wanted they could sing them. If hymns were wanted they could sing them. And they rendered many a ballad of religious import or moral teaching, exercising at times as much temporary spell over their listeners as the revivalists. And always they were carrying on the folk song patterns of other days and making new ones for new incidents and new lessons.

Come, all you young men, and listen to my rhyme,
I'll tell you what you're doing at the present time,
You are taking from your parents, your time and useful days,
And spending them in folly and many wicked ways.

. . . .

Some girls are just as guilty as you may plainly see,
They make it a great deal worse by being most too free,
When they go to church they will dress themselves like toys,
They cannot hear the preacher for looking at the boys.

Among the most popular of the semi-religious songs were those aimed at the church and the preacher. On courtweek days or special occasions, such as county fairs or at the Dayton Scopes Trial, these songs brought smiles and nods and dimes to the singer. And a good time was had by all.

In this world of frills and fashions where the churches are so fine,
And the trade mark on religion is a classic dollar sign,

There's a rule that never faileth, you will always find it true,
Where the dollar rules the pulpit, there the Devil rules the pew.

There may be lots of singing and an awful lot of prayer,
And the sermon may be answered with an "Amen" here and
there,
But as sure as Joe's a Dutchman, and old Shylock was a Jew,
Where the dollar rules the pulpit, there the Devil rules the pew.

When the money gets to talking, and the Master's voice is still,
And the Preacher swaps his sermon for a twenty dollar bill,
It's then that old master Satan gets the churches in a stew,
Where the dollar rules the pulpit, there the Devil rules the pew.

When religion goes a-begging, and the Bible is forgot,
And the Preacher preaches nothing but a scientific rot,
There the faithful old believers, they are getting mighty few,
Where the dollar rules the pulpit, and the Devil rules the pew.

Like the Jews in the ancient temple when the Lord was here
on earth,
They had ceased to obey God's orders, and joined in greed and
mirth,
But when Jesus came to see them, what He said to them was
true,
There the dollar ruled the pulpit, and the Devil ruled the pew.

You may not get the idea, but I have watched it from my
youth,
The people, they are growing more opposed to gospel truth,
Their ears seem to be itching, they are seeking something new,
Where the dollar rules the pulpit, and the Devil rules the pew.

In the days of truth and honor, back fifty years ago,
The Preachers preached the gospel, not for greed or graft or
show,
But time has changed the order, you must pay your monthly
due,
Where the dollar rules the pulpit, and the Devil rules the pew.

Our widows and our orphans are seemingly forgot,
While the Preacher preaches nothing but a foreign-mission rot;
His greed for filthy lucre has got things in a stew,
Where the dollar rules the pulpit, there the Devil rules the pew.

Another favorite was the sin-song sermon, through which the traditional appeal was sung to sinning youth. It was a form of revival sermon and had many variants ranging from the old English ballads to yesterday's story of the murdered girl. This "Downward Road" also has its companion among the Negro songs.

Young people who delight in sin,
  I'll tell you what I've lately seen,
A dear ungodly woman die,
  Who said in Hell she soon would lie.

CHORUS

Oh, the downward road is crowded,
  Crowded, crowded,
Oh, the downward road is crowded,
  With unbelieving souls.

She danced and played her days away,
  And still put off her dying day,
Her parents shed many a tear,
  This daughter was to them so dear.

On Friday morning she took sick
  Her stubborn heart began to break;
"Alas, dear friends, my days are spent,
  It's too late now for me to repent."

She called her mother to her bed,
  And these, her dying words, she said,
"When I am dead, remember well,
  Your wicked daughter screams in Hell.

"The tears are lost you shed for me,
My soul is lost I plainly see;
The flames of wrath begin to roll,
And I am gone a ruined soul."

She gnawed her tongue before she died,
And groaned, and moaned, and screamed, and cried,
"Oh, must I burn, forever more,
While thousands, thousands years are o'er!

"Young people who doth slight the Lord,
Take warning from my dying words,
You may escape those burning flames,
Although I am doomed to endless pains."

And there were the ballads in honor of local people whose misfortunes or tragedies offered vivid subject for the dramatic. And always the religious exhortation at the end.

Come all you young people, and listen while I tell,
The fate of Floyd Collins, a lad we all knew well.
His face was fair and handsome, his heart was true and brave;
His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone grave.

Oh, mother, don't you worry, dear father, don't be sad,
I'll tell you all my troubles in an awful dream I had;
I dreamed I was a prisoner, my life they could not save.
I cried, "Oh, must I perish in this lonely sandstone cave?"

The rescue party labored, they worked both night and day,
To remove the mighty barrier that lay within the way.
"We'll save Floyd Collins," was their battle cry,
"We'll never, no, we'll never let Floyd Collins die."

But on that fatal morning the sun rose in the sky,
The laborers still working, "We'll save him bye and bye."
But, oh, how sad the ending, his life they could not save,
His body now lies sleeping in the lonely sandstone cave.

Young people, old, take warning at Floyd Collins' fate,
  Get ready with your Maker before it is too late.
It may not be in a sandstone cave that we would find our tomb,
  But at the bar of Justice, there we'll meet our doom.

And unnumbered others—"Send twenty-five cents and get two new songs. . . . 'Granny Get Your Hair Bobbed' and 'Granny Get Your Breeches On.' Both songs taken from the Bible." But there were many others that bordered closely upon the old hymns from which they borrowed freely and from which they also differed much!

I'm bound for that beautiful city,
  My Lord has prepared for His own,
Where all the redeemed of all ages,
  Sings glory around the White Throne.
Sometimes I grow homesick for Heaven,
  And the glories I there shall behold.
What a joy it will be when My Saviour I see,
  In that Beautiful City of Gold.

We will never pay rent for our Mansion,
  The taxes will never come due,
Our garments will never grow threadbare,
  But always be fadeless and new.
We'll never be hungry nor thirsty,
  Nor languish in poverty there,
For all the rich bounties of Heaven,
  His sanctified children will share.

There'll never be crepe on the door knob,
  No funeral train in the sky,
No graves on the hillside of Glory,
  For there we shall nevermore die.
The old will be young there forever,
  Transformed in a moment of time,
Immortal we'll stand in His likeness,
  The stars and the sun to out-shine.

CHAPTER XIV

FOLK MUSIC SURVIVALS OF THE WHITE SOUTH

DEAR SIR: Even a breaf sketch of my life and the fiddle will indeed be a voluminous document, since it covers a period of fifty years. My love and aptitude for music was wonderful. I pushed my talent with great vehemance. I was cornetest in the Methodist church and Brotherhood class for twelve years. I am sure the creator gave me a talent for music and has been with me. It was music that moved the evil spirit from King Saul (1st Sam.-23). Ben Guyton was a good old negro fiddler and taught me all he could about it. He was one of our slaves, and I soon learned all his tunes. By the time I was ten years old I could play all the tunes that Uncle Ben knew. John Tucker, Dick Holmes, R. J. Redden, Marvin and Levi Gibbs and B. J. Holliday lived near me and were all good fiddlers. After learning all the good tunes they played I took up the rudiments of music and went to Baltimore, Md., and spent five months with the best Italian fiddler of the day. From him I learned some of the most beautiful and classical tunes. This was forty years ago. Two years ago I went to New York City and played for the Paramount Recording Co. I made twelve records for them which may be purchased from them by the dozens. The old time tunes go too high and too low for any human voice to reach, hence are not suitable for singing. My best tunes are: *Billy in the low ground; Whistle-bee; Sallie in the Wildwood; All the way to Georgia; Wild Goose; Turkey in the Straw; Walk in the Parlor; The Girl I left behind; Grey Eagle; Dixie; Mocking Bird; Lone Indian; College Hornpipe; None Greater than Lincoln; Alabama Girl; Leather Breeches; Hop light Ladies; Galopin Chain; When you & I were Young Maggie; Arkansas Traveler;* & many others. I have been awarded 1st prise three times at Jasper, three times at Vernon, one time at Amory, one time at Winfield, one time at Guin, 2nd prize twice at Birmingham, one time at Sulligent and I was awarded the $40.00 cash prize on the day Columbus, Mississippi, was one hundred years old, where twenty-seven other fiddlers were present. Like Masonery, a goodly number of the old tunes were never written. The tune name & the History of the tune not the words, "Camels are coming" derives from Gen. 24-63 when Isaac met Rebecca. Bonaparte's retreat dates to his return from Moscow. The sad sound of the tune represents his awful bad luck. The Grey Eagle is to show what a risk he takes in his flight from the top of the Alps mountains, for food to carry up to its young. The old fiddlers brought the tunes down from generation to generation.

So wrote one master fiddler of the Old South and of the New. Another wrote: "You asked me for a list of all the tunes I have ever heard played. It would be a hard matter for me to furnish you with a list of all the tunes I know as I know so many it would take me weeks to think them all up. However, I will try to make up a list for you, but it will perhaps be two or three months before I can get it made up." The list was never completed; and yet some of the samplings with their natural spelling and setting are indicative of favorite tunes and vivid in their portraiture: *Devil in the Wood Pile, Arkansas Traveler, Turkey in the Straw, Fishers' Horn Pipe, Pop Goes the Weesel, Wild Goose Grace, Wild Horse, Whistling Rufis, Leather Breeches, Levely Tenus, Logan's Hoedown, Mississippi Sawyer, Mocking Bird, Cackling Chickens, Dixie Land, Tarked Deer, Rickets Hornpipe, Nocking Around the Kitchen, Cumberland Gap, Drunkards Hichoughs, Boney Parts of Retreat.* Some later favorites included: *Silver Threads Among the Gold, When You and I Were Young, Choe Taw, Red Wing, Dixie Darling, Roving Gambler, Prisoners Song, You've Got to See Mama, Chicken Reel, Honey Succle Blues, Will You Ramble, The Troubles of the Potomac, Wabash Blues, Boll the Jack Blues, Lonesome Road Blues, Honey Where You Been So Long?* And even slow tunes included favorite hymns and slow songs of sentiment: *The Old Rugged Cross, Nearer, My God, to Thee, The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Rock of Ages, A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother, Fare Well to Thee.*

These contemporaries of Uncle John, representative of thousands of fiddlers throughout the South from many walks of life and from every region of its wide expanse, constituted one of its most vivid pictures. And what fiddlers and fiddling! The old Major gloried in them. There was one who boasted that he could fiddle all night and call dance figures until midnight and never repeat any save the most elementary. Uncle John was never quite able to reconcile the dictum of his church that fiddling was sin, although like many other problems he took its assumptions the easiest way and let it go at that. But he never censured his children and grandchildren, most of whom gloried in simple music and song, if they followed the lure of fiddle or any other musical attractions. But many of his children and grandchildren condemned the tactics of the preachers in outlawing the fiddle. For the fiddler was an institution "and the cheerful scrape of his bow sets the feet involuntarily moving." This music drew its power from many sources, its technique, the personalities of its fiddlers, its association. It seemed irresistible. It was as if some magic would "strike the auric nerve, run down to your feet and put motion into your toes in spite of the strongest resolution against it. Men who had lost their feet affirmed that it set a-going the toes which had been buried years ago. It seemed to be dangerous to play those tunes in the presence of marble statues, unless they were securely fastened to the floor. The old revivalists, who wished to wean their converts from the vanities of the balls, felt compelled to proscribe the fiddle as the Devil's instrument. When I was a boy it was a general religious tenet, that playing it was a sin equal to dancing, horse-racing, cockfighting and gambling."

Fiddling and dancing just naturally seemed to go together. The spirit of the old folk dance and the old folk songs was abundant in thousands of country places and closely adjacent to towns. There was about the fiddle and dance "a love of the open, of the vigor and joy of activity for its own sake, of co-operation with others in exercises of rhythmical beauty. There is that sense of balance and proportion that is related to all real art." And Miss Burchenal has spoken of the folk dances as "the wild flowers of the dance world, unspoiled by the hand of man. They have sprung naturally from the hearts of simple, wholesome country folk in response to the human need for self-expression."

Thus again pictures of the South during its varying epochs since the Civil War revealed a region interpreted by its music. It was as if these pictures were substantiating the claim of Leland Hall's "What Price Harmony," "So I should give the impression that the music itself was a small element in the pleasure I received, that the color and the surroundings were all. . . . My description of the effect of a strange music must include not only its setting, but also the suggestions, in which it was so potent, of the life of the people from which it sprang." Thus the hearer feels "some moving sympathy with what lies in the centuries behind" the players. "This is surely true; but what is no less true is that our music moves us similarly through suggestion. What is the orchestra itself but a combination of instruments with each one of which is associated a definite tone color—that is, an almost explicit suggestion? The trumpets are martial, the trombones solemn; the oboe is pastoral, the flute pure. Bassoons make jolly and the organ is majestic. Besides, we have our drums and cymbals, our celesta and our chimes. It is a collection of voices speaking directly out of the past and out of all the various life which has made us . . . our music must still call to us out of the feelings which are ours, and which, moreover, in being ours, are defined. Our whole response is but a recognition. . . . And this goes to show how little we realize that the beauty and the emotional meaning of our music are no less affected by place and suggestion than are the beauty and the emotional meaning of exotic music. . . . The singer never sang his tune twice the same, but gave in each singing lengths of phrase, alterations of tone, pauses, lingerings, suddenly eloquent departures from the line to drop or float back to it, often slight, but intensely expressive, all inspired by present feeling which passed even in utterance."

And thus might be interpreted the pictures of the southern fiddlers and dances. They were of one body, yet of many kinds. They made unforgettable pictures; and indescribable as well. Here was a crowd slow gathering at the home of a neighbor. A few standing around outside, a few inside, dull conversation about the weather and illness and food. A few "settin' down," a few walking around, more coming. Here on a week-day evening were men and women, older and younger, who in town, work or Sunday meeting seem so staid and mechanical and uninteresting are now suddenly shifting to a new pulse of life. The musicians arrive, and dancers file in—an assembly of friends and kin. The dance begins. "Two fiddlers of evident renown in those parts were seated in a corner of the big hall. Their hats were kept on. They soon fell into the preliminary tune medleys—and then as though suddenly infused with the spirit of the hour—drew out a full and vigorous call to the dance. The dancers fell into the circle and began as spirited and delightful exhibition of folk dancing as I ever witnessed. Simpler than the Russian and Eastern Europe folk dances, they are equally as racial and rich in Anglo-Saxon content. Characterized by a physical vigor and cleanness. There is small chance for sex morbidity or individual exhibition in the cotillion and reel. The beauty of flashing figures and rhythmic freedom produced on the spectators the same joyousness that the dancers radiated. Drudgery of the day and crudeness of the house were forgotten in the pleasure of the dance. All ages took part. It was a genuine surprise to see the young moderns as versatile as the elders in the intricacies of the old dances."

Again pictures and pictures surpassing even Henry Ford's fondest expectations. Here was a description of old times in Tennessee, remnants of which still remained in many places.

The pictures of the old days and amusements abiding as a part of the southern heritage. "When the day's work was performed, the yard was swept, covered by the flowers of the forest, and the dance commenced. The old fashioned Virginia break-down reel, where twenty couples faced and eyed each other, as they moved through the mazes of the merry dance, while the bow was drawn across the strings of the violin (we called it a fiddle) discoursing sweet music. Then the 'band' would give us *Jenny Put the Kettle On, Molly Blow the Bellows Strong, We'll All Take tea;* then *Leather Breeches, Full of Stitches,* and by way of variety, *Billy in the Wild Woods* or *Nappy Cot and Petty-Coat* and *The Linsey Gown, If You Want to Keep Your Credit Up, Pay the Money Down.* The dancing was really enjoyable. In old times we had a favorite reel called *Mrs. McCloud.* When the word was given, "Hand All Around, Set-to and Face Your Partner," giving to each full space to display their activity and gymnastic skill in the various steps of ancient times, the scene was a magnificent one. I have seen several sets at the same time, both boys and girls, cutting the single and double pigeon wing, which caused a thrill of excitement and emotions equal to the brilliant flight of an eloquent speaker."

Uncle John had often expressed a desire to attend a real fiddlers' convention such as were held in Atlanta or Birmingham or Columbus, where thousands of people greeted the "champions" from many regions. Such a scene beggars description. Old gray-haired fiddlers, super-excited through competition and cheering audiences. Young fiddlers boasting the third and fourth generations of fiddling champions. A father and son. Another father and daughter. Three brothers. An uncle and nephew. Teams from the same community. For the time being all the world's a fiddlin' world. And the audience looks upon it and finds it good. Competition in groups, in pairs, in solos. Shouts and exclamation. A snatch of song. Quick movements. Mimicry and pantomime. Fiddles across the knees, between the legs, on top of the head, across the back, upside down, horizontal, parallel, fiddling like fury, vibrant with life, reaching out and reaching back into and beyond the beginnings of music.

And the fiddle and the banjo were constant accompaniments also of the great mass of old ballads, general folk songs, new ballads, comic and common supplements to modern tunes. Here were emotional appeal, narration and story, pathos and humor, the magnifying of simple virtues, moralizing against vice, love, hate, sung to the accompaniment of simple folk motions and folk music. From Kentucky to Texas, from Virginia to Florida, from Georgia to Mississippi, and the hills and woods and farms between, the old ballads were still living. Thus in an Alabama ordinary rural county Thomasine McGehee finds scores of songs, replicas and variations of the whole Child's collection. In a single county in Mississippi Hudson found remarkable variations and similarities as well. In the mountains of North Carolina, Campbell, Greer, Sutton, and many others found wonderful counterparts and equally wonderful variations which checked back to the old collections revealing the very soul and process of folk music and folk songs in their making and preserving. In Cox's *Folk Songs of the South,* in Davis' *Traditional Ballads of Virginia,* in Smith's *South Carolina Ballads,* and in many other collections were found hundreds and thousands of songs and their variants never ending in their pleasure-giving power. A single Tennessee blind itinerant singer thought he knew more than a hundred. A single North Carolina mountain man has been known to render fifty songs, each different from the published ballads. Like the singing of hymns, these ballads become a part of the pattern and structure and function of the people, reveal immeasurable characteristics of the folk and recapitulate much of the folk history and of the race. Samplings of these songs would fill a large volume. They represent something of the American musical idiom just as the Negro song has come to represent an American contribution. And they represent a part of certain character such as led Sidney Lanier to say that "I know that he who walks in the way these ballads point, will be manful in necessary fight, fair in trade, loyal in love, generous to the poor, tender in household, prudent in living, plain in speech, merry upon occasion, simple in behavior, and honest in all things."

There were ballads of sorrow and ballads of joy and all manner of life and experience. They sang of the family—the place of the husband, the wife, the children, women, orphans, mother. They sang of love and courtship—love of nature, maternal, paternal, conjugal, sweetheart, filial, fraternal, sex, courtship, marriage, separation, reunion, elopement. They sang of morality—virtue, temperance, courage, loyalty, the beautiful, the true, the good, the bad. They sang of God, of heaven and hell, of life and death and suicide and judgment and mystery. They sang of men and of animals, of work and play, of homesickness and wanderlust, and memories, of patriotism and cowardice, of wealth and poverty, of mountains and the sea, of justice and cruelty, of style and show, of robbers and heroes. And there were hundreds of variants and hundreds of remarkably "pure" specimens. Davis found in Virginia no less than 122 titles of traditional ballads distributed in every one of the one hundred counties and with 148 musical variants with a total item-variant count of 420-440. They conformed well to Child's classification and presented variants of the well-known *Barbara Allen, Barbara Ellen, Bonny Barbara Allen, Robin Hood's Death, Robin Hood and the Tanner, Robin Hood and Arthur O'B'loved, Robin Hood Rescuing Will Stully* and other old favorites. Checking with Cox's folk songs of the South, Smith's collections from South Carolina, Hudson's from Mississippi, McGehee's from Alabama, Campbell's from Tennessee and North Carolina, Greer's and Sutton's from North Carolina, reveals a similar abundance with faithfulness to traditional patterns as well as variants. They were an important part of the southern picture.

And there were the mixed songs and ballads of all kinds. There was the itinerant bard with his harp and guitar travelling hither and yon singing his songs, now entertaining the crowds at the courthouse or county fair or picnic; now entertaining the individual or small groups; sometimes singing at the great house. A single bard running the whole gamut of southern folk song—conventional ballads, Negro songs, popular medleys, current blues, home-made ballads of the day, church hymns. Here were favorites sung with characteristic folk manner. Now picking his banjo and singing, now suddenly combining banjo, harp, and song. His harp being attached by way of a wire, easel-like frame, so that he can reach it with his mouth: *The Arkansas Traveler, The Baggage Coach Ahead, Be Kind to a Man When He's Down, Bill Failed to Keep Peace with Sam, The Blind Man's Lament, Black Sam and the Ghost, The Boll Weevil, The Bugs and the Bees, Casey Jones and the Kaiser's Fight, The Clansman's Creed, Come and Jine, The Dollar and the Devil, The Hell Bound Train, Jesse Was a Gentleman, Johnson's Mule, Just Before the Battle, Mother, Kansas, The Long-Tongued Woman, My Mother Is Dead in Heaven, The Murder of Miss Laura Parsons, No Disappointment in Heaven, Poor Girl Long Ways from Home, The Ragged Jacket, Railroad Bum, The Sammies Are in France, Song of the Black Sheep, Titanic, The Traveling Man, Uncle Sam and the German Submarine, The Woman Suffrage, You Will Never Miss Your Mother Until She's Gone, The Truth Twice Told, The Prisoner's Song, Advice to a Boy, The Business End of a Bumble Bee, I'm Gonna Let the Bumble Bee Be, Lizzie and the Bumble Bee, Mother's Old Red Shawl, Sarah Jane, Down in the Coal Mine, Tender Recollections, The Feller That Looks Like Me, The Wabash Cannon Ball, The Little Tin Lizzie, Kaiser Bill, Jesse James, The Billy Goat, Frank Dupree, John Riley, The Roamin' Gambler, Little Sadie, Warning to the Gambler, Three Months in Prison, House Carpenter.*

Perhaps the favorites were the sentimental sorrow songs and the new made ballads narrating current and recent happenings. The dying soldier, two little orphans, the baggage coach ahead with the dead mother of a crying child, the mother who is gone, the little girl gone wrong, death and suicide were all powerful themes. Thus the song of many stanzas of the Slate Stone Horror, when on a cold December day, dear papa was taken away, comes easily to grips with the simple emotions:

Oh, papa, dear papa, where are you tonight,
With a face so sweet, so fair and so bright;
  With eyes so brilliant, so soft, so blue,
  A heart so manly, so kind and so true.

Oh, papa, dear papa, we all miss you now,
Our living was made by the sweat of your brow;
  Poor mama and I are so sad and so lone,
  We still live together in our sad, sad home.

Though our eyes may be dim, our hearts may be gay,
We are coming, dear papa, to see you some day;
  To dwell with you forever on that Heavenly shore,
  Where sorrow and shadows will come no more.

And the songs spring up over night picturing local tragedies. Floyd Collins, buried for days in the coal mine . . . Mary Phagan murdered . . . A million records sold . . . The murder of Miss Laura Pagoris, Pine Mountain school teacher. . . . The assassination of J. B., leaving the sad wife and children . . . The Scopes' trial . . . and the death of William Jennings Bryan, epitome of the simple religion, philosophy, and mental set of the folk.

William Jennings Bryan is dead, he died one Sabbath day,
  So sweetly was the king asleep, his spirit passed away;
He was at Dayton, Tennessee, defending our dear Lord,
  And as soon as his work on earth was done, he went to his reward.

He fought the evolutionists, the infidels and fools
  Who are trying to ruin the minds of children in our schools,
By teaching we came from monkeys and other things absurd,
  By denying the works of our blessed Lord and God's own Holy Words.

He was a natural born orator, his voice was rich and grand,
A writer and a statesman, too, the greatest in the land;
Three times he ran for President, but capitalists wouldn't let him win,
Because he was a friend to the poor and to the working men.

He was a father good and kind, a son of will and truth,
A great and mighty man was he, a hero thru and thru;
His wife, his children and his kin all mourn his sudden end,
The nation bows with them in mourning, all lost a noble friend.

He will be missed throughout the land, his speeches often read,
His memory will live in our hearts while he's among the dead;
He's gone to his Eternal Home, forever he's at rest.
His name will e'er be loved and cherished, his works forever blest.

A county courthouse burns, and from the ashes comes this weird poesy, crude enough in form yet picture of the impressionistic patterns of the woman who penned it.

There you stand so tall and
Statly with your face painted so
Neatly thou I am your maid that
A plied the brush little did I ever
Think that I would see you burnt in dust.

Tho you were like some proud
And hotty lady with your face. So true
And fair but now my hart is aken
For the face that once were there.

O Dear Cort House this morning at
Seven I heard the echo of your last
Call tha there were prayers sent to heaven
And many an eye turned up on your
Face to see you tumble down in your grace.

. . . .

O smoked and flame scared walls with great
Oppressed with care a burden more than I can bear
O set me down and sigh o life thou art a alling load
Along a rough a weary road to wretches such as you and
I dim backward as I cast my mien what sickining
Sense appear what sorrow yet may pierce me
Thru to suddenly I may fear still caring
Despairing must be my bitter doom my woes here
Shall close never but with the closing tomb.

And the folk songs were still in the making. There were the ballads of Ella May Wiggins of Gaston County, which helped to make vivid portraiture for the Nation because of her death at the hands of a rioting community. The folk picture was a vivid one.

Come all of you good people and listen to what I tell;
The story of Chief Aderholt, the man who all knew well.
It was on one Friday evening, the seventh day of June,
He went down to the union ground and met his fatal doom.

We're going to have a union all over the South,
Where we can wear good clothes and live in a better house.
Now we must stand together and to the boss reply
We'll never, no, we'll never let our leaders die.

. . . .

Come all you scabs if you want to hear
The story of a cruel millionaire.
Manville Jenckes was the millionaire's name,
He bought the law with his money and frame.

And so the story was told in ballad form. And another and another. Then there was the song of life.

We leave our home in the morning,
We kiss our children goodby.
While we slave for the bosses
Our children scream and cry.

It is for our little children
That seems to us so dear,
But for us nor them, dear workers,
The bosses do not care.

But understand, all workers,
Our union they do fear,
Let's stand together, workers,
And have a union here.

And among the hundreds of songs were other conventional folk improvisations. Some about the war. Kaiser Bill—doomed eternally to smell of American corpse. The Kaiser's dream of being kicked out of Hell to make a Hell of his own . . . Someone in France . . . Uncle Sam and the submarine . . . Casey Jones and the Kaiser's fight. Bill failed to make peace with Sam . . . And ballads of wrecks . . . The wreck of 97 . . . The wreck of the 12:56 . . . of the Shenandoah . . . The Santa Fe wreck . . . The Santa Barbara Earthquake.

Then there were the whoopee and funny songs in which the bard would have his listeners smiling, then cackling, perhaps howling in glee. And subtle suggestion and ribald rhymes so fascinating and rippling as to lend a spell over his audience. It might be forty-one rhyming couplets and chorus of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'," ranging from good-natured humor, gentle sarcasm, Aristophanian jokes to unprintable rattle-rhymes. Improvisations were abundant and natural so that verse grew on verse and new songs grew where old songs had been before.

Or it was a parody—always popular with the folk; perhaps a parody on the preacher or the society woman or the rich man or Kaiser Bill, and sung to some rapidly moving tune. Listen to the "Little Tin Lizzie" sung to the tune of the "Little Brown Jug."

One Ford car with piston rings,
Two rear wheels and one front spring,
Has no fender, seat or plank,
Burns lots of gas and hard to crank.

CHORUS

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Tin Lizzie, don't I love thee,
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Tin Lizzie, don't I love thee.

Carburetor busted half-way through,
Engine missing, hits on two,
Three years old, four in the spring,
Has shock absorber and everything.

Radiator busted, sure does leak,
Differential dry, you can hear it squeak,
Ten spokes missing, front all bent,
Tires all flat, haint worth a cent.

Top all gone, wind shield broke,
Give it juice and see it smoke,
Horn's gone, driver blows his nose,
Gives it a kick, away she goes.

Got lots of speed, runs like the duce,
Burns either gas or tobacco juice,
Tires all off, runs on the rim,
A darn good Ford for the fix it's in.

And so on and on and on. Song without end. And they must have their little jokes and thrusts.

Now ever since the world began,
The women have tried to rule the men.
She made him commit the first offence,
And she's been after him ever since.
God made the world and He rested then,
Then He made man and He rested again,
Then He made woman for man's expense,
And God nor man has never rested since.

And, they've all got a wife but me! After many signal failures, there's nothing to do but sing it out. "Though I've tried and tried, till I've almost died, still I cannot find a mate":

There's the monkey and the dog, the turtle and the frog,
The fishes that swim in the sea;
And the pretty little squirrel, with his tail in a curl,
Oh! They've all got a wife but me.

. . . .

There's the chickens and the cat, the weasel and the rat,
The 'skeeters and the bumblebee;
The cunning little lizard, and the naughty old buzzard,
Oh! They've all got a wife but me.

. . . .

There's the horse and the steer, the goat and the deer,
The hornet, the wasp and the flea;
The fussy little coon, and the ugly old baboon,
Oh! They've all got a wife but me.

There was the picture of the rural South told in the twenty-seven stanzas of "The Boll Weevil." Hard he was to kill. He always had a home. The farmer put him in the hot sand—not so hot as he could stand . . . in a red hot pan—he could stand it like a man . . . hit him with a brick . . . well it's liable to make him sick . . . put him on the ice, surely was nice . . . plow him under deep, right out he'll creep.

The farmer says to the boll weevil,
"I'll burn you up with fire."
The boll weevil says to the farmer,
"You are a dog-goned liar,
I've got a home, I've got a home."

So the boll weevil tells the southern farmer's fortune for him and challenges the whole South as well.

The farmer says to his children,
"I'd send you off to schools,
But since the boll weevil struck this land
You'll grow up like durned fools,
And stay at home, and stay at home."

The boll weevil says to the farmer,
"I'll learn you a little sense;
I'll learn you to raise your own food stuffs
And cut down your expense.
I've got a home, I've got a home."

The boll weevil says to the Georgians,
"I'll bet you what I'll do,
I'll have you fellows on the bum
In the next year or two,
You'll have no home, you'll have no home."

The boll weevil says to the lawyers,
"It's me you cannot sue,
With all your legal talent
Against me you'll find no clue,
You've got no case, you've got no case."

The boll weevil says to the banker,
"You don't know what a panic is,
For when I get located right
I'll paralyze your biz.
They'll have no home, they'll have no home."

The boll weevil says to the merchant,
"You'll find when debts are due
That I have eat them out of crop
And out of credit too.
They'll have no home, they'll have no home."

The boll weevil says to the doctors,
"You'd as well throw away your pills,
For when I am through with this country
People can't pay their bills.
They'll have no home, they'll have no home."

The boll weevil says to the preacher,
"Now you won't stand no show,
You might as well close up your church
And pack your duds and go.
You'll have no home, you'll have no home."

The boll weevil says to the sporting folks,
"You sport in your Ford machine,
But by the time I'm through with you
You can't buy gasoline.
You'll have no Ford, you'll have no Ford."

The boll weevil says to the farmer,
"I'm sure I wish you well."
The farmer says to the boll weevil,
"I wish you were in H——
Then I'd have a home, then I'd have a home."

This folk-song portraiture was not complete without other pictures. There were songs of southern women in all their beauty, purity, and glorified virtue. And they were powerful like all the songs of the nineties—*My Little Georgia Rose, She Was Bred in Old Kentucky, The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee.* There were ballads of girls and ladies in traditional folk song. The pathetic Mary Phagan songs of a later day and others typified the unfortunate girl. Again, there were the songs of the outlaw, Jesse James, even as there were among the Negroes . . . And songs of railroads and boats. The *Fannie Fern* river boat and the others, and white railroad songs differing somewhat from the Negro railroad songs.

The Cannon Ball she run so fast
Couldn't see yourself in looking glass.

And there were the inimitable boys who played the mouth harp, costing a nickel—a very fine silver-shiny one for a quarter. It was a wonderful instrument in the hands of a youngster learning or in the prideful mastery of an artist! And no preachers ever made war against the harp, as they did the fiddle! A boy with a nickel harp blowing *Turkey in the Straw* or even *Home, Sweet Home,* or

Who's been here since I been gone
Pretty little girl with red dress on

was a perpetual envy to the uninitiated. He represented pleasures unequalled, attainments superlative, capable of rare entertainment for a group of youngsters of a countryside. And back again to rustic humor and good nature, singing not arms and the man but tools and work.

Good old wagon and good old tongue,
Good old wagon, but the axle's sprung;
Good old wagon and good old houn;
Good old wagon, but she's done broke down.

CHAPTER XV

RURAL LIFE AND AGRICULTURE

It was the middle of October in the middle lower South, nearing the end of the first third of the twentieth century. The fields were heavy and white with opening cotton. There was the first sunshine after more than two weeks of continuous rain in the busy season. There was the year's work to be measured; and at stake the family ventures. Hard times, money needed, for the first year in four a good crop, better price in prospect; few people to pick the cotton. Everywhere there was activity, fervor, hope of a prosperous fall. The gins were running full capacity, cotton buyers were busy, money was beginning to flow. It was the busy season of the rural South of the Cotton Belt.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the visitor who called upon the children of the children of Uncle John found the whole family in the cotton field, the self-same field which Uncle John last tended. There was the father, John the Third, and his wife; there was his sister, the aunt, helper of them all; there were the small boys and girls, and the oldest girl whose husband died soon after her marriage was now back home; and there were her children and the others from six years up, all picking the white opened bolls. Sometimes they worked quietly, sometimes they talked together, sometimes they laughed and joked, and sometimes the children begged to go home. A picture of a farm-owning family at work. There were more than a million such white farm owners and managers in the South at the beginning of the third decade of the century and more than a quarter million Negro owners and managers.

They were not conscious of child labor or low standards, for the school had "turned out" for a few weeks, in order that the whole neighborhood might devote itself in this seasonable month to the saving of its money crop, and in order that all children might have an equal chance in the school, which would not be the case if some were taken out for work and others left in. And the barns and garden and orchard were fruitful up at the house. Here were relative happiness of workers, fair standards of living, simple life and substantial ways. And yet one recalled the pity of the urban intellectuals who felt that people who had the capacity to enjoy such things as these deserved the right to have something much better! But one also recalled the verdict of William James who saw in such a picture "a symbol redolent of moral victory, singing a very pæan of duty, struggle, and success." Or the picture might appear to be one of Fiske's evolutionary, self-perpetuating qualities—"energy, resolution . . . a sense of simple-minded . . . devotion to conceptions of duty." For better or worse, however, this was a part of the picture of the white small farm owning rural South. And the South was a region of farm families, there being over two million such families. At least four states had over half of their population living on farms. And over 50 per cent of all persons gainfully employed in the South in 1925 were working at agriculture. For the rest of the country it was only 20 per cent.

Compared with the rest of the country the work of the southern farmer and his family was bringing him a small return. The gross income for the farms in the United States showed the Southern States as usual at the bottom of the list, with Kentucky last with an average of $900; Tennessee, $920; and then ranging from one thousand to thirteen hundred dollars, respectively, Alabama, West Virginia, South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina. The estimates of the *Yearbook of Agriculture* placed the net income at $635 in the South Atlantic States and $700 in the South Central States. Over against these figures were the Western States of Arizona and Nevada with an average of more than five thousand dollars; and California, New Jersey, North Dakota following closely. Florida was the only southern state higher up, ranking twenty-sixth with an annual gross income of approximately $2,000 due to the small number of farms and the concentration on cash producing vegetables and other special features. Another way to see the picture was to compare the gross value of farm products per adult male worker gainfully employed. Here again the Southern States ranked low, averaging scarcely more than one-half for the corresponding value for the rest of the country for the first quarter of the century. Still another comparison might be made from the wages paid farm laborers, over eighteen years of age, the number of which amounted to more than a half of the number of male workers of all ages employed in manufacturing establishments in the South. Nearly half of these laborers were white. For all these workers the median of the state averages for ten southern states was $1.55 as opposed to $3.25 for the remainder of the United States. In the South the lowest rate was in South Carolina with $1.20, and the highest was Virginia with $2.05. In the rest of the country the lowest were Oklahoma with $2.05 and Missouri with $2.20 and the two highest were New York and Rhode Island with $3.85. But even these incomes were above many. Special studies of selected areas and farms show thousands of small owners and tenant farmers receiving less than $100 net income during the year.

Prevailing pictures of the rural South, however, were found in the middle class white farmers, numbering into the hundreds of thousands. The United States Department of Agriculture had presented samplings in the upper Piedmont counties of the Southeastern States, where an Anglo-Saxon population of colonial stock for decades had received little migration either from abroad or from other states. These were similar to the grandchildren of Uncle John and the old Major. Their work and incomes constituted more special pictures. Most families were engaged in the production of cotton on small acreages and continued to raise it much as their parents did in spite of the fact that incomes so earned were small and uncertain. Yields had been generally low and very variable since the boll weevil became established. The 288 farmers studied had an income which averaged $591 from their farming, outside labor, and investments. Excepting the value of the use of the dwelling and farm-raised food used by the family, this $591 included all that the farmer and his family got as income to cover their cash expenses of farming and living. And this was what they got in 1924 for their work on and off the farm, interest on their capital in the farm and in outside enterprises, in a year which by general opinion was conceded to be the most profitable one since 1920. . . . They expended an average of $167 on their own accounts in farm operation. Receipts for their own accounts from all sources totaled $591. This left $424 available for family living expenses. The $424 was a residual of all receipts of the farm family, plus the net increase in inventory, less farm expenses. Interest on borrowings was deducted in calculating the amount available for living expenses, but interest on the net assets in the farm business and the value of the unpaid labor of the farmer's family were not deducted. Interest at 6 per cent on the amount these 288 farmers had invested in farming would average about $100 per farmer. If the sum and the $37 receipts obtained from outside rentals, investments, and business were deducted from the $424 available for living expenses, the amount remaining, $287, would represent the labor income of the farmer and his family. If from this were deducted the value of farm labor performed by the family, something like two hundred dollars would remain as the actual income.

And the tenant farmers got less of income and living standards. And there were more tenant farmers in the South than there were owners and operators, increasing 30 per cent and more from 1900 to 1920. There were more than 700,000 white tenants and more than 600,000 Negroes, if Texas and Arkansas be included. Of the ten states leading all others in the Nation in the number of tenant farmers seven were in the South. And statistical studies and estimates from available data indicated a much lower income than for even the less prosperous owner-farmers. There were vivid pictures of the southern tenant as a . . . "white man's problem. White farm tenants . . . in the South as a whole, outnumbered the blacks by some one hundred and fifty thousand. And in the cash-crop areas of the South a full third of tenants, black and white, were croppers; and croppers are a type of farmers unknown outside the South—indeed so little known that the term itself got into the census dictionary three-quarters of a century late."

Here was a picture—"What about marrying on $20 a month—really on $6.00 a month in money, the balance of your cash income being held back till the end of the year? On a money income of that sort, do you think you'd have the nerve to set about establishing a home, sheltering, feeding, clothing, and safeguarding a family in sickness and in health, and giving the children a decent chance at life?

These questions were shoved at a young college graduate on the train, a cotton buyer in a flourishing cotton-belt city. He looked at me in amazement. "Kidding me?" said he. "Looks like it. I'm getting $200 a month, and I can't get married. I'd be a fool to marry on any such income. It couldn't be done in my town."

"But," said I, "this is exactly what fifty-one farmers have had the nerve to do in one small corner of a mid-state county in North Carolina. Thirty-eight of them are tenants, who handled in 1921 a household average of $250.64 in cash in the run of the year or just a little more than $20 a month. Thirteen are croppers with a household average of $153.27 in cash or a little less than $13 a month. And they are not Negro farmers. They are white farmers—tenants to be sure, but native born whites of your race and mine." . . .

"On a money average of $20 a month these fifty-two white tenant farmers not only kept themselves and their families alive, but twenty-five of them were out of debt at the end of the year—And more, they have actually accumulated $23,277 in personal property—in workstock, farm implements, household goods and utensils, automobiles, guns, and dogs; and their debts all told were only $4,100. Debts counted out, they are nearly $20,000 ahead of the game."

"Well, all I've got to say," he replied, "is that they are some financiers! They've got more sense than I've got. If you are giving me straight dope, don't ever again let anybody talk to you about stupid, lazy tenant farmers."

There were other varied pictures of these thousands of tenant families, moving thither and yon in the new year shift to try something else. Never satisfied, nearly always failing, restless, wondering what was the matter, they moved to and from farm to farm or to cotton mill village. Sometimes hard working and faithful, but without education or training and with shiftless heritage, they always came out behind. Sturdy and independent, proud and resentful, yet toward landlord reflecting subservience beyond all need. Children sick, wife sick, everybody complaining. Sad at heart, yet he must not show his feelings—except if he must fight or grumble. He was a stolid fellow, his Adam's apple working up and down, sometimes in mute embarrassment, sometimes in red-faced anger. There was a day when one came over to see his landlord. Hat in hand, he wanted some provisions and things, and he was in trouble. "The old woman" had died yesterday, and he needed a little something to help bury her. And there was one hand less to work; and anyway she had been sick most of the year and hadn't helped much. Surely a man couldn't be expected to succeed this year, could he? He was a wise landlord, who did not try to test the fellow's feelings about the "old woman" beyond what he was admitting and hiding in his rough way. Mechanically this tenant went back to the burying and to work, a forlorn figure who needed help if ever one did.

It was not surprising that the poor farmer was often in the hard way of life during bad crop years. Here was one picture. "Mr. Editor: I am in a bad shape now. My house got burnt up about two weeks ago. And its contents. So I am hard up myself. I didn't have no insurance on it out or inside of it. Everybody I owe .05 they want it. This is the worst times I ever saw about money. I am a farmer. Now we had a bad crop last year and we have a bad year this year. So money matters are scarce with me. I will try to get you your money just as soon as I can. I am picken cotton by the 100 to get some money for my people because we are in need. Your faithful." To which the distinguished editor of one of the South's most vigorous newspapers replied: "Well, this subscriber's paper will not stop, and from his letter we judge him to be a brave man as well as an honest one. God only knows how many such men are fighting such battles that no one knows of. Sometimes we wonder what the big boys who make the laws and the noise about prosperity know about the trenches wherein such men as this humble one carry on from day to day and year to year."

Somewhere in between the well-to-do small farmer and the more prosperous of the tenants was the picture of Uncle John himself when he came to die. Through the fortunes of hard work, poor crops, mismanagement, and poor prices, he had during his life time paid out enough money to have bought ten farms of 100 acres, the average size of several which he had always called his own but which had never been free from mortgage. The aggregate rate of interest which he paid through the borrowing of his money and "time prices" would be in excess of 40 per cent. Yet he rarely complained, and as was his wont, without education and training, without cooperation, he let things take their course, until when he came to die he found himself in the home of a grandchild, begging to be allowed to work, to make his own way, and to recoup his lost energies and fortunes.

On the other hand, there were other pictures of the successful, some leaving the farm, some staying on. A farmer driving a wagon-load of tobacco the last long mile from Durham to the east coast of North Carolina, the self-same farmer later to become the builder of great tobacco factories, great light and power plants, and the founder of a great fortune and the Duke endowment. And there was another country youth coming up "from the people," the fourteenth son of a Baptist family of seventeen children, who, transplanted, became a pillar in the new textile wealth of the Piedmont. And still another, transplanted to a southern metropolis to become the multimillionaire builder and owner of skyscrapers in cities South and North.

There were, of course, still other pictures of the more prosperous farmers, "master farmers," as they have been called by the agricultural colleges in annual awards, men and women who had combined progressive farming with community interests. Here were farmers whose houses were designed and built with good taste or whose renovations of the old homes and grounds had showed progress in various ways and whose diversified farming, participation in community affairs, and cooperation had signalized a certain measure of progress. Such farmers were increasing year by year alongside certain changes in the size of farm and the decrease in the tillable soil and the trends towards town and city life. In the rural South also were increasing numbers of large holdings approximating plantations and estates. Some of these were owned by credit merchants, taken over for debts, some by holding companies, many bought by northern and western people. Sometimes syndicates purchased thousands of acres, on which it was proposed to reestablish forests, hunting preserves, diversified agriculture, country life. In such ventures in Kentucky, in Virginia, in North Carolina, in Tennessee, in South Carolina, in Georgia, in Florida, in South Alabama, in Mississippi, and in Texas are to be found new pictures of southern rural life in the making.

And there were beautiful country places embodying great farms in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and other states . . . pure bred cattle, remnants of race horse breeding, and training . . . other pictures of the blue grass region of the South still in abundant evidence. There were country homes on highways and pikes or set back in the woods, or along river fronts, reminiscent of the old plantation days and indicative of new developments in country life of the future. Thus alongside the abandonment of much farming land was the influx of farm and city folks from other areas. Such an influx might be an index that the South, with its two-thirds of unimproved land, would be transformed into prosperous rural districts such as were found in Illinois and Iowa, where three-fourths of the land was already in use. Here again, however, are contrasts and contradictions, with southern rural life and agriculture in the hard way of life.

The South had more than three million of the upward of six million farms in the United States, nearly half of them all. But what was the South to do with them? There was, for instance, the picture of a southern county within whose borders were perhaps a hundred old estates and colonial houses. Prominent business and agricultural leaders, professional men, farm schools, and railroads had inaugurated live-stock farming. Nevertheless, with the coming of the boll weevil it was within two years practically a bankrupt county with the production of cotton dropping from nineteen thousand bales valued at two million dollars, to less than nineteen hundred bales valued at no more than two hundred thousand dollars. And there were other counties reflecting marked depression: A third of their farms abandoned, labor migrating northward, reduced production of live stock and cash crops, uncollected debts, bank failures, and hard times.

For not only was the South during the first third of the twentieth century still rural in its population and its areas, in its religion, its politics, and its manners, but also its chief industry was still agriculture. And cotton was still king. It was a regional kingdom in which less than 3 per cent of the world's land area grew 60 per cent of the world's cotton supply. The Cotton Belt of the American South was thus one of the most highly specialized agricultural regions in the world. It contained nearly three hundred million acres, nearly one-sixth of the land area of the continental United States, extending 1600 miles in length, and averaged 300 miles in breadth. In this area were more than two million farms, one-third of the number in the United States, which produced crops valued at nearly one-fourth of the total farm income of the United States. But in this belt over 40 per cent of the crop land was in cotton, and the value of the cotton crop was equal to the value of all other crops in the Belt combined. . . . The Cotton Belt like the rest of the South was not one but many—"Within this area differences in climate, rainfall, altitude, character of the soil, and history have given rise to subregions of cotton culture. These regions differ rather widely in the spatial distribution of what may be called human factors—black men, white men, share croppers, share tenants, small owners, and planters. Any adequate picture of these regions would include the distribution in terms of regions, of population, races, types of tenure, domestic animals, cities, buildings, and machines devoted to cotton culture."

The difference between what its stupendous crop of cotton in 1926 actually brought at ten cents a pound and what was expected at twenty cents aggregated the almost unbelievable amount of $900,000,000, an amount which if it could have been poured into the Cotton Belt's depression would have lifted this region into new eras, but the loss of which plunged the South again into a billion dollars of frozen loans, unpaid bills, discouragement, and bitterness against the world. To the low price of cotton and of tobacco and other farm products had already been added in previous years the boll weevil, severe drought in some places, severe floods in others, the migration of Negro workers north, the evacuation of farming land. These, coupled with previous over-expansion and purchase of high priced lands and promiscuous mortgaging, the reduction of live-stock production, the failure of banks, the Florida boom, and many other contingencies, left the South in a chaotic depression although the business cycle for the rest of the Nation registered prosperity. Pictures of puzzled ignorance, good intentions, emotional extremes abounded. There were the old gentleman and his four sons and his two married daughters sunk deep in the despair of hard times with scarcely means for their children to attend the schools and to keep their moderate standard of living. Into the community came an eloquent organizer of the Ku Klux Klan: "Things are all wrong," he howls, "all wrong. Times are hard; times are changing. Look what people in the cities are doing. Look what our young people are doing. Where are we drifting? Blessed be the name of the Lord. Jesus Christ was a great teacher and master, walking in meekness and humility. Let me have $10 each to join the flaming cross against all that is evil in the world." It must be so. And three of the sons and two of the sons-in-law borrowed the money and the organizer went away with his $50, leaving the suffering members wondering what it was all about and whether they had done the right thing. Surely times were hard; surely things looked difficult. But what next, and when and how? Surely the lowly Nazarene was a good man. Why not?

The pictures of the righteous rural South arrayed against the wicked urban North in the later presidential campaign were logical developments of a continued conditioning of the people through both physical and cultural environment. Rural people who were righteous must prevail against city people who were more wicked. And the South which is rural must prevail against the North which is urban. Not only was the rural South arrayed against northern cities but bitter against its own metropolitan centers for their building programs, their industrial, banking, and railroad centers. Nor are the cities unaffected, so much do they depend upon the rural districts, and so much does cotton mean to the cotton states. But the South was to have still more financial troubles. It was to have severe competition with the great farm regions of the Middle West where tractors and modern farm machinery were more easily adapted to the prairie lands. It was to have its problems of cooperation and distribution, its problem of too many people on the farms and not enough work in the cities; its problem of developing almost unlimited rural resources—but with whom and from whence and whither? It was to have its floods, its storms, its boll weevil, and its fruit fly.

And always back again to cotton, the producer of its chief high moments and its difficulties. King Cotton leading on and on. As Rupert Vance puts it: "And what does cotton mean to the cotton states? It means life, health, happiness, and prosperity to them. In fact, nothing else matters much. If cotton is all right, all's well in the Cotton Belt. And if cotton is sick the whole South is sick. The physician can collect no bills, the merchant can sell nothing except on credit, railroads go without freight; mill operatives languish, children grow pale, every person in the street is dejected and gloom reigns throughout the South . . . Cotton is the barometer that foretells the industrial fogs, squalls, and fair weather of the South. . . . Not only is production fluctuating, but cotton acreage tends to increase in spite of falling prices. This additional hazard to the cotton producers results from the competition between different cotton areas. It can be shown that the Western Belt can produce cotton at a profit while eastern farmers are growing the crop at a loss. From 1919 to 1924 in a period of falling markets in commodity crops, the wheat area decreased 22.2 millions of acres; at the same time cotton increased 10.2 million acres. The decrease in cotton acreage between 1919 and 1924 was notable in Georgia and South Carolina, and a smaller decrease in the area around Memphis and southward. The decrease in Georgia and South Carolina was associated with the advance of the boll weevil, and also with the high wages offered in near-by manufacturing towns as well as in northern cities. The increase in cotton acreage between 1919 and 1924 was notable in Texas and Oklahoma, in the upper end of the Mississippi delta, in southeastern Alabama, and in much of North Carolina. The increase occurred mostly in the drier, western portion of the Cotton Belt and along the northern margin, where boll weevil damage is less, or non-existent. Cotton increased 10.2 million acres. It is likely that there exists a surplus of ten million acres of cotton with no way of reducing it except by abandoning farm land. At a time when the cotton grower in the Gulf and Eastern Belts is likely selling cotton under cost of production, acreage is being increased in newly developed regions of western Texas, western Oklahoma, and eastern New Mexico."

And so the picture of the rural South was one of constant adjustment and readjustment. State colleges of agriculture and the United States Department of Agriculture were helping. Home and farm demonstration agents and university extension divisions were pooling their efforts for the making of a better civilization. The South led in boys' and girls' agricultural clubs. Could the South change its pattern? Since cotton production had become so hazardous an undertaking in many parts of the Black Prairie Belt, live-stock farming appeared to offer the best means of properly utilizing the natural resources of these sections. A radical shift from cotton to live-stock was not recommended, however, "for cotton production should continue to occupy an important place in the organization of many prairie belt farms. But the extensive acreages of land that are either partly or well sodded in Bermuda or Johnson grass can be more economically used for grazing and for hay production than for growing cotton; hence an expansion of livestock production will result in the utilization of considerable land that is now idle and bringing in no return." So special pictures were being presented. New types of farms . . . Here a one hundred-acre dairy farm with twenty-five cows . . . There a four hundred-acre dairy, sheep, and hay farm . . . or an eight hundred-acre dairy, sheep, hay, and cotton farm . . . a twelve hundred-acre dairy, sheep, hay, and cotton farm . . . a six hundred-acre beef cattle, sheep, hay, and cotton farm . . . a twelve hundred-acre beef cattle, sheep, hay, and cotton farm . . . The cow, the hen, the sow campaigns . . . And everywhere experiments and beginnings. Milk routes, cooperative creameries, cheese factories, condensed milk, and milk chocolate plants.

Yet in the midst of the remarkable developments of livestock breeding and farming and a climate and soil in which milk cows could be on pasture from eight to nine months of the year, seven or eight months of which they might not have to have roughage, there was still an astonishing backwardness of the southern dairy farmer. Thus *The Jersey Bulletin,* editorially, always a booster of the South in the live-stock industry, and always reminiscent of the Tennessee pioneering in this field, calls attention to certain federal dairy studies of the cost of milk production in the South. What dairymen of the South need . . . to reduce the cost of feed and increase the production per cow . . . If southern farmers would profit by their dairy operations they must produce milk and butterfat at prices ordinarily paid by creameries, cheese factories, condensaries and dried milk plants . . . The southern farmer must employ better feeding practices and give more attention to pastures and roughages as material aids towards increasing production and reducing costs. Until they take full advantage of legume hay and pasture grasses, they will continue to suffer an easily surmounted handicap. Study of conditions established that in the southern states the cost of grain for a large number of cows averaged $57 per animal, in central western states the cost is $35, and in far western states it is $24. The production per cow in the latter group, where cost of grain was lower, was approximately one thousand pounds of milk higher. Along with the problem of better and cheaper feed goes the matter of more and better cows . . . Wisconsin and Minnesota have nearly as many cows as all of the southern states combined, and the average butterfat production in relation to feed costs makes the per capita cow profit much greater in spite of the much better conditions in the South.

There were pictures of carloads of milk being shipped from Wisconsin to Florida, where the demand was still above the supply, and pictures of thousands of South Georgia, Alabama and Florida, North and South Carolina folks and acres idle. And of thousands of farmers without a cow, of thousands of families without the nourishing food of milk, and a rural population complaining against everybody and everything, including God, the atheists, the radicals, and the Republican Party.

Pictures of farm folk staring wide-eyed at a refrigerator car, glass-lined, full of Wisconsin milk being emptied in a Florida city. Wonderful, they say. Wonderful it was! And in 1929-1930 thousands of southern families actually in want—and yet studies show that for the coastal plain as a whole the per capita consumption of dairy products was low as compared with that in other parts of the United States. The production of butter was lower in proportion to consumption than in other areas, and the production of cheese was almost negligible. The price of fluid milk in the coastal plain was generally high as compared with prices in other parts of the country. The per capita consumption of milk and cream in cities in the coastal plain outside of Florida was low in comparison with the per capita consumption of the country as a whole, and in comparison with that of northern cities of similar size. And yet the decreasing ratio of live stock, large plantings of cotton, and a rural South suffering for the substantial things which it needed. The southern farmer was not equipped in training or experience to take good care of fine stock. A generation was needed to develop his aptitude in this direction.

Not only in the field of dairy production but in other aspects of live-stock and poultry farming the South was still behind. According to the United States Department of Agriculture "the total acreage of harvested crops in the southeastern coastal plain doubled from 1879 to 1919, but in 1924 the acreage was about one-third less than in 1919. In 1924 the greater part of the total crop acreage was planted to cotton and corn. Only about two per cent of the farm land of the coastal plain was in hay and forage crops and 21 per cent in pasture in 1924, whereas in the United States, exclusive of the Cotton Belt, about 17 per cent of the farm land was in these forage crops, and 41 per cent in pasture. . . ." In contrast to the increase in human population in the coastal plain, swine numbers in 1924 were only a little more than half as many as in 1919. Other classes of live stock did not show an increase in proportion to the increase in population. The number of dairy cows and the production were especially low. In 1924 there were only about one-half as many milk cows per one hundred acres of crop land in the coastal plain as in the United States outside of the Cotton Belt, and production per cow was only about one-half the production per cow in the rest of the United States. Production of milk per capita of population was only about one-fourth as great as the production in all of the United States outside of the Cotton Belt. And so for the great home industry. Poultry production both per hen and per capita of population were far below the rest of the country.

Similar problems arose in connection with the raising of pork. Whereas in comparison with the United States as a whole the per capita consumption of pork in the South was high, the production in proportion to consumption was strikingly low. And nearly all of the better-quality beef was shipped in from middle-western points, since most of the beef cattle in the South were small and of very low grade. Consequently, prices averaged lower than in the Middle Western States. Again, in the Cotton Belt the acre-yield of corn was scarcely more than half that in the Corn Belt. The decline in hogs had become nearly 40 per cent and of cattle over 20 per cent . . . There was need for expansion of the poultry enterprise both on a commercial scale and on farms to supply local needs of the coastal plain. The large winter population of Florida and other southern resorts made good markets for both poultry and eggs. In spite of increased production, Florida in 1925 received thirty-two carloads of eggs from California alone . . . And yet the coastal plain has certain advantages such as favorable climate during the winter season, fair transportation to the great consuming centers, and the possibility of year-long green crops. It also had certain disadvantages such as high grain prices, and a long, hot summer season. Farm flocks in the Southeastern States were small in comparison with farm flocks of Middle Western States. And yet it had been proved abundantly that the South could produce well if it had the inclination to do it.

Again there were other and mixed pictures of the rural South. Hundreds of county agents had introduced vast improvement in poultry and live stock, dairying, and diversified farming. Yet the quality of products and their preparation for market were below standard. The southern farmer would not take the trouble to prepare his produce in marketable shape. On the other hand, there was often larger production without the necessary accompanying marketing facilities necessary for success. Many were discouraged. The southern farmer did not know how to work, cared little for farm management, and steadfastly continued in the old ways of keeping his stock, neglecting food crops and pastures, and failing to plan his year's work. Farmers wanted high prices, but they would not work through cooperative associations. They were land poor, burdened with mortgaged farms, and protesting against taxes. The Southern States were on the eve of confiscating millions of acres of land for taxes, if the strict letter of the law was to be applied.

There were other pictures more pleasing. The Southern States showed great energy and activity in the breeding of pure bred dairy cattle, especially the Jersey cow. Tennessee had long led in this respect and was coming back to her original place. Mississippi had been transformed in many places, a single county having spent as much as $30,000 for pure-bred Jersey bulls and heifers in a single venture. There were notable herds in Texas, the largest in the world, others in Alabama and Florida and Georgia. North Carolina and South Carolina had broken some records for production. College heads in the state colleges of agriculture were becoming important factors in the raising of standards, while banking interests and service clubs were cooperating for local and county-wide developments. County and state fairs were revelations of progress. Good roads were transforming the countryside, while consolidated schools were bringing more nearly equal opportunity to the rural children. Yet the prevailing picture of the agricultural South of 1930 was one of hard times and discouragement. And the trend was toward cities and industry, a trend indeed which was destined to change its agricultural status as well as to provide new social problems to be solved.

CHAPTER XVI

TOWARD CITIES, MANUFACTURING, AND TRADE

Among the tragic pictures of the changing rural South was the old community in which Uncle John and the old Major grew up and raised their families. Just before the turn of the century it was a prosperous community, a county-wide center for certain religious and patriotic gatherings, drawing to its annual May Day "celebration" people from many parts of the state. By 1930 the great old open air "arbor" auditorium where the celebration was held was a decayed mass of rotting lumber. The bold springs from which thirsty thousands drank refreshing waters were merged with marsh and swamp. And only the cemetery reflected visibly much that was the old place and its people. A school in which college graduates once ruled was taught by high school graduates. Stores that were operating then operated no more. Houses that were painted then had not been painted since. And most of the families who lived about the village knew it no more. The old home place of the Major was long occupied by descendants of his slaves until it was bought by one of his grandchildren. A few of the grandchildren of Uncle John carried on stubbornly and well on the old farm where last he worked. The railroad which ran through the village had shifted its passenger service now from a mixed freight and passenger train to a tiny motor bus combination. But there was a gas filling station and a good road, along which passed thousands of motorists, leaving in their wake the dust of a world gone by.

Another small village which a quarter of a century before boasted more students in the state university than came from the capital city of the state itself, by 1925 had no students from its families attending the university. Nor had one of the number who graduated from the university returned or remained to continue and develop the activities of that community. And yet a magnificent hard surfaced road had been built straight through the town. Thousands of acres of farm lands were idle along its borders and hundreds of farm houses once alive with farm owners and tenants were empty. By 1930 census enumerators had told a similar story of many a southern rural community.

For the South, rural though it was, was going townward and cityward, like the rest of the nation. Its chambers of commerce and its promotion agencies were clamoring for more industries, larger corporate limits and more people. Here again, the booster grandsons of Uncle John and the old Major were at home in reciting the great development of the South. They never tired of the South's increase. In the twenty years from 1900 to 1920, they pointed out, the South showed an urban gain of 114 per cent as opposed to 71.6 per cent for the rest of the United States exclusive of the South. And in cities of ten thousand or over the southern area showed a gain of 132.4 per cent as against 80.3 per cent in the rest of the United States. On the other hand, the total gain in population of the southern area was less, being 31.1 per cent as opposed to 42.5 per cent in the rest of the United States exclusive of the South. In estimated urban increase from 1920 to 1925 the South had apparently a still larger ratio of increase. The cities showing the largest percentage of increase were nearly all southern: Tampa, 84 per cent; St. Petersburg, 88 per cent; Miami, 135 per cent; Greensboro, North Carolina, 137 per cent; Durham, 93 per cent. And what advertisements they could present in pictures of these growing cities! By 1930 Greensboro was announcing nearly 200 per cent increase and not a few other southern towns and cities led the Nation in percentage of increase. The southern urban increase was a feature of the 1930 census. And the increase came from its own countrysides.

The urban South, however, was still measured largely in terms of smaller cities, and the number of cities in the South was relatively smaller than the number in the rest of the country, and the percentage of the total population of the South living in cities of ten thousand and over was much smaller. There were no cities of fifty thousand population or more in 1920 in Mississippi, North Carolina, or South Carolina. By 1930, North Carolina had added at least two to this class. In the South there were eighty-six cities having a population of between ten and twenty-five thousand, and in these a little more than 4 per cent of its population lived, as compared with 373 cities of the rest of the country in which a little more than 7 per cent of its population lived. Of cities having from twenty-five to fifty thousand population there were twenty-two in the South with approximately 3 per cent of the people, and in the North 121 with nearly 6 per cent.

The South had sixteen cities of between fifty thousand and a hundred thousand population, eleven cities of between a hundred thousand and two hundred and fifty thousand, one city of between two hundred and fifty thousand and five hundred thousand population. On the other hand, the rest of the nation had more than one-third of its population residing in cities of more than a quarter million people, and more than one-half of its population residing in cities of ten thousand or over, as compared with 17 per cent of the South's population in such cities. Or, to make another comparison between the South and the rest of the country, the South had per one hundred thousand population .459 cities over against .800 for the North. Yet the ratio of the South's increase cityward was greater than in the rest of the country. For from 1900 to 1920 the percentage of the South's total population living in cities of ten thousand or over had increased from 10.1 per cent to 17.7 per cent, and its ratio of cities of a hundred thousand population had increased from .306 to .459, whereas in the rest of the country the respective increases had been only from 41 per cent to 51 per cent, and from .705 to .800.

By 1925 the southern cities having a population of ten thousand or over had increased from 136 to 162, and of these cities fifty-four had increased in area 25 per cent or more during the three-year period from 1925 to 1928. Thus in Alabama there was one city which had increased its land area in acres by 240 per cent and another by 1250. In Arkansas one city had increased 202 per cent and another 169. In Florida one city had increased 452 per cent, another 402, and others 167, 137, 134. In Georgia and Louisiana the area of no city had increased by as much as 100 per cent, while in Mississippi one city had increased 239 per cent, another 162, and another 132. In North Carolina one city had increased 230 per cent; in Oklahoma one, 122 per cent; in South Carolina one, 300 per cent; in Tennessee one, 125 per cent; in Texas one, 237 per cent, and another, 160; while in Virginia one had increased 179 per cent. Pictures, therefore, of southern cities were pictures of expansion and development in which area and planning had gone forward more rapidly than population, for the average increase in population for these cities was under 50 per cent. By 1930, Texas had four cities with a population of 100,000 or more, out of a total of 96 for the Nation, and the whole South furnished almost one-fourth of such cities.

With this tendency toward urbanization and the decline of certain phases of rural and agricultural life there had come a very great development in industry and manufacturing such as to change the whole southern picture and to transform parts of a rural civilization into an industrial one. While the South was still predominantly agricultural, the rate of agricultural development was much less than that of the industrial. The value of southern farm products increased in the first quarter century more than 260 per cent; that of manufactured products increased more than 460 per cent. The common descriptive phrase, "The new industrial revolution," was not a bad one. As a matter of fact, every southern state, some more than others, was being industrialized. While manufactures in the United States as a whole rose in value from more than five and a quarter billion dollars in 1880 to more than sixty-two billion in 1925, the manufactures of the eleven southern states rose during the same period from two hundred and seventy-five million dollars to approximately six billion. In other words, manufactures for the whole country increased only approximately one half as much as for the South.

There were blue books and blue books of southern progress. In 1925 it was estimated that there were more than two hundred different major industries, with nearly sixty-five thousand establishments, capitalized at six billion dollars, turning out products valued at nearly nine billion dollars, with an additional two thousand minor establishments valued at nearly seven hundred million dollars and turning out products valued at almost one billion. There were, therefore, altogether, almost seventy thousand manufacturing establishments in the South, with a capitalization of almost seven billion dollars and producing approximately ten billion dollars' worth of products. This ten billion dollars' worth of products represented a little more than sixteen per cent of the value of products in the United States in 1925, or more than one-third of the nation's increase in manufactures.

Although the usual picture of the South as a manufacturing area is that of the Piedmont textile mills which have developed in such phenomenal ways as to shift the weight of textile manufacturing from New England to the South, nevertheless general manufacturing in the South had increased still more. Thus of the total capitalization of manufacturing in the South cotton manufacturing was less than one-seventh of it, and less than one-tenth of the total value of manufactured products was found in cotton goods. However, the value of cotton goods manufactured in the South was more than 50 per cent of the value of all cotton goods manufactured in the United States. The value of tobacco products, estimated from the preliminary report of the census of manufactures for 1925, was approximately four hundred million dollars; the lumber industry more than six hundred million; iron and steel more than six hundred million; petroleum refining more than six hundred million; railroad car construction and repair more than three hundred million; cotton seed oil, printing and publishing, flour and grist mill products more than two hundred and fifty million; motor vehicles and furniture manufacturing more than one hundred and fifty million; while slaughtering and meat packing approximated four hundred million.

There were notable organized groups for the promotion of southern industry and there were lists available for the would-be investor or the southern enthusiasts. Other industries turning out manufactured products equal to one hundred million dollars or more included fertilizers, miscellaneous food products, bread and bakery products, men's clothing. Those producing between one hundred million and fifty million included chemicals, clay products, glass, wooden boxes, ice, ice cream, confections, canning and preserving, coffee roasting and spice grinding, leather, patent medicines, bags (other than paper), boots and shoes, coke. Those producing products aggregating between twenty-five and fifty million included marble and stone work, women's clothing, gas, turpentine and rosin, paints and varnishes, paper and wood pulp, motor vehicle bodies and parts, paper boxes; and those aggregating between five million and twenty-five million included carriages and wagons, cooperage, engines and water wheels; explosives; electric machinery, apparatus and supplies; awnings, tents, and sails; agricultural implements, brooms, brushes, cordage and twine, flavoring extracts, mattresses and bed springs and artificial stone products.

There was not only a great variety of industries, but also a remarkable range within the specific industries. In the textiles, cotton, woolen, and hosiery industries there were no less than seventy articles, ranging from the plainest of cotton cloth to silks and from the oldest twines to the newest airplane cloth. In timber and lumbering, the saw mills, planing, veneer mills, pickerstick factories, furniture factories, builder's supply shops, and others turned out nearly two hundred articles, ranging from simple boxes to church pews, from baby cradles to coffins. Tobacco products were responsible for the world's largest centers of cigarette manufacturing and for tremendous internal revenue taxes to the national government, the single state of North Carolina paying in 1929 more than any other state except New York. In addition to these and the other major manufacturing industries nearly five hundred miscellaneous articles were in the way of being listed. These ranged from the patent medicine products, through which great fortunes had been built, up to Coca-cola and other bottling industries, to all manner of simple things, toys and household goods. Five hundred of them: carriages and engines, tinware and tools, chewing gum and gas, glass and glue, pianos and paper, ropes and saws, sugar and steel, ink and oil, batteries and bacon, jewelry and jugs, cheese and chocolate, peanut products and pitch, tar and tiles, ropes and rosin, and on and on and on, a veritable promised land for the making of things.

And pictures of their distribution. Millions and millions of dollars expended on the new highways, excelled by none, more and more, state after state, over mountain and across swamps. There were the magic pictures of promised lands portrayed through railroads and steamships, harbors and waterways, time and climate eliminated by refrigerator cars, flying fields and airplanes. And there were the other modern avenues of distribution: trucks and busses, chain stores and warehouses, cooperative organizations and financial concentration, insurance and railroad centers, growing skyscrapers, consolidated banks, cities, exports in millions—in fine modern industrial and commercial civilization.

Once again, however, there were many who wished to see the southern picture in its larger perspective. In spite of the phenomenal increases of manufacturing, capital, and products, which were approximately ten times as much as the population, nevertheless the South's ratio to the nation was still relatively small. With a population of one-third of the nation its part of the national wage total was about an eighth. The percentage of its population engaged in manufacturing was less than one-half of that of the nation as a whole, although there was an increase from 1920-1927 in the South in the number of wage earners of nearly ten per cent contrasted with a corresponding decline in the nation. In the number of establishments and in the value of materials, the South provided less than one-fifth, while the value of its products was scarcely more than one-sixth.

It was true, however, that the South was not yet developed. A comparison of the greatest textile centers of the South with those of the North showed a remarkable difference in wage earners and value of products per square mile. In North and South Carolina the number of wage earners was less than four per square mile, while in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania it would average approximately fifty. In value of products the northern centers averaged more than ten times the amount to the square mile than the southern. There was, therefore, the constant temptation of the southern enthusiasts to urge more and more industry on the assumption that the South could then absorb a maximum concentration.

The picture of the manufacturing South in 1925 or 1930 was one of great resources in materials and labor, of great accelerated processes, of great progress, but with certain new problems of adequate wages and labor-capital relationships demanding study and adjustment. For decades wages and income in the South had been lower than in the rest of the country. So long as this was local and competition with the nation at large was not marked the differences attracted ordinarily little attention. However, a region expanding so rapidly and offering such rewards for investment soon became a subject of nation-wide interest. Samples of what had taken place all over the South since the year 1900 were abundant. North Carolina cotton mills had more spindles than those of Massachusetts; southern tobacco had produced fortunes enough to impress even Wall Street; Birmingham had become a gigantic steel manufacturing city; Norfolk threatened to dominate the shipbuilding industry; and New Orleans claimed the rank of the second greatest American port. . . . What then were the facts as to general income and wages? If the total income of the South were divided by the total population of the South the result would have been a figure which was ordinarily about one-half of the corresponding figure for the Nation. The whole wage scale was lower, and there were fewer people having large incomes. The picture might be seen further by noting the occupational distribution of the wage earning occupations, which showed the great majority to be concentrated in low-level occupations, including agriculture which was even lower than industry. Thus, of a million wage earners employed, textiles had over three hundred thousand, lumber and timber products over two hundred thousand, railroad repair shops about sixty thousand, and tobacco, turpentine and rosin, furniture, and iron and steel each had over twenty-five thousand. And there was the large Negro population with its lower wage scale. It was true, however, that in the North as well as the South the wage scale among textile workers and Negroes was lower than in other industries and groups. The South, therefore, presented still an undeveloped, but developing region, yet to become skilled in the manufacture of many of the higher priced products, in the development of high-wage scale industries, and in an equilibrium of economic and social resources.

The careful student of the whole southern economy wanted more facts. There was the manufacture of chemicals and the development of chemical engineering processes for which the new industrialism had created a large and diversified market and for which there were many natural advantages of the area. Was the movement to become a gradual development or a stampede? Some of the opportunities included air-nitrogen plants, rayon development, rubber industry, various raw materials, such as coal, oil, gas, brines, phosphate rock, iron, and limestone. Chemical engineering offered new opportunities for the uses of timber, in wood preservation, hardwood distillation, pulp and paper industry, naval stores. Others in the industrial field: Ceramics in clay and feldspar, textile chemicals in bleacheries and dyeing, synthetic indigo, various dyestuffs, chemicals and kindred products. What was the proper rate of acceleration in these fields?

There was the picture of an undeveloped South in many other fields, with apparent reserves of resources offering temptation for rapidly developing competitive industries. Yet there was also the picture of the over-developed cotton textile industry already challenging economic and social research to see what was wrong. The South still had unused water power, labor, chemical materials for the further development of its textiles. But the South had already learned that mere capacity to produce was not the test for either agricultural or textile expansion. And both the South and the North were studying the problem of expansion and development in many fields involving other resources. What was the right measure for capital for the South?

Once again, in a different field, there were pictured vast resources. There were the large mineral resources of the more than three hundred of which nearly one hundred were listed as yet largely undeveloped. Already it was estimated that the South was producing a third of the mineral output of the nation's five and a half billion dollars' value. In doing this it had increased its output approximately ten times in the first quarter of the century. And in some particular minerals such as phosphate, bauxite, fuller's earth, petroleum, raw clay, feldspar, asphalt, lead, zinc, and coal, the South produced the major part.

In addition to the South's mineral and waterpower resources, another important factor in its industrial expansion was the enormous reserves of oil, gas, and lignite and coal. It was estimated that the South's reserves in oil fields amounted to over five billion barrels, or approximately 55 per cent of the country's total supply. It was claimed that the South had more than twice the coal area of all of Europe. In addition, vast supplies of lignite were reported as coming into profitable use in the Southwest. And the South had iron ore in keeping with its coal area, it being estimated that in the Birmingham district alone the iron ore reserves would last over three hundred years.

But the end was not yet. And besides the great major resources, such as marble, granite, potash, feldspar, phosphate, zinc, lead, there were many others. A few samples of ordinary simple undeveloped mineral sources for the development of manufacturing industries revealed many almost untapped and, to most people, unknown sources of great variety. The catalogue included diatomaceous earth which could be used for abrasive base of polishing powders, cleaners, scouring soaps, toilet articles, fire-proof fillers for safes and filing cabinets, heat insulating packing, parting sand in foundry work, and many other ways. Fuller's earth was used for filtering and bleaching oils, hand soap, concrete water-proofing, asphalt preparations, the manufacture of cocoanut butter, oleomargerine, cold-water paint, wall paper, in detecting coloring matter in food products, as an adulterant in talcum powders, as an antidote for alkaloid poisons, and as a reagent for the removal of alkaloids from the aqueous solution of their salts. Ochre, sienna, and umber were used for making paints, pigments, dyes, as filler for linoleum and oilcloth, as mortar, and to color tile and earthenware products. Chalk was used for various chemical purposes, in cement and whiting, lime products, plaster, fire-brick, soap, bone ash, artificial gas, paper, pottery, egg preservatives, tanning materials, and others. Peat, a source of nitrogen, was used for an absorbent and deodorizer, as packing for furniture and mattresses, for medicinal mud baths, for weaving carpets, draperies, sacking and working clothing, and others.

Another picture of the South's resources was painted in the proposal to transfer the great pulp industry from the North to the South by redeeming cut-over timber lands by reforesting thirty million acres. Thus the problem of deforestation of the North and waste lands of the South would be solved. There were brilliant pictures of quick growths of forests on a thousand hills and flat lands mingled with the rolling rivers and mountain streams and mineral sources beneath the earth to create giant power and reserves for a great national contribution. And so, on and on, the reserves awaited development and the South awaited business planning and stabilization. Beginnings being made in the Tennessee River basin were symptomatic, they said. It had been estimated that "No such thorough-going survey of an entire river system has ever before been made. It indicates the possible utilization of about 140 water power projects. A number of these will be for power and navigation, and others will be storage developments. As a result of the survey it has been possible to work out a plan of coordinated developments in accord with the highest principles of conservation. The threefold end of making available an enormous amount of power; of improving navigation to the point where, for the first time, the Tennessee River will be really navigable; and of very considerably mitigating devastating floods will be served."

Furthermore the South's exports constituted a large and growing part of the southern and of the national picture, especially in cotton, steel, and lumber. In the Nation's four and a half billion dollar export trade, the South had several states among the leaders. Here were impressive tabulations: Exports amounting to over $100,000,000 for the year were attained by eleven states of the fifty-two states and regions included in the tabulation of which three were southern. They were Texas, with $737,218,927; Louisiana, with $222,847,224; and Virginia, with $150,198,225.

The port facilities of the South constituted another impressive picture. Upon a coastal frontage of two thousand miles were the ports of New Orleans, Gulfport, Mobile, Pensacola, Tampa, Key West, Jacksonville, Fernandina, Brunswick, Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Hampton Roads, Portsmouth, Norfolk, and beyond New Orleans westward still other southern miles of frontage and Texas ports. There was, specifically, New Orleans, the second port of the United States, and also one of the notable shipping places of the world, with nine trunk lines, a frontage of forty-one miles, a special Mississippi River service and ten miles of port facilities. And closely connected with these ports the active markets of many sorts: Dallas, Fort Worth, Austin, Memphis, Little Rock, Nashville, Knoxville, Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Columbus, Birmingham, and thriving towns in the Carolinas and Virginia.

And so enthusiasts painted the rapidly changing pictures of the developing South. Great industry and manufacturing, greater application of science and engineering, greater interchange of section and section and promise of South American developments all led to urban and industrial centers in the midst of a rural and agricultural empire. Cities grew up and on. First the small cities with their fascinating development and civic enthusiasms. Paved streets, public utilities, new and comfortable hotels, moving picture houses, handsome churches, impressive school buildings, residential suburbs, country clubs and golf courses, civic and service clubs, libraries, hospitals, and always factories and factories. Then larger cities with their skyscrapers and all manner of modern urban characteristics—in fine, American civilization. And always the factories and the factories. And out and between the small city and the metropolis a thousand, two thousand, industrial villages, potent for the new civilization. And yet other pictures of difficult problems of waste and labor of over-development and "sick" industries. And still ten million folks, white and black, unadjusted, some ill adjusted to country life, some maladjusted to factory life, some failing in the urban struggle. A region in the growing pains of the small town-industrial urban economy, needing the hand of science and statesmanship to guide it into a new epoch.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SOUTHERN TEXTILE PICTURE

THE invalided and widowed daughter of the old Major found the new cotton mill ten miles away a source of relief in her struggle against the hard hand of fortune in the '90's. Her husband had died, the farm was in a bad way, the panic was on, and cotton was selling for five cents a pound. The oldest daughter was in charge of the household affairs. Quick, energetic, and faithful as she was, she could not carry the double load of home and farm. There were only two boys who could be depended upon to manage and work the farm, which was heavily mortgaged. Besides these three there were four other children, two boys and two girls. The situation seemed well nigh hopeless, as it was.

On the other hand, they could sell the farm or let it go for the mortgage, move to the mill village, and live in one of the new houses at a nominal rent. The oldest children could all work, the two youngest would have better schooling than in the country community from which they were moving, and the invalided mother herself could find something of peace and comfort in the new environment. The aggregate of their new possible earnings appeared large, and for the first time in many years hope seemed dominant. And besides it was a new adventure, and everybody was talking about it. Yet there were misgivings. It didn't seem natural. Perhaps moving was the best thing to do. They didn't know. They hoped so.

There were personal influences. The families of both the old Major and of Uncle John had known the president of the new mill. He was a man of fine standing, knew the people of the county, had married the daughter of one of the ex-governors of that county, and they had inherited considerable money.

The mill had been planned and built with enthusiasm. The town was proud of it. Its early morning whistle was symbol alike of progress and of the county seat's interest in its county folks. The president was prominent in town, in bank, in school, in church. He had helped farmers to borrow money. He had been instrumental in getting a district agricultural high school located in his town. He had brought in and presented to this agricultural school the first registered Jersey bull bought in that community. He helped the townsfolk also in many ways. He had been most favorably impressed and had personally commended the oldest daughter of the new family for enthusiasm, zeal, thrift, her fine spirit, and for her promise of leadership in the church and community work. She was one of those slight miracle-working women whose lives seem destined to be devoted to others and whose strength and charm seemed to flow from some unlimited source. She would win her battle and yet lose it. Strangely enough, she had been named "Era," and, with her brothers and sisters, would long be a symbol of the human problem in the southern mill village.

With the building of the village had been built also new churches. The Methodists and the Baptists were about equal in membership. There was need of workers in the vineyard, and this young woman early set herself to the task of mothering an awkward, listless group of Methodist people in the new community. At first, workers in the mill were largely of the general class of this family of the old Major's or Uncle John's daughters. Then later more came from the class of thriftless country folks, tenants, and failures. And so the community was an ideal place for the religious work which the granddaughter of the old Major so much wanted to do. Thus, as the family went to work, driven by necessity, she put into her work also some of the same spirit of service which was manifested by the builders of the mills. She was a remarkable cook, as everybody said, and she welcomed the children home noon and night with good cheer. As the mill grew, both work and service demands increased. Not only were there new mill workers from the county, but from other counties; and occasionally a family from another state and sometimes from a northern state. Thus the family and the mill were a unit in the new southern picture of the '90's.

Then there was built another mill on the other side of town to which came still more workers. Ten miles away another mill village grew up, and four miles farther on a still larger one was built upon the banks of a yellow river; and others like them in other towns. Still the workers came. Compared with the starved life of the farm, their earnings seemed almost fabulous, and their houses were quite new and satisfactory. In many homes the women continued the former routine of keeping house, washing and ironing, visiting, and carrying on the daily household duties. In some families the women worked. There were mill stores from which to buy, and new experiences in the handling of money. To supply their needs tradesmen from town, neighboring farmers, and new dairymen mingled with them freely. They were all just folks, and there were rare opportunities for a new sort of community life to develop. Yet somewhere and somehow the picture never developed as was anticipated. The churches were fine practice fields for young students and workers from college and town. The schools came to be separate, and gradually the whole mill village came to be a separate community, the mill folks a separate people. Then came sensitiveness and class feeling, and the anticipated loyalties of paternalism failed to yield all that was expected.

Thus began a new epoch of the New South. This growing up of small mills was duplicated throughout the Piedmont South. Later came larger mills and towns with sometimes a central ownership of more than a single mill. And, again, northern owners and northern capital were to contribute a larger factor. However, this rise of cotton mills in the South was not new. In fact the South by 1880 had just about attained the number it had in 1860. Nevertheless, there were from the 1890's on a great revival of interest and actual building. The number of cotton mills in the South had increased from less than two hundred to perhaps more than a thousand.

The South by 1925 had nearly three-fourths of all the mills in the United States, as compared to less than one-fourth in 1880. In 1927 the mills of the South consumed five million bales of cotton or nearly three-fourths of the cotton so consumed in the United States. Its spindles had increased from 6 per cent to more than 50 per cent. The employees in the South had advanced from 45 per cent of the total in the Nation in 1919 to nearly 56 per cent in 1925. Approximately three-fourths of these mills were concentrated in the Carolinas. A single state, North Carolina, had more than half of the mills in the Southeast, and Gaston County at one time had as many as a hundred. South Carolina had a little more than two hundred, among which were some of the largest and most noteworthy experiments. Virginia and Georgia, too, had developed some large-scale experiments. Thus the picture of the changing Piedmont South had been a remarkable one, almost defying description. One visiting student and artist attempted to describe it in 1929. "I found myself," she wrote, "in the presence of an industrial development which was so gigantic and had been encompassed in so brief a time that it had the terror of incalculable energy. There is a sense of ordered direction as though these multitudinous cotton mills had not sprung up for many varied reasons, but as though the whole industrial South was the plan of one. The transformation of North Carolina, within a period of thirty years, from a sleepy agricultural State still struggling with the problems of reconstruction to one of the richest States in the Union, is a miracle. The cities have appeared as if by magic . . . North Carolina is so beautiful and so finished, there is such a mastery in its great highways, that it seems as though it were the work of some superman—the result of a stupendous organized plan. It has beauty enough to make the fortune of a European country. In the springtime red, fertile, plowed hillsides overwhelm the eyes with the flame of their color. There is no poet who has sung adequately of the gamut of reds which shout and sing in the Piedmont fields, and which in the evening light are washed with purple. Among the red fields marches a mighty procession of ordered factories. And again one has the impression that the red earth has blossomed spontaneously and monstrously with red brick and plate glass; as if the God of Machines of the industrial revolution had said, "'Let there be factories' and there were factories . . ."

The Piedmont South was developing through natural growth and through a continuous transfer of the industry from the North to the South. From Virginia through the Carolinas, on through North and Central Georgia, sweeping westward toward Alabama, the march of industrial empire was reinforced by great chemical resources, water power and electricity, coal and iron, plenty of labor, special tax inducement, encouragement by railroads, and long, good-weather seasons. Branching off into Tennessee, the East Carolinas, South Georgia, and Florida were continuing parts of the textile picture, while a similar small branch extended through Mississippi and Louisiana to give promise of larger developments in Texas, perhaps another two hundred mills. In the Piedmont area was being developed the greatest concentration of cotton manufacturing in the world at the time, with all the vivid circumstances of a new industrial revolution.

The rise of this new empire, combining geographic expansion and newly developed resources, had been pictured often. Indeed the picture had been painted too often and too well, if variations, inconsistencies, and inaccuracies were taken into consideration. Yet it was possible to see the picture in most of its details and also in fair perspective. There was in the early revival of the industry a sort of religious zeal coupled with the literal religious revivals and with the new southern economic renaissance, and there was still some relationship between religion and industry. The South was poor; it needed development. It had thousands of poor people who needed work. The new cotton mill industry would perform a great service for the whole region and for the people in it. And so there grew up factory after factory, the builders whereof were goodly men accredited as patrons of a good civilization by all the institutions—the church, the school, the community, local municipalities, state governments. And they built rapidly. At the peak of the building boom there was a slogan in one county, "A mill a week." And of the four score grandchildren of Uncle John and the old Major in the early twentieth century, more than two-thirds of them lived within walking distance of an early morning factory whistle. A few were actually in the mills; most of them lived in neighboring towns.

Mill owners and managers coming thus to the guardianship of the people assumed a natural paternalistic attitude toward them. They were doing them a favor; they should therefore appreciate it. Many owners manifested great pride in providing welfare activities and in contrasting the improved conditions in mill village with those on farm or mountain from which they came. Better houses, better sanitation, better food, better recreation and health and schools and churches. There were gardens, and landscaping, and lakes, and playgrounds. There were kindergartens, day nurseries, Y.M.C.A.'s and Y.W.C.A.'s, and community boarding houses; and welfare work, boys' and girls' club work, and much besides. So the picture appeared, unfolding gradually and universally commended at first. Then, moving rapidly, it revealed contrasts with the poorer rural districts, comparing always favorably with them and with the past. Then suddenly it opened up vistas of comparisons with new standards, with the best in other regions, and with ideals for the future rather than justification of the past.

Southern paternalism was well rooted and hedged in by way of its backgrounds. There were the historical-industrial development, the slave economy of the Old South, and the incidence and emergencies of the rapid development of a new empire of workers. From the historical viewpoint there was a "direct heritage both from older textile centers and from the social and economic set-up of the Old South. Daniel Pratt of Alabama and William Gregg of South Carolina brought from upper New England practices which had been brought in turn from Robert Owen's highly paternalistic village of New Lanark. The early New England mill builders of upper South

Carolina brought the tradition of lower New England, which in turn was directly influenced, through Slater, by Belper and Ashton, early English model mill villages." From the viewpoint of the southern background there was the heritage of slave owners to whom labor was a commodity and who were highly commended for anything they might do on the human side. They knew what was good for the slaves and what was bad. The better ones proceeded, within well rationalized bounds, to do what was good for them. There was, however, naturally no initiative or participation on the part of the slaves. It was benevolence and good business. The later pictures of southern paternalism gave many evidences that much of this pattern had been carried over into industry. The people owed their opportunity for work to the owners. They were incapable of contributing to either the economic or social planning of the village, and it was inevitable that a system of paternalism should develop. And it was natural that such a system should partake of the nature of the old system, which was all that the South had to build on. These factors, coupled with the religious elements and the backwardness of the people, accentuated the southern development and kept it going long after it had gone out of style in other parts of the country. Paternalism was the fashion. It was essential in the first stages. Later, when taxes were higher, it paid to continue a paternalistic support of school and community. Again, in the matter of education, families were eager to go to work; parents without education saw no need for higher education of their children. They still held, as did their rural kinsfolk, that children were the property of parents and should work for them until twenty-one years of age. Thus, the families themselves joined hands with the mill owners in encouraging long hours and the work of women and children. Many of the mill owners retained something of the old southern skepticism concerning too much education for the people. Thus, the school system grew up as a natural product—better schools by far than the rural schools, and comparisons largely made with them and with past standards in the South. Once again, the picture included the religious motivation of wanting to do something for the people. Many a mill owner and foreman worshipped with "his people," and the people looked up to him. They were pleased with his approval, they were grieved at his rebukes. A quarter century of this relationship had naturally led many people to assume that it was permanent. With prosperity the presumption was that it was a good system, why disturb it?

Even when hard times came on the system was one which still appealed to both owner and worker. There was, for instance, the picture of mill owners feeling responsible for the group which they had brought together in an artificial village for the sole purpose of running their mills. They conceived of unemployment and consequent suffering in it as directly attributable to the mill and to its owner and not, as in more normal towns, to the vague specter of dull business. And so the mill owner "operates his mill many days and weeks when he should not do so, piling up inventories to be disposed of somehow in an overstocked market. Because he hates ruthlessly to dump out one hundred, two hundred, a thousand workers who, he knows, can find no employment, he keeps on a night shift even if he has to run three days and three nights a week. In an effort to pass the work around he keeps 20 to 30 per cent more workers on the payroll than are needed to man the machines, and 'sends some out to rest' each day. As a result of such practices the industry, already over-developed, continues perpetually overstocked with goods; and wages, already the lowest of any chief industry, are for the individual worker cut down a fourth or a third while the latter is encouraged to hang on, hoping for full time next week or next month. Other industries with less of the traditions of responsibility, less of the personal touch and direct contact with workers adjust themselves to demand, quite heartlessly lay off workers wholesale to adjust themselves as best they can. Such industries recover more promptly from a dull season and in the long run are able to pay full wages to a normal supply of workers. Thus they keep both their business and their reputation, whereas the cotton mills, in an effort to be human and considerate, lose both."

There was, of course, the other side of the picture. Stock owned by a small group or a few individuals, no public accounting, the old American feeling that a man's business, like his home, was his own castle, well guarded and defended. No outside instructions were needed; none would be heeded. There was some of the same sort of vulgarity toward citizenship inquiry or social reform which had been manifested by the clergy and demagogues. Those who made inquiries or suggestions were either meddlers or Reds and should be eliminated or muzzled. They were disturbers of the peace and were hindering the development of the South. They were no patriots. And so the years went by. There were boom days, and great profits. Large sums were spent for welfare and playgrounds, stadia, swimming pools, physical development of community. There were watered stocks. Then came hard times and retrenchments. Mill people never did think much of welfare work anyway, so why not reduce it? Then industry was sick and sicker, and the owners forgot the big profits of earlier years, much of it already spent. They were in a genuine predicament of hard times. So the years moved on. With the influx of New England capital came New England methods in southern mills. There were low wages and long hours. Men and women and children worked. There were efforts to employ the stretch-out system. There were minor troubles with labor and labor organizers. Then strikes and failures, more strikes and always their failure. There was poor psychology on the part of labor organizers, and labor often lost ground. Then came more organizers, including more radicals. Then mill owners and community joined forces against radicals. So came to pass the episodes of Gastonia and Marion and Elizabethton. The southern textile picture became a blurred picture with apparently neither employer nor employee having learned much from history. And the great southern asset of textile development, for the time being, appeared to be added to the South's difficult problem of economic security, and to its defense complex.

The southern labor disturbances of 1929, like the 1928 Presidential Election and the De Priest incident, were composite pictures and test episodes for situations and attitudes in the South. They brought to light much that otherwise might have remained hidden. Quickly enough the new southern pictures were flashed vividly before the Nation. And quickly enough the Nation flashed back denunciation. The southern mill was no longer a local institution. From New York and Maine, from California and Oregon, from Nevada and Wisconsin, and all the states between and beyond, came censure reflecting the national criticism. Some of the characterizations were vivid enough. Industrial mob rule . . . "a sore spot on an otherwise tranquil, peaceful, and prosperous National picture . . . lawless mobs . . . a disgrace to that state and to the entire nation . . . As cowardly a gang as ever stained the pages of southern chivalry . . . An international notoriety as the scene of a bitter class warfare . . . A very bad condition for which those responsible have a heavy moral guilt . . . Liberties are being violated with a reckless wantonness and cruelties of the meanest sort are being perpetrated . . . An American community has shown to what depths of unfairness it can sink . . . Federal intervention ought to be invoked . . . A disgrace to our American life and institutions . . . Guns roar again in the South's kindergarten of industrial experiment . . ."

The picture was illumined further, however, by some sympathetic editorials in northern papers. Here were samples: "States which have themselves been through serious industrial conflicts will be the last to condemn North Carolina's handling of the emergency . . . These disturbances are, of course, a temporary accompaniment of a painful adjustment of social and economic problems involved in the sudden industrial expansion in the South, and neither side is entirely blameless . . . For the sake of saving human life and the avoidance of further bloodshed and violence, the Communist Party should withdraw its organizers from Gastonia, N. C., and suspend its propaganda . . . Out of all the ugly trouble and travail in Gastonia, one good and important result is emerging. Thousands upon thousands of American workers throughout the South have had an opportunity to see Communist agitators with their masks off . . . The situation calls for real leadership in the South, and such leadership would take full cognizance of the history of labor organization elsewhere. It would recognize that in an orderly labor organization lies the best safeguard industry can have."

A hopeful side of the picture was found in the fact that southern editorial criticism was scarcely less emphatic, challenging the South and those responsible to look to their opportunities. And thousands of citizens throughout the South began to study the situation and to become more articulate. There were calls for more study and for national inquiry, and for a new stock-taking. There was considerable humiliation and some stubborn conflicts. One North Carolinian was writing: "It isn't Ella May Wiggins that faces you now, gentlemen. It is the sense of justice of an outraged people, which cannot be murdered by mobs. . . . For Gastonia, in all its manifestations, is the work of North Carolina, just as truly as is the famous system and the great State university. Alien agitators? Nonsense, and puerile nonsense, at that. Alien agitators did not shoot down Ella May Wiggins. At the utmost, alien agitators merely unleashed the beast that was prowling behind the orderly scene in Gastonia. He was a native beast, Tarheel born and Tarheel bred. Are you proud of this product, gentlemen of North Carolina? . . . Communism, in short, has taken the place of anti-evolution as the temporary bogey of the South, and it will be combated with like passion until the people realize that the issue is not Communism but justice, not a principle of government but a principle of fair play in industry."

And again, "The time has come for southern leadership in the mills and southern statesmanship in legislation to take counsel together for putting in order the house of southern textile industry . . . In these things we have within the State borders a clear condition of anarchy. Hundreds on hundreds of men engage in felony, perpetrate murder, violate constitutional rights, raid without decent warrants, make unjustifiable arrests, and the community itself shuts its eyes and stops its ears and enters into a conspiracy of silence. Law, so far as Gaston County is concerned, has been dethroned and degraded. . . . North Carolina must bow its head in shame. Chicago, with all its murder, does not slaughter innocent women. Russia, with all its disrespect for established custom, does not assassinate defenseless mothers. . . . The situation in North Carolina is far from pleasing. Starving workers on one side; greedy manufacturers on the other. Parading strikers; death dealing gunmen. Wholesale whipping, kidnaping, murder—a regional reign of terror . . ."

There were naturally also examples of southern defense. The usual defense was to blame the Communists. "It is solely and simply a desperate effort by the Communists to make capital for themselves. It is a big 'racket.' They are raising money by reason of the 'atrocities' in the South. . . . There is reason to believe the dispute between employes and employers might have been adjusted without bloodshed, but for this red intrusion. . . . In North Carolina, as in every other southern state, there is no community in which a group of people, fearing violence, cannot secure full protection for life and property by an appeal to the proper authorities. . . . These people considered themselves patriots arrayed in opposition to Communists, who have no patriotism. They considered themselves crusaders in the name of the American government and its institutions, for which the Communists, who have been leading the Gastonia strike, have no respect; they considered themselves crusaders in behalf of the American home, marriage and our own particular beliefs and creeds, to which the Communists do not subscribe . . . Free speech and peaceable assembly! Bah! When this right is yelled from the housetops all over the land merely to cover the insidious instigation to crime, to fool a state into treating her own children more harshly than the invaders, to cudgel money out of far-off dupes on the martyr plea, it is misplaced toleration . . . Efforts to introduce Communism, with its program of social equality between white and black laborers, inter-racial marriage and other hellish doctrines, are doomed to failure . . ."

A militant Methodist preacher whose advanced and "radical" views had often been attacked by some of his fellow ministers and others, while criticizing severely the mob rule and the unprincipled doings of some mill owners, nevertheless felt called upon to present through national journals a picture of the mass of people at Marion, North Carolina, in 1929. He wrote: "I have seen so many adverse criticisms of Marion, N. C., and her citizenship that I feel under moral obligation to write a brief note in defense of the good people who live there. I was pastor of the Methodist church there for three years and I have never lived among a better people. Four of the leaders of my church were mill owners and therefore employers of labor. While I was pastor there I preached the so-called 'social gospel' and I found these men teachable and tolerant in their attitude to me. The four men mingled freely and fraternally among their employes, who loved and respected them. I have held religious services in all the mills with the owners seated in the midst of the workers. I have gone in the late hours of night with some of these men to the home of some employee who was sick or in distress. I have seen them in times of influenza epidemics ministering in every conceivable way to their employees. I have seen them stand at the open grave and mingle their sympathies and tears with members of their working force who had lost a loved one. There have been no labor troubles in the mills owned by these men, and I predict there will not be. And I have no doubt but that each of these local men carry in their hearts abiding regrets because of the unfortunate happenings at other mills located in the vicinity and owned by non-residents."

Thus had developed the southern textile picture from the early days of simple enthusiasms and hope to the difficult days of 1929-30. It had indeed far outstripped expectation, but it had also developed into a complex and puzzling situation. Again there were pictures and pictures. The life cycle of two generations was already being reflected in the mill pattern. There was a woman who had worked in the mills for fifty years. Here was a village of brick houses, each with bath and electric stove and the new tenants begging for wood stoves! Here were large "model" mill villages, and there were small villages with poor housing. There were company villages, rural villages, incorporated villages, and others within towns and cities as regular parts of the community. There were pictures of mill villages begging for the mills not to close, dreading the specter of unemployment. There were experiments in "industrial democracy." There were night schools and classes in economics. There were associations of textile social workers, and there were hidden by-ways of promoting the good of the cause. There were honest men sincerely differing in their judgments, and there were stubborn men blind to their own and the South's advantage.

As for the children of the daughter of the old Major who had gone to the mill, two had died long since, one with tuberculosis and one through gradual weakening and typhoid fever. Another married, tired of the mill, tried the farm again, and died there early. One of the sons married a mill girl who died with the coming of the first child. Another had too much experience with some of the young women and left the village. One kept a little store of his own, and one clerked in another store. One daughter married a farmer boy and went back to the farm. One daughter married within the community and remained there with her family. Other workers came in great numbers from the farms and hills. They came to new mills and to old ones. They became a "peculiar people," yet there were symptoms of a changing status.

Here, for instance, was a picture of five hundred cotton mill village families in 1927 in a half dozen villages, in Gaston County, the seat of the chief crisis of 1929. They reflected the background of not only the southern textile situation, but also much of the lives of the South's middle folk and common man. Seventy per cent were born in North Carolina, 18 per cent in South Carolina, nearly 5 per cent in Georgia, nearly 4 per cent from Tennessee, and there was at least one representative from each of sixteen other states. In addition to southern states, there was one or more from Indiana, Ohio, Rhode Island, Arizona, Illinois, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania; and one lone Italian, as contrasted with the large number of foreign born in the New England factories. More than a fifth of these families came from farms, the majority being tenants, a number having lived on farms as many as twenty to thirty years; all had averaged five years or more per farm. On the other hand, over 40 per cent of the families had been cotton mill families from fifteen to forty years. Over half had been in their present work less than fifteen years. Contrary to the common report, these families did not show a high rate of mobility. One in every five had never changed its place of mill residence. Three-fifths had lived in their present village from one to ten years. On the other hand, there were pictures of exceptional cases. Approximately one-fifth of the families had had less than a year's residence in the village. The exceptional pictures which proved the rule included a family, husband and wife, which had moved thirty times in eight years. Another family of eleven had moved nineteen times in eighteen years, another of five had changed sixteen times in a six-year period, and still another family had moved twenty-one times in six years, all residences being in only two counties. Two-fifths of the families were already mill families, the parents having married there. The growing picture was, therefore, one which, in a few years, would reflect a mill village class or a possible majority population born in the villages. The average age of employees of the mills was lower than for employees in other industries; or than for those in the Massachusetts textiles. And in this group at least two-fifths of the families had no women workers in the mills.

With all of the South's textile development, the aggregate of southern mill workers numbered not much more than a third of a million; not much more than a third of all southern factory workers. Even in North Carolina mill workers constituted barely a tenth of all the working population. For every mill worker there were at least three workers on the farm and at least two in other industries. The whole group of mill workers and their families represented no more than a fortieth of the southern population. The members of the communities showed a little less tendency toward adult crime, a little more toward juvenile delinquency than the rest of the population. Their rate of illegitimacy and of problem families seemed no more nor less than the rest of the population. And despite all the shiftlessness and lack of ambition and all sorts of unsatisfactory conditions, the great bulk of cotton mill folks had undergone great improvement measured according to the usual standards of living. They were eliminating their illiteracy, they were averaging a sixth grade in school, they were in better health, and they had better housing conditions, and an income of four times that of the cotton tenant and cropper.

Yet there were no more vivid pictures in the American scene—front-page story material any day. There were beautiful little children, Anglo-Saxon stocks, names and families representative of those early seekers after independence. Individualists they were, just coming into a new era, and beginning to be restless and to inquire into the meaning of things. They were also beginning to reflect their love of freedom and their protest against exploitation. And the cotton manufacturing business was sick, and agriculture was sick. There were problems of wages, of welfare, of housing and education, of unionism and non-unionism, of uneducated masses, of stubborn employers, of northern competition, of northern owners and employers not understanding the southern worker. There were the dreams of a new industrial civilization free from slums and crowding and of harmony and satisfied workers, suddenly challenged by fact and fancy. Here was a picture of a southern problem, which appeared to some students to be assuming proportions similar to those of the Negroes who were still far and away less well off than the mill folk. The puzzled South again, with white shadows and black athwart the southern way of life.

CHAPTER XVIII

BI-RACIAL LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

There was Walter Hines Page, a younger contemporary of Uncle John, writing from the beautiful gulf coast in 1899: "And the dark shadow is visible everywhere—Negroes of all shades of colour, utterly cast out in politics, yet getting on in the world in every other way; and politics itself an unspeakable degradation. But over it all a sunny cheerfulness, with only hints here and there of the tragic possibility always beneath the surface. It is a beautiful land to which all the world comes at this season . . . a world of old southern mellowness tinted with a French dash of colour, made sombre by cathedrals and nuns and with the white man's caste and the white man's burden more tightly drawn and more heavily laid on than in any other land I ever saw. In its social graces the society forgets . . . the Negro—the insidious gloom and the smouldering volcano (if indeed it be a volcano); for it will perhaps forever remain only a dead weight." Three decades later on the same gulf coast could be seen a Negro resort of considerable proportions and freedom. And there were thousands of pictures thrown across the screen. Of these thirty years—pictures of great gains and some losses . . . The Negro in politics, as false issue in state campaigns or as partisans and tools . . . or later a sort of balance of power in parts of the nation . . . or, as seeking to coerce the South into more liberal policies. It was difficult for the South to separate the issues of politics from that of "social equality." Partly the South remembered reconstruction, partly it was blinded by race prejudice, partly it was earnestly seeking to maintain what it considered racial integrity, and partly it was not willing to face the truth and think out its problems. And like religion, the Negro problem was apt to enter at any time into most any sort of problem that arose, holding the South in a sort of mental and spiritual bondage.

There were many aspects of this problem which had not yet been analyzed, many questions not yet answered. How much of this bondage was held over from the influence of slavery and how much was due to new acceleration of prejudice on the part of the "New South"? Was the old order of slavery "productive of indolence upon the part of white character, of disapprobation of hand labor, of the lack of discipline gained by the accomplishment of a task? Did the presence of an inferior race, held in bondage, stimulate violence, born of despotic individualism and of irresponsible mastery? Did slavery encourage intellectual intolerance and repression of free speech? How much of domestic chaos and of the prodigality of great estates can be attributed to the enforced labor on the part of a reluctant class? How far did black superstition reach into white life? Did slavery dull artistic faculties and make futile whatever artistic impulse may have existed?" Or was it rather that reconstruction and its aftermath dulled the South's sense of moral values and of accurate judgments?

There was a grandson of Uncle John who refused to read the sermons of a distinguished preacher whom he had long admired because this same preacher had come to the defense of Booker T. Washington in an hour of trouble. "I won't read any man's sermons or hear any man preach," said John III, "who defends a nigger against white folks." Again the mixed picture—for this man was never known to have done an injustice to a Negro in his dealings. And there was another grandson in the same state who came quickly to the defense of Booker T. Washington and estimated him to be one of the few great men in the South at the time. Besides, there was the undisputed fact that the whole South, in the end, honored the man and did much that he wanted done.

It came to pass easily, therefore, that the South was a puzzled South in the first third of the twentieth century, contemplating its plight, in so far as it ever did or could contemplate fully. It was as if there were fleeting moments of a first tragic consciousness that nowhere in all its borders and among its millions of black men and women had one ever yet had a fair chance to develop to full capacity. Conditioned by white environment, conditioned by his own limited environment, there was never an opportunity for natural development. And yet, paradox again, there were remarkable achievements which the southern Negroes had attained at home and abroad, in property, in the professions, in literature, in citizenship. Two score had received the Ph.D. degree from a dozen universities, one at twenty-three years of age. Three score had been awarded Phi Beta Kappa keys. There were first-honor students, Rhodes scholars, and thousands of creditable records. And, again, with all of his conditioning by the white environment, the undeveloped Negro nevertheless was conditioning the whole of the white South—education, morality, industry, wealth, the whole conscious structure. Always lights and shadows of conflict, of rationalization, of emotions, and tradition. And equally startling was the bare-faced reality that nowhere, perhaps, was there a white person who had an untrammelled freedom to develop, free from racial prejudice or imposed conditioning.

Yet the drama was only beginning to unfold the new acts which were to follow the old. There were the pictures of the white South genuinely holding the old Negro in affection, defending him, immortalizing Negro man and woman in fiction, in poetry, in stones. And there were the other contrasting pictures of unreasonable and unreasoning attitudes. Samplings, in abundance. "Those Georgians and Mississippians have it down about right. Kill 'em. That's the thing." "We ought to lynch more, not fewer niggers." "I'll never let a child of mine go to a northern college where they let niggers in." Hot-headed white folks writing vulgar denunciatory letters to northern editors. And others writing editorials after the same manner. Sometimes they did it for the fun of it, but all too often the sentiments expressed were real sentiments, unbending and stubborn, emotional and sincere, inexperienced and unenlightened.

Again the mixed pictures. Bitter letters of denunciation to editors and individuals threatening all manner of savage action. Yet contrasting pictures of generous attitudes and liberal thought from the same localities from which the letters came. Or here was a popular department store in a small southern city with one entire department in charge of a Negro man who bought, planned, displayed, and sold goods, whose patronage was always from among the élite of the city. And, on occasion, Negro physicians helping white families, Negro lecturers in white colleges, a white sheriff in a poor county extremely polite and considerate to Mrs. Booker Washington and students in an automobile accident, a county courthouse full of farmers, white and black, and college girls from white colleges listening to Major Robert Moton speak . . . Committees of white men and women sitting together with Negro men and women in conference, with honor, good will fellowship . . . White and black speakers on the same platforms . . . In the day's work discussion, debate, tension, and in special areas and occasions, simple repasts together . . . mutual rediscovery by both white and Negro.

Here was another picture from the paradoxical South. On an evening about the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century, a big, blustery, rather handsome man of about fifty years was sitting on the platform at a big Negro meeting in a southern state. A Negro leader was speaking, paying magnificent tributes to some great white man leader, eloquent in superlatives, such that a stranger in the audience would expect him to end his peroration with reference to the immortal Lincoln. However, at last he turns to the plain man on the platform, uncomfortably dressed in his Sunday best, autocrat of all the community and particularly of all the Negroes, bows to him, and presents him a gold watch as a token of the love and esteem of the black folks of a whole county. To which the big white man responded by rising, waving his hand over the audience and exploding "thank you, Niggers, thank you!" And yet he was a great fighter for the "rights" of the Negroes, fuming in anger if anybody attempted to do them injustice according to his own standards. He was a southerner who would sell no land, lest some "Damn Yankee" buy it, and his status as arbiter of justice was a peculiar one indeed. There was a day when trouble arose with reference to a "yellow hammer," as they termed the mulattoes in that region. It seemed that this particular one claimed to be white and wished to send his children to a white school. The big man was called in to settle the case. He asked the fellow two questions: "Do you vote in the Democratic primary?" and "Did your father fight in the Confederate army?" When these questions were answered in the affirmative, he pronounced him a white man, and henceforth he passed as such in that county.

Such was the situation in the South during the third decade of the new century that representatives from many foreign countries came to study the South's bi-racial civilization and policies. They visited Hampton and Tuskegee, and St. Helena, and Atlanta, and Fiske, and observed all manner of experimentation by white and black, by North and South. They studied the Commission on Interracial Relations, and they visited various southern developments. They wondered whether the South had in it the making of a successful bi-racial civilization. If so they wanted to see how it was done and to adopt whatever methods might be applicable to their own situations. They often looked at the situation more objectively than either the North or the South. They sympathized with a puzzled South.

The pictures of communities dealing with their problems of white and black varied greatly. There was the governor of one state affirming that he had neither time nor money to investigate two thousand people who had lynched a black man. And yet there was the picture of a Negro "placed on a pile of logs and slowly roasted to death. The fire was applied first to his feet, then by degrees to other parts of his body. He was cut and slashed by knives. His body was mutilated. He was beaten, kicked and smashed. In the end additional gasoline was hurled into the fire and his body cremated while the mob, as the reports have it, yelled and shouted in joy, and yet there is the statement of the coroner's jury: 'We find . . . that he came to his death from causes unknown to this jury.' "

Yet once again over against this picture was the picture of another governor ordering his troops to put an end to mob rule, and that of a great reduction of lynchings in the South, with promise of its elimination before the middle of the century. Three decades after Uncle John returned from the Confederate ranks the South was lynching perhaps more than two hundred Negroes a year. For the next three decades the number decreased to less than one hundred just after the turn of the century, and scarcely more than half a hundred a few years after the great war. Then the number was reduced to about a score a year, and in 1928 and 1929 it had dwindled to no more than ten. The South which was articulate in press and in church and school had become solid against the old-time southern institution. Governors had used troops in earnest, white men had been convicted, the South meant business.

Yet much of the Nation was impatient and could not understand the minority picture of a few states and communities frankly refusing to make serious investigations or to attempt punishment for such crimes, on the subconscious assumption that such action would, for the time being, constitute local, civil war. There were recrudescences of the mob spirit and of unusually savage lynchings which revealed pictures still of the "Old"-New South not yet vanished. There were murmurings and grumblings against the Negroes in times of economic stress. And ever and anon an outbreak and a defense. There were cruel killings of Negroes by whites for which no adequate penalties were ever exacted, and there was still extant in some parts of the South the common assumption that the white man should not be punished for crimes against the Negro; and especially that, no matter for what cause, any Negro who killed any sort of white man should be lynched. Yet the South felt like saying "why bring that up?"

The other side of the picture again revealed white juries deciding in favor of Negroes against whites. Negro testimony accepted over white, an unheard of thing! The Negro criminal population was decreasing in ratio to the whites. White men were prosecuted and convicted for attacking Negro women, prosecuted by white lawyers and by Negro lawyers, and Negro men with natural dignity and in order protected Negro women. And there was very great reduction of the old race mixture such as was common in the old days, such that in some communities where it was originally a matter-of-fact morality, it was practically unknown in 1930.

Yet there was still the woman God forgot in the person of the southern Negro woman, worker, maid, teacher, nurse, mother, wife. She still occupied a difficult position and was not accorded the rights of normal personality by the white South. The story of the southern Negro woman has never yet been told and awaits a new portraiture to be done by artists perhaps not yet developed. The South was still disposed to urge laws against race mixture more than to urge its own better conduct; to urge laws against the North rather than to purge itself of questionable morality. There were the humorous and pathetic pictures of thousands of southerners during the presidential campaign of 1928, apparently learning for the first time that schools in the northern states were mixed schools. The fact that such schools were in obedience to constitutional requirements and state laws meant nothing. The Northern States were corrupt and wicked! The religious South should force them to clean up by separating whites and Negroes since to the South non-separation was in violation of law. The picture was reflected back again by a northern correspondent commenting on a southern senator's move to revise New York laws, so as to prevent marriage between the races. Said he, "The Senator's tender heart breaks at the spectacle of a white father and a white mother weeping freely over the terrible humiliation that has come to their daughter. But he has no tears to spare for the grief-stricken parents of hundreds and thousands of colored daughters who have been forced into dishonorable relations with the noble white man of the South. He foams at the mouth over the 'all-important question of preserving the integrity of our race,' and yet the people he represents have for many decades been busier destroying that integrity than any other people on the face of the globe." To some southerners this was primarily a tragic result of the age-long struggle of races, and more specifically a product of slavery. What of it?

There were still ample contrasting pictures between the southern South and the northern North whenever matters of racial relations were involved. The North never appeared to look upon the South's superhuman problem with the same objective attitude that it held toward European race troubles; nor did it seem conscious of the fact that race differences have evolved over æons of time and could not be eliminated by magic over night. After all any sort of science must agree that cultural evolution comes slowly. But the South, too, was blind to scientific facts. The De Priest incident, like the 1928 presidential election, provided excellent occasion for observing the still vivid and striking contrasts between the South and the rest of the country. The North was still bitter in its denunciation, and the South was still adamant. Here were samplings: "Familiar as we are with the race hatred in the South, it yet shocks us anew when it takes such brutal and vulgar form as it did on the floor of the Senate when Senator Blease introduced his scurrilous resolution . . . If there has been any general supposition that the South was losing its century-old hatred for the Negro the action of the Texas legislature will disprove the belief . . . Congressmen and legislators from southern states make it difficult for northerners to maintain any sort of sympathetic viewpoint toward the southern Negro problem when they exhibit such childishness as they have shown over the entertainment by Mrs. Hoover at the White House of Mrs. De Priest, the Negro wife of the Negro Congressman from Chicago . . . It's enough to make decent, intelligent, fair-minded and honorable people hang their heads in shame for their fellow-countrymen . . . Ridiculous vanity, odious prejudice . . . It is despicable work and discreditable to all concerned in it . . . The time may come when the South will learn what the Civil War was fought for and what it meant when they took defeat . . . Let the South rave . . . This may be all right for Texas consumption, but to the country at large it appears ridiculous . . . American politics never appeared in a meaner aspect . . . Back of the uproar is politics, and a cheap brand of politics at that . . . The vapid ravings of some of the southern newspapers . . . An insufferable Virginian has been wiring Mrs. Hoover that her act cost the Republican party thousands of votes in the South . . . Florida insults the White House . . . Southern states have done the expected thing. They have become overheated . . . The South is still unprepared to judge matters of statesmanship broadly and on national lines . . . A piece of impudence and rudeness."

On the other hand the North was almost unanimous in commending Mrs. Hoover for her excellent American manners: "Mrs. Hoover's gracious act . . . Mrs. Hoover did her duty regardless of consequences . . . Feel like applauding Mrs. Hoover for her fairness . . . Mrs. Hoover was practicing only common courtesy and human kindness . . . Of one thing Mrs. Hoover may be assured. The great public is with her . . . If she had refused to extend to Mrs. De Priest the courtesy that she extends to other wives of congressmen, she would have earned the censure of the entire nation . . . Why storm at the President and his wife for obeying the Constitution in spirit as well as in letter? . . . Commendation of the courtesy and womanliness of our 'first lady,' Mrs. Hoover . . . The act, by its graciousness, stands in contrast to the asinine discourtesy of a southern congressman . . . Preference for principle over expediency . . . The American people will respect their courage and judgment . . . After all that Mr. Hoover has had to say about law observance he could not with self-respect have done anything but what he has done . . . The country at large will be satisfied that Mrs. Hoover did the sensible thing, and did it with her customary graciousness . . ." The North being what it was and the South what it was, such differences were inevitable. What did not appear necessary was the failure of both North and South to consider the matter without the old naïve emotional diction.

It was unfortunate, therefore, that the southern editorials were almost unanimous in condemning Mrs. Hoover, ranging from bitter invective to vulgar resolutions in state legislatures. While much of this verbiage was primarily political pastime and provided a glorious repartee for the defeated Democrats, much of it reflected the picture of the South as still the Old South and proud of it: "Bowing our heads in shame and regret, we express in the strongest and most emphatic terms at our command, condemnation and regret at the conduct of the White House mistress and her associates. . . . The De Priest incident has placed President and Mrs. Hoover beyond the pale of social recognition by southern people . . . The invitation of the wife of the Negro Congressman was a gross and inexcusable error . . ." Yet there was a considerable minority in the South who were humiliated by southern temper and manners, and a considerable number who felt as did one Bishop of the Methodist Church South, who reflected well a refreshingly different viewpoint. "Such occasions," he said, "while social, are not personal but official. The color scheme does not enter into the arrangement, and cannot. There is no more justification for the exclusion of a black man and his wife from such a function than there is to exclude a red, yellow, brown, or white one. The president and his wife do not select any of them; the constituency does. It is about time for everybody to quit seeing black only and having these blatant outbreaks about it." And there were a few pictures of northern editors in sympathy with a puzzled South.

There were many new pictures of the Negro in the United States growing out of the northern migration. The South thought it observed a growing sympathy and understanding on the part of the North because of their new and closer contacts with this new influx. It was not that the North was changing its opinions or ideals; it was rather simply that they were coming to grips with new realities, different from any which they had faced. It was not necessary to change ideas to recognize an immediate and difficult problem in the crowded conditions of Negroes adapting themselves. Whether it was the community chest or individuals or fashionable residence districts which were facing the problem, high ethics and noble beliefs did not prevent the problem from being a difficult one or from demanding immediate attention. In many ways, therefore, the South felt that the northern migration was beneficial to all concerned. It was good for the Negro in that it gave him new opportunities. It was good for the South because it helped to clear up some aspects of the question, and showed the value of the Negro as well as also shifting some of the load. It was good for the North in that it gave them new opportunities to get acquainted, and to work with the Negro. It was good for the Nation because it helped to diffuse the problem and to make it more thoroughly a national one rather than a southern one only.

It was clear, therefore, that the problem of adjustment and readjustment was one involving much of the conference method; much of the slow working processes of time and social evolution; and at all times and everywhere, patience of an unusual sort. It was easy for the southern whites to caution patience, yet the southern whites were the ones who most needed it. That the situation was a difficult one there was no disposition to question. The problem was to be sure that the best leaders of both races should work it out and that the upper groups of both races be charged with the cooperative task rather than that the lower levels be allowed to accelerate conflict. The appeal of many liberal southerners was that they be not asked to accomplish the impossible, or that they be urged with undue pressure to hasten issues which in another generation would probably not exist. They wanted to meet whatever issues came in the day's work but they regretted the tendency to search out issues of conflict in which to test the strength, will, and endurance of these who were trying to carry the load. It was, they thought, expecting too much of humans to turn back the hands of time, to violate the laws of science, or to turn against family and friends on issues that if not forced to the test, would gradually adjust themselves. There were after all pictures of a sometimes "piteous bewilderment of the primitive mind brought suddenly face to face with advanced civilization without having travelled, in generations and in centuries, the slow and safe ascent from the primitive state."

Pictures of the Negro's contribution to the Nation were continuously vivid and gratifying. There were the folk songs and music of the Negro interpreted and reinterpreted, unsurpassed as pictures of natural and adapted art. In religion there was "the miracle of *The Green Pastures* wherein the Bible story of God and his creature, Man, comes to beautiful life through the poetry and faith in the hearts of the southern rural Negro . . . preachers and poets of this humble race wove them into childlike versions of their hope and fear . . ." Here was an example of fundamental considerations of a great people and a great problem set in the higher art and morality, as opposed to the cult of the impossible. The liberal South, admitting its limitations, wanted time and somehow it hoped to view its problem as "a laboratory experiment in the working out of some of the gravest questions in human relationships; and its success would go far toward making all similar situations more hopeful and more practical of solution." The South believed that it could make progress; and also as late as 1929 there was a leading article in one of the Negro magazines dealing with "the Crumbling Color Line," and, chief critic though its author had been, he could see changing pictures of considerable variety. The South was not only making progress, but in some respects was leading in the more liberal attitude toward the Negro. There was the picture of the Negro exodus from the South, the war experiences of both whites and Negroes, the influence of the southern Commission on Interracial Relations, of liberal journalism, of liberal colleges and universities, of better education of both races, of the Negro writers and artists. If only the cultured and liberal Negroes of the North were as deeply interested in the welfare of the southern Negro as they were enthusiastic about their own, so urged many, progress would be more sure and lasting. And if many white enthusiasts were more interested in the real Negro than in their own ideas, there might be more cooperation.

The Negro in literature had become an important part of the picture. White authors and Negro authors alike had given new place to the Negro in a new American epoch. It was a new picture and a fine one. Why not develop it further? On the part of the Negro authors: Literary portraits reflecting a new realism. A new frankness and courage to face facts without fear, excitement, or apologies. Pride and artistry in the rediscovery and interpretation of a rich folk background of the race. Acclaim of youthful authors, valued and valuable, but not infallible or supremely mature. A new understanding of the challenge to achieve universal, as well as racial, standards of excellence. Race consciousness and urge alongside integral participation in American life and cultural development. A race and a national epoch. The promise of balance and poise in an over-enthusiastic and highly charged atmosphere. A new tolerance, charity, and patience. A mellowed bitterness. A mature vision of racial cooperation, race development, and understanding. A new outlook and with it a new zest, well tempered by the twin forces of opportunity and obligation. The Negro author may see this and more, or he may see something less and of a different sort.

On the part of white authors: An important minority group manifesting an increasing knowledge of the Negro, a natural sympathy, and a cooperative venture in helping the Negro take his earned place in the tide and affairs of the present era. There appeared to be further: An appreciation of the artistic elements and background in Negro life and experience. An effort to influence the public to "look at" rather than "feel about" the Negro, to see him as he really was rather than as he might have been or as the white man has thought he was or ought to have been. The recognition of a neglected field of literature and evolution of folklore, folk songs, and folk patterns . . . and much more.

And the main picture remained. Some twelve million Negroes in the United States . . . Eighty-five per cent in the

Southern states . . . Two-thirds of these in rural districts . . . Four and a half million farm dwellers diminishing through rapid migrations to cities both South and North . . . Of the total Negro population in the United States approximately 40 per cent in the South Atlantic States, nearly 25 per cent in the East South Central, nearly 20 per cent in the West South Central. Again, of the total Negro population Georgia had nearly 12 per cent. Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina over 8 per cent each. Notable increase in the North resulted in the Middle Atlantic States and the East North Central States combined having more than 10 per cent of the Negroes in the United States. This 10 per cent of Negro population was centered largely in urban and industrial centers. There was no southern city with as many Negroes as New York's quarter million and more, or the Philadelphia district's approximately the same. Three-fourths of the northern Negro population was centered in a dozen urban and industrial districts. And something of the same thing was happening in the South where the Negro population of cities was increasing rapidly. From the days of Uncle John at his prime to 1930 the ratio of urban Negro population had about doubled from nearly 20 per cent to about 40 per cent. In the South there was considerable decrease in the Negro rural population, while the increase of Negroes in southern cities was more than the increase of southern Negroes migrating North.

There were, therefore, constantly changing pictures of Negro life and of race relations in housing and health, employment and recreation, community organization and conflict, population relationships and vitality problems. The white population of the South was increasing much more rapidly than the Negro. Mississippi and South Carolina which have long had a majority of their population Negro continued the decreasing ratio of Negro to white. And with the rapid migration to cities there was still an increasing ratio of whites to Negroes in the southern cities. And the pictures of the counties and of the Black Belt were changing. At the turn of the century over four million Negroes resided in 286 counties, having more than half of their population Negroes; by 1920 there were less than three and a quarter in only 219 such counties, and in 1930 the ratio was still decreasing. Yet there were still many counties with more than three-fourths of their population Negroes, Mississippi leading with a dozen and Alabama following with a half dozen. The pictures of Mississippi and South Carolina, both of which in 1920 had more than 50 per cent population Negro, showed some contrast. Mississippi had thirty-four counties with over 50 per cent Negro population, and South Carolina had thirty-two, but Mississippi had twelve counties with more than 75 per cent population Negro, where South Carolina had only one. Thus, again, the South was not one South but many Souths, even in the distribution and treatment of its Negro population.

There was, therefore, this changing distribution of the Negro population over the nation and throughout the South . . . A shifting of the Negro population center from the Carolinas on down into Alabama and continuing westward following the line empire westward . . . Less concentration in black belts, wider diffusion, changing scenes . . . A million going North and some back again, shifting and reshifting . . . Higher education of both races, better health conditions, higher standards of living . . . The biologists and population experts projecting population curves to indicate a maximum population for the United States of two hundred million population with only fourteen million Negroes or instead of a tenth of the population as at present concentrated in the South, only a fourteenth of the population and much more widely distributed. Changing pictures again.

Pictures of Negro health conditions and status were brighter with the Negro death rate corresponding to the white about twenty years, but decreasing much more rapidly. That is, in the registration area the decline of the white rate from 1910 to 1920 was a little less than 23 per cent, but for the Negroes it was nearly 34 per cent, or later estimates of a reduction in mortality rate from forty per thousand to seventeen. There were no less than one hundred and twenty Negro hospitals in the South out of a total of 178 in the nation, Alabama and Georgia leading with fifteen each, South Carolina and Tennessee following with thirteen each, North Carolina and Florida next with nine each. The staffs of forty-two of these hospitals were entirely Negro and of forty more partly Negro. Ninety-five of the total hospitals in the country were under Negro control.

Here as elsewhere the pictures of the Negroes were separate from the whites with certain increasing liberal shiftings toward better adjustments and now and then revivals of the extreme segregation agitation. It was always partly a problem of interracial adjustment. In the cities of the South the populations were variously distributed in separate areas. In most cities the Negroes were concentrated in several large settlements, and then sparsely settled in other areas, with many exceptional cases of Negroes living alongside whites in the best parts of the city. Perhaps half of the white population was concentrated in white areas, and a fourth of the Negroes in Negro areas, except in some of the older cities like Charleston and some of the smaller places where there was wider distribution. The Negroes were separate from the whites by law in the Southern States as respects public conveyances, except in bus transportation, in respect to schools and public places, and there was still general discrimination against Negro suffrage.

While the Negroes, like the whites, were moving cityward, nearly half of the Negro workers were still in agriculture, with a fifth in domestic and personal service, nearly a fifth in manufacturing and mechanical industries. There were interesting pictures of the Negro on the farm, with the Negroes owning or managing nearly two hundred thousand farms, an increase in two decades of more than 12 per cent, which compared favorably with a similar increase of 14 per cent for the whites. The increase in Negro ownership was greater than for the whites in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama; while the increase of tenants was smaller in Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee. In Virginia tenancy decreased 12 per cent and in Alabama nearly 3 per cent. For the whole South the increase in tenants was less for the Negroes than for the whites, being 23½ per cent for the Negroes, as opposed to 30 per cent for the whites. Since 1920 the pictures changed rapidly again with the abandonment of much farm lands and tenant houses in many parts of the South. The Negro student of the situation felt that the problem could be solved only by wide extension service and large scale credit system. It was an important factor in the whole southern economic system.

The picture of the Negro's material status was changing substantially. Although constant reiteration had become monotonous, the picture was still a vivid one. Negroes operated a million farms, conducted seventy-five thousand business enterprises, owned two billion dollars' worth of wealth, including twenty-two million acres of land, nearly a million homes, many newspapers, publishing houses, insurance companies, banks and industries. There were nearly fifty thousand Negro churches with five million members. In church, business, home, and school there were especially vivid pictures. A city church with six thousand members; an insurance company with forty-five millions in force; thousands of handsome homes; and a school story which would require many separate pictures to portray. In distribution among industries and professions, however, the Negro was still far behind his numerical ratio.

Negro illiteracy had decreased from 1900 to 1920 from a little more than 44 per cent to a little more than 22 per cent, but still the Negro illiteracy was much higher than that of the whites. With a population of a tenth of the total, they provided nearly four-tenths of the total illiteracy. With the decrease in illiteracy went also much increase in creative work, in the new Negro literature, in the revival and revivifying of Negro folk song and folk lore, and in the general leadership of the Negro. A southern Negro singer, drawing capacity audiences alike in Georgia, Kentucky, in New York, in Europe. The picture of the Negro in song and story, a picture requiring separate portraiture and too often presented to need repetition here.

Changing scenes again. A course of lectures on Negro education and race relations in the largest teacher's college in the Nation, given in 1930 by northern and southern lecturers, white and Negro, presenting pictures on pictures: In 1926 there were 3,226,935 Negro children of school age in the Southern States. Of these only 68.7 per cent were enrolled in school, leaving 31.3 per cent or about one million out of school . . . Of the Negro schools in fourteen Southern States 64 per cent were of the one-teacher type; 18 per cent were two-teacher schools; and only 17.5 per cent were above the two-teacher type . . . There were 44,195 Negro teachers in the fourteen Southern States. The training of these teachers varied from normal school and college graduation down to fifth grade or even less. Their average annual salary of $458 was but half of that for white teachers . . . There were 351 counties in the South with Jeanes agents or rural school supervisors. On the other hand 306 other counties with heavy Negro population had no such agent. There were also 4,500 Rosenwald schools throughout the Southern States; yet 189 counties with considerable Negro population had not a single Rosenwald schoolhouse . . . For the United States as a whole the expenditure per capita for Negro schools averaged less than one-fourth of that for white schools. The figures ranging from $23 in Maryland to $4 and $5 in extreme southern states as contrasted with a national average of $75 for white rural children and $129 for white urban children . . . In 1916 there were only forty-four high schools for Negroes in the whole country. By 1925-26 there were 209 accredited four-year high schools for Negro youth in the fourteen Southern States, and 592 two-to-four-year non-accredited high schools. Notwithstanding this progress there were still 281 counties in these states without any colored high school either public or private . . . There were about a hundred accredited colleges and normal schools for Negroes with a total enrollment of over thirteen thousand college-rank students, which represented an increase of over 150 per cent within a five-year period. Other estimates placed the enrollment at twenty thousand in seventy-seven institutions, twenty-two being publicly supported state colleges and normal schools.

The total number of college graduates among Negroes was well over ten thousand. But the picture was continued with the story of the whole southern epoch in education—white and black, separate and mixed, inseparable and unmixable! Some remarkable progress; some retardation; some lights and some shadows; but always and inevitably pictures and pictures, the range and variety of which were quite beyond the limit of current portraiture.

CHAPTER XIX

EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUNDS AND PROMISE

While Uncle John was growing up on the farm, in ignorance and without schooling, there was the youthful Jefferson Davis trekking from Mississippi to Kentucky to enter the freshman class of a southern institution, estimated by many to be the most national of all colleges in America. Between these two extremes was the old Major with his moderate education and some of his relations who attended local colleges. And there were many other contrasting pictures of the before-the-war South in and out of school! A southern college reputed to have the largest student body in America, one of the best faculties, courses as advanced as Harvard and Yale, and a medical library ranking as one of the best in the United States. It was estimated that, at that time, the Southern States had a larger college enrollment and a larger endowment for college education than did the New England States. Relatively larger numbers of southern students in Yale and Harvard and Princeton, a larger ratio than during the third decade of the twentieth century. And the first of all state universities established in the South—the University of Georgia and the University of North Carolina. The notable planning and founding of the University of Virginia and the establishment of Phi Beta Kappa at William and Mary, again one of the oldest of all colleges in the United States. And at least four southern states claiming the oldest college for women. Such were some of the beginnings of the South's higher educational development. And over against these pictures, others: thousands of children in no schools; other thousands in very poor schools; hundreds of thousands illiterate; and a vigorous skepticism among the leaders concerning the propriety and validity of public education. It was another remarkable picture of slow unfolding cultural evolution, throughout which countless difficulties and contrasting episodes taxed a puzzled South to its utmost.

Even as late as the first part of the twentieth century the South had no university of the first rank, few institutions above the actual rank of college, nor a laboratory for the physical sciences in any college or university in the South equal in equipment to many of the laboratories of high schools in the North. The picture reflected, scattered all over the land, inferior institutions chartered as colleges and universities, too numerous to list. There was no university in the South which had endowment comparable to any of the larger universities of the Nation, none which had comparable libraries, none ranking among the first in enrollment, none which paid equal salaries, none which incorporated university spirit and university work in full measure. And of the twenty-five universities in the United States having more than two hundred thousand volumes in their libraries there was even in 1927 and 1928 only one southern university; and only Texas, North Carolina, and Virginia had as many as one hundred and fifty thousand volumes. The total number of volumes in libraries of southern institutions was less than one-eighth of the total in the Nation. There were no southern universities which could invite to their faculties senior professors from major American institutions and expect them to accept. Over against this relative decline in higher educational status there had been a phenomenal absolute growth in institutions and in the support of public schools, with the Southern states becoming chief advocates of public education.

A third picture, therefore, was to be observed in the rapid acceleration of the South's educational efforts and the absolute rise of its educational status. To the University of Virginia, an original member of the association of American Universities, were added the University of North Carolina and the University of Texas. Trinity College became Duke University with funds and endowments approximating eighty million dollars. Important medical schools were established at Virginia, Duke, Emory, Tulane. George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville and Duke University were developing grounds and buildings scarcely to be surpassed; while the work of the University of North Carolina, University of Virginia, Vanderbilt, Tulane, Texas, and others was greatly accelerated by increased funds from their own constituency and outside agencies. And in the larger institutions there was a great increase of students during the decade following the war ranging from 25 per cent to 100 per cent. There was, therefore, a picture of rapid development and increasing prestige in colleges and universities throughout the South and prospects that before the middle of the century there would be in the South no less than five or six university centers comparable to major universities anywhere in the country. And there were throughout the Southern states increased appropriations, often quadrupled for state institutions, buildings, equipment, and administration.

Nevertheless, there was still the striking paradox of a phenomenal increase in educational activities in the South far greater than in the rest of the country, which nevertheless left the South, at least for the first third of the twentieth century, so far behind as to be accorded always the bottom rungs of the ladder. The South, for instance, in 1924 was spending three and a half times as much for public education as it was in 1914, or nearly three times as much as the whole country spent on public education at the turn of the century. In 1900 the South was spending about 16 per cent of the country's total school appropriations and in 1924 it had increased this amount to approximately 20 per cent of the country's total, or ten times as much as the whole country was spending on public schools in 1900. The South has nearly 40 per cent of the aggregate number of pupils enrolled in all the public elementary and secondary schools of the Nation as compared to a little less than one-third of the country's total population. In the ten years, from 1914 to 1924, the South increased its ratio of high school students from 3 per cent to 9 per cent, and whereas in 1914 the South's high school students were a little more than 20 per cent of the Nation's total, by 1924 it had come to more than 25 per cent. Public normal school enrollment in the South had increased from a little over 31 per cent to over 44 per cent. From 1900 to 1924 the total expenditures for maintenance of elementary and secondary schools in the South, not including debt service, had increased from $35,000,000 to $365,000,000; whereas in the United States it had increased only from $215,000,000 to $1,821,000,000 in round numbers. The South had not only increased its expenditures and enrollment greatly, ranging for the quarter century in various aspects of educational development from 25 per cent to several hundred per cent, but in general its educational progress had kept pace with its industrial and commercial development and with its expenditures on roads and public improvement.

Other comparisons with the rest of the Nation revealed pictures of the general educational status of the South. One was the total receipts of universities and colleges by geographic divisions. The southern states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas showed receipts for higher education of several million more than the same figures for New England, five times as much as the mountain division, three times as much as the Pacific. Moreover, the amount received from student fees and other educational services in the South was less than one-tenth of the total receipts, as compared with approximately one-fifth in New England and one-third in the Middle Atlantic States, and with less than one-seventh in the Central, Mountain, and Pacific States. And yet when compared with the Nation the South's sixty-odd millions received less than a fifth of the Nation's nearly four hundred millions.

When it came to productive funds the showing of southern states was less favorable and, of course, was to be interpreted in connection with the relatively larger ratios of public funds appropriated from year to year. The total of its productive funds was less than one-eighth of the total of the Nation, with the value of buildings including dormitories and of equipment a little more than a sixth of the national total. The South's enrollment for higher education was a little less than one-sixth of the Nation's total, its first degrees granted a little less than a seventh, and its graduate degrees about one-fifteenth. Honorary degrees were about one-fifth. The number of theological students enrolled in the South was approximately one-fifth of the total for the Nation; medical students about one-ninth. In extension courses the South furnished approximately one-fifteenth of the students and in correspondence courses approximately one-seventh.

Alongside these general relative facts of southern educational status, there were many other distinctive features. There was the rural South and its schools. The South's 72 per cent rural population, its 49.6 per cent tenancy, its high rate of illiteracy were elements which enter into the picture. The further picture as presented by the National Education Association included a larger proportion of children in its population than any other section of the country . . . The United States as a whole 829 children under fifteen years of age per 1,000 adults; in the South 1,034; in the North 782; in the Pacific region only 599; with one-third to one-fourth of the population of the United States, the South yet had one-half of all the farm children. Because of this predominance of child population Mississippi, which ranked forty-sixth in school attendance, still had a larger proportion of its total population in school than had any other state.

The proportion of children seven to twenty years of age attending school in the southern states was from 59 to 68 per cent, in northern and western states from 70 to 79 per cent. . . . In the census of 1920 Alabama had 84,000 child workers, Georgia 88,000, Mississippi 70,000, and Texas 80,000. Because of its heavy child population, and general economic retardation the South had less wealth per child than any other section of the country. When the forty-eight states were ranked in this respect the thirteen states dropping to the bottom of the list were all southern. Mississippi had but $5,777 behind the education of each child, for example, Alabama $5,889, Georgia $6,465, and South Carolina $6,528; as contrasted with Nevada which has $45,664 or about eight times as much, California with $33,985, Oregon $28,062, and Iowa $28,046.

To ameliorate the various handicaps implied above the South possessed some advantages in the matter of school organization and administration. One of these was the county unit. Another reputed advantage of most southern states was the large percentage of school money raised on a state basis rather than from the local community. Owing largely to its extensive use of the county unit the South ranked high in consolidation. Of the 16,674 consolidated schools reported by the Bureau of Education in 1925 over 8,000 or nearly half were in the sixteen southern states. Notwithstanding this fact there were still 48,000 one-teacher schools in the South. In rural school supervision the South held its own, the sixteen southern states having exactly one-third of the 721 professional supervisors of rural schools employed in 1926. All of the foregoing conditions were estimated to be due primarily to the ruralness and bi-racial situation of the South, indicating herein the two chief problems of educational advance in this section.

The South was struggling with its problem of Negro education as well as of white. Here again progress was very marked if measured by actual increase in support and enrollment. North Carolina was appropriating more for Negro education by the end of the first third of the century than she appropriated for all education at the beginning of the century. There were tremendous strides in city and rural schools, state colleges for Negroes in all the southern states, and many other evidences of progress. Yet there was the picture of the Negro schools, relatively very low. In the total of productive funds, in higher value of buildings and equipment, of total receipts, number of students as enumerated above, the Negro's part was insignificant, ranging from one twenty-fifth to one three-hundredth part of the total. And of the state accredited, four-year high schools in the South there were in 1925-26 more than five thousand for the whites and only about two hundred for the Negroes. An appropriate ratio to population would give the Negroes more than two thousand instead of two hundred.

Here indeed was a burden which no other section of the country carried—that of a dual educational system, supported by a region manifestly below par in income possibilities. There was progress but not enough. The whites considered progress phenomenal, the Negroes knew it was inadequate. School officials were everywhere deploring the serious inadequacy of facilities for white public education and the resulting effect upon the social structure of the South. Yet it was claimed that the policy of limiting Negro education was inevitably "creating in the South a vast, defenseless, exploitable group; a social cesspool of ignorance, disease, and crime, and social problems of all kinds. Such a group is a tremendous liability to the South socially and economically, raising the unfavorable statistics and lowering the per capita wealth, both because they do not either produce or consume as much as they would if given more favorable opportunities for efficient training and further because such a group is a constant drain upon the funds of the State for corrective and punitive measures and the objects of public welfare and charity programs."

Other pictures of the southern educational situation were abundant. Again, there were the pictures of deficiencies and those of progress. Some of the deficiencies would reveal an average annual school term for the Nation greater by a school month and a half than the annual term provided by the Southern States . . . an annual school term for the most backward of the Southern States shorter by three months than those of the most advanced states . . . children receiving less than two-thirds as much schooling as in advanced states . . . an inferior quality of education . . . poorly trained and ineffective teachers . . . a higher percentage of non-attendance . . . defective compulsory school attendance and child labor legislation administration . . . southern children receiving two years of schooling less than children in the rest of the United States. Salaries ranging from 40 to 70 per cent as large as for the entire United States, some states outside the South rewarding teachers more than four times as well as some states in the South . . . The Southern States below national standards in facilities for the training of teachers . . . in the physical equipment of schools . . . in the average value of school property per student enrolled . . . in total expenditures per pupil in attendance upon public elementary and secondary schools a little more than half as for all the forty-eight states . . . in the percentage of children in high school many of the Southern States are at the bottom of the list . . . hundreds of thousands of southern white children without access to high school advantages of any kind.

Over against these deficiencies a southern newspaper, complaining of the continuous emphasis upon southern deficiencies, set forth its picture of the southern record. "These states of the South," it protested, "with a population of 38,000,000, expended on their public schools twice as much as did the forty-eight states in 1900, with a population of 76,000,000. The expenditures for this purpose in 1900 by the United States were $215,000,000. The South in 1926 spent $426,000,000. In 1900 public school expenditures in the South were 15 per cent of the country's total. They are now close to 25 per cent. The South is spending $100,000,000 annually on new public school buildings, which is as much as the whole nation expended for that purpose the year before the world war began. There are 9,000 consolidated schools in the South, which is over half in all the country. With one-third of the population of the country nearly 40 per cent of its public school buildings are in southern states. Similarly, in 1900 the appropriations in the South for public schools amounted to $35,000,000, in 1910, $80,000,000, and are now far past the $400,000,000 mark . . . In 1900 only three states of the South had regained their wealth of 1860. The 86,000 students in the high schools have grown to 700,000, which is 200,000 more than in all the high schools of the United States when it had doubled the population of the South of today . . . Of the twelve states which, according to the federal survey of 1926, had the largest percentage of their population enrolled in the public schools no less than nine were southern, . . . With increasing wealth has come expansion of the South's colleges and universities. The number of its higher institutions has grown from 128, when Reconstruction ended, to over 300 today . . . the number of students in attendance upon the universities, colleges and professional schools of the South has reached 200,000, which is many thousands more than were matriculated in all the institutions of higher learning in the United States in 1890 and nearly as many as the number in the nation in 1900 . . . the annual receipts of the institutions of higher learning of the South have passed $100,000,000, a sum greater by $10,000,000 than the revenues of all such institutions in the United States only nineteen years ago . . . over 25 per cent of all the college and university students of the United States are enrolled in southern institutions . . . And a southern institution is the oldest state university in America, it numbers among its alumni a President and a vice-president of the United States, seven cabinet officers, nine senators, over two-score members of the national house of representatives and twenty governors; that its student body of 69 in 1879 has become 3,000 with a faculty of 200, and that it has given instruction to over 75,000. What state in all the Union in the last ten-year period has displayed more enlightened, progressive and liberal spirit in the interest of education, popular and higher, than North Carolina?"

In all the pictures of the South, its struggle for education were dominant pictures. Millions for buildings. New schools for old. Thousands of teachers being prepared. Summer schools crowded. Education a shibboleth. "We were not educated; we want our children educated." . . . The revival spirit in education . . . Everywhere awakening and zealous advocates . . . Public education the heart of the New South . . . States and cities and counties striving to make adequate provisions . . . Individuals and families making the necessary sacrifice for the education of their children. Colleges and universities groaning under the new loads. Popular participation in education added other pictures. A state university attacked because of its aristocratic traditions and heritage . . . Another because of its "unchristian" character. The fight of the church colleges against the state colleges. Vivid campaigns for Christian education. The setting up of rival state colleges for the "common people" . . . The rural against the city . . . The new against the old . . . Agricultural colleges, women's colleges, district schools . . . Each part of the state must have its share in the state moneys . . . A North, Middle, South State institution . . . The multiplying of institutions, the distribution of patronage, the lowering of standards . . . And still the raising of standards as compared with the past.

There were still other pictures of popular control as well as support of education . . . Politics in educational institutions . . . The trading of positions of importance . . . Boards of trustees dominating the internal affairs and assuming administrative functions as well as legislative . . . Lack of freedom on the part of students and faculty . . . Provincial education and limitations . . . Bitter attacks upon "evolution" . . . Ignorance of standards. Pictures of the revival of education in the church schools . . . Each state with many denominational colleges and junior institutions . . . A Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and in general a men's college and a women's college . . . Classical and religious education . . . Dominating the educational scene . . . Spirited leaders . . . Scholars and gentlemen . . . Campaigns for support and endowment . . . Poverty of funds . . . Difficulties of maintaining standards . . . Campaigns for Christian education . . . Conflict and bitterness . . . What price education . . . Of what sort.

Again, popular control. Religious domination of the curriculum . . . The science and religion controversy . . . Evolution and anti-evolution . . . The preachers and their following, advocating the strange doctrine that religion must be taught in state schools because state and church must be kept separate . . . What the people pay for they must control . . . State institutions supported by taxes are supported by church folks . . . Church folks therefore must control . . . Northern professors must not be employed because not in sympathy with southern ideals . . . Southern education . . . Southern Christianity, . . . Southern culture . . . Campaigns and miniature Daytons . . . preachers and wealthy laymen set to "get" professors and college heads . . . resolutions and memorials . . . publicity and meetings . . . demagoguery and ignorance run riot . . . memorials to governors, legislatures, trustees, people . . . . pamphlets on psycho-analysis or "filthy dreams" . . . anti-Christian sociology . . . ten thousand distributed to the people and especially cotton mill owners and the wealthy church members . . . puzzled citizens . . . college youth and freedom . . . suppressed publications . . . suspended faculty members . . . "when teachers get to thinking more of their rights than their duties, then it's time to call a halt" . . . high priced meddlers in the faculties . . . liberty, loyalty and service . . . "if any faculty member does not like the institution he can leave" . . . popular appeals to legislatures based upon expediency . . . campaigns for funds of private and denominational schools appealing against liberalism . . . hard times . . . great distances between professional educators and common folks. Puzzled men and women.

And again the mixed pictures. Thousands of progressive men and women in the schools . . . Thousands of liberal school board members . . . Thousands of southern teachers in northern summer schools . . . and in southern schools . . . increasing contributions of southern education to the national picture . . . effective stands against fanatical evolution drives . . . demagogues rebuked . . . thousands of editorials throughout the South standing solidly against religious domination of education. Editorials from more than 200 southern newspapers showed 70 per cent against all anti-evolution laws in 1925 . . . Many silent . . . Almost no editorial endorsement of anti-revolutionary laws . . . Steady support of institutions of higher learning against attacks . . . Development of research and educational leadership . . . Strides in physical equipment, and in teaching standards and teachers' salaries . . . Progress in the working out of the bi-racial educational problem . . . Increase of endowments and support of higher education . . . The raising of standards in professional schools . . . Regional conferences and institutes . . . Intersectional enrollment of students . . . Interchange of college and university professors . . . Acceleration of creative work . . . but not yet rating an approximation of its normal place in the national picture, not yet attaining a balanced economy adequate for educational development.

CHAPTER XX

CREATIVE EFFORT AND EXPERIENCE

There was a red-haired, freckle-faced, young contemporary of the older sons and daughters of Uncle John and the old Major who was destined to make a place for the South in the field of literature. The physical difficulties and hardships which beset this boy were not unlike those experienced by the other children, and there were domestic troubles besides. Like the grandchildren of Uncle John, his heritage included a mother from a prominent family, who had married a man from a different type of family. He was a day laborer and Irish. But unlike the sons of Uncle John, he had deserted the wife shortly after the birth of the boy. From then on the mother turned back to the old family name for herself and son. Thus Joel Chandler Harris, rechristened with the old Harris family name while also retaining the ethnic combination of two types of southern folks. Again he perpetuated the mixed elements in the architecture of his future when at twenty-four years of age he married an unusual young woman of French-Canadian descent.

Once again, carrying his development onward, he combined the mixed fabrics of southern environment when he grew up in practical poverty, struggling and working his way through the various vicissitudes, but at the same time having the constant influence of his mother's wide reading and the educational backing of relatives, who saw him through the Eatonton Academy. Hard work, limited means, out-of-doors, and mischievous occupations kept a bashful boy busy. Necessity pushed him into a hard apprenticeship; his mother's reading, the books and papers at the printshop on the plantation, the southern way of life, alongside nature and contact with black folks in the cabins, were factors in a creative development which was later to be reflected so brilliantly.

At fourteen he became a type-setter for an independent sheet called the *Countryman* and published on a plantation nine miles from his home town. In this rôle he was befriended by Joseph Addison Turner, owner and publisher, a man of learning who possessed a good library for those days. Here again was a picture of the South in the making. Living in the plantation home, the boy was deeply impressed with the surroundings, read from the library, visited in Negro quarters, and heard animal and bird lore in the evenings, and spent whatever spare time he could in the woods and gardens. He was absorbing a tremendous amount of life and contrasts as found among the Negroes, poorer whites, northern and southern struggle. He even contributed articles to the *Countryman* and stayed with it until war and defeat put an end to that paper as it did to many another southern undertaking.

From this time on his own life was part and parcel of the mixed picture of southern struggle. At seventeen a printer on the *Macon Telegraph*, later the scene shifted rapidly and he became private secretary to the editor of the *Crescent Monthly* of New Orleans. Moving quickly back again at nineteen years of age he was editor of the *Monroe Advertiser* of Forsyth, Georgia, where his editorial paragraphs won him state-wide reputation. His written work was always in brilliant contrast to his oral expression. His penetrating insight, his artistic touch, and forceful language at times seemed considerably in contrast to the awkward red-haired, freckle-faced boy conscious of his social limitations and handicapped by a tendency to stutter. However, his energy, merit, and intangible forces kept him moving. So came the modest boy to young manhood. By the time he was twenty-two he was associate editor of the *Savannah News*. At twenty-four he married, in Savannah, but the yellow fever epidemic of 1876, an important influence in those days, carried him again away from his moorings. He went to Atlanta where he became editorial paragrapher for the *Atlanta Constitution* of which the noted Henry W. Grady was editor.

It was in this setting that he began to realize fully upon the observations of earlier years on the plantation and to reflect the pattern of his moulding. Two years later as columnist for the *Constitution* he began his Uncle Remus songs and stories, which immediately touched a responsive chord. By 1880 he was launched by D. Appleton and Company through his *Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings.* He remained with the *Constitution* until 1900. In the meantime, in 1881, he had moved to his West End home in Atlanta, later called "The Sign of the Wren's Nest," where he, Mrs. Harris, his mother, and the six children were representative no less of the South than of his general character and family relationships. He was a lover of children as evidenced in many ways in his own life and in the care with which he answered letters written to him by children.

In at least three ways Joel Chandler Harris ranked as a creative pioneer and prophet. His actual contributions in book form were impressive, including more than twenty-five volumes published by at least ten different publishers: *Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings, Nights with Uncle Remus, Mingo, Free Joe and Other Georgia Sketches, Daddy Jake the Runaway, Balaam and His Master, Uncle Remus and His Friends, On the Plantation, Little Mr. Thimble Finger, Mr. Rabbit at Home, The Story of Aaron, Sister Jane, Stories of Georgia, Aaron in the Wildwoods, Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War, Plantation Pageants, Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann, On the Wings of Occasion, Gabriel Tolliver, The Making of a Statesman, Wally Wanderoon, Little Union Scout, Tar-Baby,* and *Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus.*

Although his reputation was made through Uncle Remus, an enduring character, it may well be doubted whether the Uncle Remus stories and sayings and songs were as characteristic of the man as was his vigorous plunge into realistic criticism of the South. His editorials and articles, although less known, were scarcely less significant than his books. In these he became the vigorous realist, in which he never forgot the tragedies of the South, the poor white man, the darker aspects of slavery, the separation of families, mixed blood, and the hypocrisies reflected in sentimentality and religiosity. Nevertheless, he retained his artistry, his sense of humor, and achieved his results through accurate character delineation and continuity of purpose. One of his ambitions was to dissipate sectional jealousy, religious and racial intolerance, southern sensitiveness, and to develop a regional consciousness that permitted of the development of self-criticism and intelligence. His death scarcely more than a year after his founding the *Uncle Remus Magazine* prevented his carrying out its ideals as expressed in the following quotation: "It will be a Southern magazine by being first of all an American magazine. It will not have to bid good-bye to sectionalism or to prejudice, or to intolerance of kind, for it will never know them. It will be built on lines as large and as healthy as the keenest kind of optimism can make them."

Not only did Joel Chandler Harris make a very large contribution in the quantity of his books, articles, editorials, and letters, but the quality of his contributions was distinctive judged by many standard measuring-rods. He created a new character and a new form. He was a pioneer in the presentation of regional and racial portraiture of permanent value. He presented an accurate literary history of the plantation. He picked out from a mass of southern ruins what was considered inchoate materials and through clear delineation, new and effective form, admirable proportion, rhythm and symmetry, he developed an art at once harmonious and beautiful. The quality of it was attested at once by a universal popularity, which included the fullest approval of the critics.

Again Joel Chandler Harris was an early pioneer in the field of southern realism in which the "love of justice, social sympathy, the spirit of good will, the hatreds of shams" were offered as effective antidotes of the glaring faults of southern religion, politics, and social life. He was essentially a modern southerner crying in the wilderness. He was forerunner of that later period in the first quarter of the twentieth century in which southern critics ventured to turn searching light upon the southern scene. He could match wit and satire with Walter Hines Page in his famous mummy letters. And like Page he hated bunk and sham, despised hypocrisies and intolerance, and yearned for the South to measure its own works and days not by provincial southern standards, but by whatever measures sufficed anywhere. In his personality he was quiet, unimpressive, gentle; in his writing and thinking he was dynamic, keen, forceful, and brilliant. It is but natural to wish that he might have lived and turned his energies upon the South of after-war Kukluxism on the one hand, and of awakening youth and the new literary renaissance on the other.

Walter Hines Page presented a picture revealing Joel Chandler Harris as a maker of southern literary fabric. "There is not in the whole range of literature," he wrote, "a happier example of the homely quality of the material of which great literature may be made than the material that went to the making of 'Uncle Remus.' This is so great a piece of literature that if all histories and records of slave-life in the South were blotted out, a diligent antiquarian thousands of years hence could reconstruct it in its essential features from the three human figures that Mr. Harris has used—Uncle Remus, the little boy, and Miss Sally . . . the essential elements of the old Southern life . . . The substance . . . in nothing but simple folk-stories . . . But Mr. Harris put them in the Georgian idiom, gave them the twist or turn of thought that marks them as indigenous—made them native—and gave them the setting that will forever hold them in our English speech. . . . Those that first read his stories, when they were children, now have children (and some of them grandchildren) who read them; and all ages alike take on the mood of childhood under their charm. Few people knew Harris personally—none but his neighbors and such pilgrims as made their way especially to see him; for he was abnormally shy and seldom went from home. But 'The Sign of the Wren's Nest' has now become a sort of shrine. Few men achieve so enviable a thing as this—to win and to hold the gratitude of a nation of children."

In the picture of Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of Uncle Remus, were to be found not only much of the Old South, but many of the elements of promise in the new. But there was also in the later picture of the South's attitude toward Uncle Remus and the "Wren's Nest" something of the lack of promise for the immediate future. It was as if the South was saying: We have an Uncle Remus—what else do you expect of us? We produced Joel Chandler Harris, isn't that proof enough of our creative contributions? And we produced Sidney Lanier, not only poet but pioneer and technician in rhythm and music. Or again, in other literature, did not the South produce the Pages, the Wilsons, James Lane Allen, John Fox, Mary Johnston, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne? . . . And we claim Edgar Allan Poe, another pioneer and technician in another field of literature. And was not this town the birthplace of O. Henry, and this one of Crawford Long, discoverer of anæsthesia, and that one of the great scientists, the Le Conte brothers? And this one of the Peabody boys? And that one of Augusta Evans Wilson? And over yonder Woodrow Wilson, and over there the master of yellow fever. Or further back did not the South produce the greatest orators—Patrick Henry, Calhoun, Clay, Randolph, Benton, Graham, Stephens, Toombs, Davis, Cobb, Johnson, Yancey, Lamar, Forsyth, Grady? Isn't the record of the past ample proof?

Indeed there was a vivid picture of an appeal, eloquently presented and heartily endorsed, for the Nation to elect a southern president in recognition of what the South *had* contributed in the *past*. Here was a part of the picture: . . . "For seventy-two years (1789-1861) there were fifteen Presidents of the United States and nine were from the South. In nearly every Cabinet of the fifteen Presidents, the Attorney-General was a Southern man. These nine southern Presidents made such excellent ones that five of them were re-elected and not one from the six remaining ones from the North was re-elected. For sixty-four years the Chief Justices of the United

States were southern men. The obligations of the Nation to the South are great. Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered the resolution of independence. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. George Washington established it. James Madison largely created the Constitution and was instrumental in having it ratified. John Marshall was Chief Justice thirty years. These men with Alexander Hamilton may truly be called the Founders of the American Nation." And on and on the claims extended, ending with the query "will the Nation be fair-minded enough to honor the South again?"

And the picture might have been painted even better, if the record be extended to include all its contributions to politics and statesmanship. For the South had made a large contribution to the practice and theory of American government. Taking a list of names of American political personages estimated as worthy of permanent biographies in the *Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences* as a background, what was the South's early contribution? Of the twenty presidents so listed, eleven were born in the South. Of the figures "important in domestic affairs before the Civil War," out of forty-seven so listed, six were of foreign birth. Of the forty-one born in America all but fourteen were born in the South. Here were actual pictures, standard measuring-rods of achievement: Thomas Hirt Benton, Montgomery Blair, Richard Bland, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Howell Cobb, Jefferson Davis, John Dickinson, Robert Y. Hayne, Patrick Henry, Sam Houston, George Mason, Arthur, Charles, Henry, and Richard Henry Lee, William Lowndes, Nathaniel Macon, John Marshall, John Randolph, Peyton Randolph, Robert Rhett, Spencer Roane, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, William Yancey. Of those "figures important for development of political theory," the South had twenty-seven as opposed to twenty-five from all the other states and fifteen from foreign countries. Among those not included in the previous list were James G. Birney, George Fitzhugh, James Hammond, Hinton R. Helper, Andrew Johnson, Hugh Swinton Legaré, Henry St. George Tucker, Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, George Wythe. There was none listed from the South among the contributors to "social theory," but the South's contribution to the Supreme Court was large.

If, however, the picture was to be made up of figures important in domestic affairs since the Civil War, there were listed only Joe Cannon, Champ Clark, and Tom Watson! Vivid pictures they were but in great minority of numbers if not in picturesqueness. This did not mean that many of the vivid southerners of before-the-war distinction did not continue to achieve, but their efforts were toward the rebuilding of a section rather than participation in the national picture as such. Nor did it mean that southerners now living may not attain the ranks so specified. Nevertheless, the picture of the later South as producing creative leaders in the field of practice and theory of politics did not compare well with its earlier record, so that its place in the national honor must be won again rather on merit than on past laurels.

The South was not only pointing with pride to its past record, but was citing the present record of achievements of those who were born in the South. Always *born* there, but generally not resident at and just before the period of achievement. And there was too often this contrast between the old record of achievement and the new, that, whereas most of the distinguished folk of before-the-war achievement were born and achieved from the South, most contemporary folk received their momentum and their opportunity outside of the South. There were the pictures of the literary renaissance of the decade since the Great War. Pulitzer prizes and best sellers, dramatic successes and book club adoptions, and signal reviews and acclaim from many sources. More than three hundred volumes by southern authors, published by national publishing houses in a decade. And the picture omitted scores of other vivid volumes since 1900, which might well come into the picture. But there they were, eloquent evidence of the South in literature: *Jurgen, The Professor's House, Death Comes for the Archbishop, Barren Ground, They Stooped to Folly, Impa-*

tient Griselda, Birthright, Teeftallow, Bright Metal, The Wave, Black April and *Scarlet Sister Mary, Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters, Andrew Jackson* and *Andrew Johnson, Hell Bent for Heaven, The Field God* and *In Abraham's Bosom, Drums* and *Marching On, Heaven Trees* and *The Torches Flare, Magic Island, Father Mississippi, The Time of Man* and *The Great Meadow, The Hard-Boiled Virgin* and *The Short Story's Mutations, God's Trombones, What Price Glory,* and the others. And the record was also most creditable in the field of scientific books, textbooks, and especially in articles contributed to leading periodicals and journals.

The picture was one of impressive proportions both as to current achievements and of future promise. Yet a group picture of the authors revealed them mostly outside of the South or mostly having received their moving stimuli from outside their native states and regions. There were exceptions, but they were few. The South was proud of its contributions, but what had the South done to give them momentum or reward? It read few of their books; it bought fewer, and it had offered little encouragement in the days of their travail. Yet the picture, somehow, was still a southern picture.

Much the same sort of picture was reflected in a group picture of southerners listed in *Who's Who in America.* Large numbers had gone out from the Southern States, and the great majority, exclusive of those ranking because of ex-officio positions, received much education and stimuli outside of the South. Most of the Southern States lost heavily in the exchange between southerners gone North and the northerners come South. Kentucky lost 45 per cent, Virginia 39 per cent, South Carolina 34 per cent, Alabama nearly 25 per cent, Tennessee 20 per cent, with North Carolina and Arkansas following with 18 and 13 per cent, respectively. Florida gained over 300 per cent, while Georgia gained 4.5 per cent, and Louisiana gained 4 per cent. Florida and South Georgia playgrounds and Atlanta regional center point one way of increasing notables in the population. On the other hand, one university town in the South was recorded as having the highest ratio of *Who's*

Who inhabitants by far of any community in the Nation, another way of pointing to concentrating distinction. Over against this were the facts that several Southern States had no star men of science residing within their borders, although they had given birth to a considerable number residing elsewhere, and the fact that the South had furnished more than one hundred important members of the faculties of more than a score of leading colleges and universities of the North and West.

And so the main picture of the South was one of receding relative importance in the creation of distinguished people in the Nation. Measured by representatives of *Who's Who,* men of science, presidents of American civil engineers, and other types of distinction, by millionaires and by certain general criteria, such as alpha scores of army men, per capita circulation of magazines, infrequency of homicides, prisoners in institutions, per capita income, savings and property, public school and other educational standards, the South was always in the lower ranks. The picture shows "clearly that there are sharp contrasts among the states in regard to productivity in notables and in other evidences of superiority. In proportion to population in the birth of eminent persons, New England produced about twice as many leaders of diverse sorts as did the Middle Atlantic States, about six times as many as the South Atlantic States, and about ten times as many as the South Central States . . . A region which leads in producing an important type of leader also holds a similar rank in producing other sorts of leaders and in other significant evidences of merit, and conversely a region which produces relatively few leaders trails in many other important respects . . . Not only has the North surpassed the South in practically every item studied, but among the nine geographic groups of states, there is a steady decline southward in average rank. Furthermore, within each of the geographic regions and for each of the types of leaders and for most of the other criteria of merit there is, with few exceptions, a progressive southward decline. The evidence appears, therefore, to warrant this generalization: In the United States, there is a southward decline among the states in the production of almost all types of leaders in proportion to population, and in most other evidences of social merit . . ."

These pictures, it is true, were all based upon certain more or less artificial standards of experience and cumulative recognition and partly upon the past. Nevertheless, they measured achievement as a fact and not as a theory. What they did not portray was the folk-society and regional environments, the distinctive achievement and living qualities of people and leaders, nor the basic causes for non-achievement in definite forms. Woman's part in the South, music and painting, attainment of wealth, health conditions, culture patterns, the traditional rôle of climate, diet and home hygiene, the range of opportunity and reward, and many other factors must be pictured in the permanent portraiture of creative possibilities. Pictures of current status offered as measures of cause and effect or of final criteria reflect little consideration of the forces which go into the building of cultures or the processes of time and evolution. Climate had been pictured as a handicap to universities; yet, with no change in climate, certain southern universities had blossomed forth into vigor and distinction. Climate had been accounted detrimental to football; yet in every intersectional contest between the South and far West, in the Tournament of Roses, the South had won or tied the game. It was being freely said that the climates of the South and sunny West were the best possible assets to football, tennis, Olympic games, and other forms of sport. These were but beginnings of new pictures to be suggested, which might indicate that southern environment was preëminently suitable for creative effort of all sort. The South had neither achieved in music nor had it shown appreciation of it in any way comparable with other sections of the country or with its own institutional tradition. Yet music and art were of the very essence of the southern spirit. The southern pattern had not yet included it in its range. Southern "culture" had been renowned far and wide; yet there were to be found college and university cities, prideful of their possession of the old families and traditions, yet without a public library or a book store! The pattern had emphasized something else.

And so the portraiture of the South in education, in science, in participation in the national picture, was conditioned by many factors. The picture of social work, for instance, revealed the South as having in 1929 only 234 members out of 3,487 members of the National Conference of Social Work. Yet the previous year when the Conference met at Memphis the South's membership had more than doubled, and its ratio much increased. That is, if the Negro population be deducted, its membership of 437 would rank it quite up with the rest of the states. The whole picture was found in the story of the past and the present. One way to consider the development of social work in the South was to review its early beginnings. Since the National Conference of Social Work was the most representative common measure of social-work activities, we might well use this as one measuring-rod for the South's participation in formal social-work organization. Of the fifty-five annual meetings of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, later the National Conference of Social Work, six had been held in the South, Nashville in 1894, Atlanta in 1903, Richmond in 1908, Memphis in 1914, New Orleans in 1920, and Memphis again in 1928. At the time of the first meeting, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas had no membership, and the total of eleven southern states was twenty-five members, out of the total national membership of 326, or a little more than 7 per cent. By the time of the Atlanta meeting in 1903, the total southern membership had reached 96 out of a total national of 1,550, a little more than 6 per cent, while in 1908 at Richmond, the total for the Southern States was 141 out of a total national membership of approximately 2,000, a little more than 7 per cent.

Since that time the South had gained gradually, until its current aggregate membership was more than the total national enrollment at the date of the first southern meeting. On the whole, its ratio to the national membership had been rather constant. Judging by the membership-ratio criterion alone, the South might be said to be static in social work as the years go by. An examination of the actual increase, however, and the constant ratio to other states and to the other aspects of southern development gave a better impression than the proportion of southern membership to the total national membership. It must be clear also that there were other measures of importance.

One of these measures was the representation of the South in the American Association of Social Workers. Here, since membership represented an exact achievement in social work, there were actual measures of social-work personnel. The southern states mentioned had a total membership of 253, with Virginia leading at 50, Louisiana second with 49, and Georgia following next with 38, Tennessee with 24, Kentucky with 21. North Carolina had 8, being below South Carolina with 13, Florida with 16, Texas with 20, Alabama with 13; with Mississippi again last. In this list of members, the influence of cities was apparent, since North Carolina and Mississippi had no cities of magnitude.

There were perhaps particular considerations about the social work of the Southern States which tended to give it special status not quite comparable to the work of larger centers. The South's problems had required a more general or undifferentiated social work, and the social and economic development of the Southern States had had its renaissance largely since the turn of the century. From a preëminently rural civilization there had developed a rapid tendency toward industrial and manufacturing processes, the geographic areas still being largely rural. There had been the special problems of race, tenancy, and poverty since the War Between the States, and the tendency to center all social work and welfare efforts through the schools, church, and industry. And the South has been very busy with its economic rebirth and its educational renaissance. These and other factors helped to interpret the social-work newness of the South. In terms of membership in professional organizations, the South did not show up well with approximately a third of the nation's population contributing less than 10 per cent membership, let us say. On the other hand, starting at the turn of the century the Southern States had increased their memberships at about the same ratio as other states, and had increased their representation in social work approximately at the same rate as they had increased education, industry, and other activities. The measure of the South's social work in the last quarter century, therefore, was to be in terms other than numbers alone.

Some of the new developments in southern social work were in the field of public welfare. Important and original contributions had been attempted in state-wide systems in North Carolina with its county plan, Virginia and Florida with modifications and adaptations, Alabama with its special emphasis upon child welfare and school attendance, Georgia with its studies and efforts on behalf of children, prisoners, county organization, South Carolina and Alabama in the study of crime and convict systems, Mississippi in its interest in hospitals and mental hygiene now developing, and other states with varied concrete efforts. Child welfare, child labor, prison camps, race relations, illiteracy, and other special problems had engaged the attention of social workers, although progress had been slow. Another large section of southern social effort had been that of public health and public-health nursing, in which progress had been made. Each of the Southern States listed had had also a state-wide conference of social work, and their conferences had enlisted the participation of the state's leaders in social work, religion, business, and education, and had set in motion measurably successful efforts toward social legislation and reform. The Southern Textile Social Service Association had a large membership and held regional and district meetings annually. There was an active social-work organization for the study of mountain folk problems and work. There were active social-service commissions in southern church denominations, and many of the women's divisions had done valuable work, especially with reference to the Negro situation. The Commission on Interracial Relations had made an important contribution since the Great War. At the 1903 Atlanta meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, President Robert W. De Forest took for his theme the statement that the South and the North was each best fitted to solve its own problems. It was asserted by both the northern and southern delegates that the Negro problem was the South's own problem. Since that time the South had recognized that it was a problem for the white South and the Negro South, for the white North and the Negro North, and for the Nation as a whole. And it had been through these cooperative ways that great progress had come. The contrast between the Memphis conferences in 1914 and in 1928, was eloquent testimony of progress both ways.

The South had made the social sciences and social research also a part of its program. For some years an annual regional conference on teaching and research in the social sciences had been held—at different universities. These universities and others had augmented their research and social-work education since the War, affording one of the distinctive evidences of progress in southern education. In the American Association of Professional Schools of Social Work, Tulane, Richmond, North Carolina, and Atlanta were members. Indeed, there were many who believed that there was a decided promise that the South would turn much of its spiritual and fighting energy into channels of social study and work, and that it would tend to emphasize creative effort and leadership as a part of the new era. Perhaps there was some evidence of this already.

In the story of social work and social development in the South, the national agencies had had an important part. There was no doubt that the real renaissance in professional social work in the Southern States dated from the efforts and organization of the American Red Cross during the War and after. Both in its actual home-service work, and later its case work and community organization efforts, and in stimulating individuals on the new venture of social work, the Red Cross was first. And in this story of the Red Cross, as in the earlier story of social work in the South, Joseph C. Logan was the pioneer and dean of them all. How new the South would have been in social work had it not been for Logan and the Red Cross, can only be conjectured. We can only give due acclaim where it may not always be apparent from the later work now developing on more advanced lines.

A somewhat similar picture of the South and the social sciences was possible. Its record of absolute membership in the national associations and its ratio of subscriptions to national social science periodicals was not impressive. Yet in the light of its rapid development, its large ratio of Negro population, its showing was not bad, and its ratio was considerably above some other regions of the United States. Thus the South had 184 members in the American Political Science Association, a ratio of 12.61 per cent to the whole. Other sections were East North Central with 28 per cent, Middle Atlantic with 25 per cent, Mountain with more than 3 per cent, New England with 13.08, and Pacific with 9.73. In the American Sociological Society the South had 190 members, a ratio of 11.25 to the whole, as compared with other societies as follows: Its ranking in the American Economic Association showed 257, a ratio of 8.76 to the whole. The South had 404 members in the American Historical Association, a ratio of 11.20 to the whole. Subscriptions to the official national social science journals showed about the same ratios, since membership in the associations often carried with it subscription to the association journal. The South had about a third of the total subscriptions to *Social Forces,* a national journal, but published in the South, although New York alone had more subscribers than all of the Southern States combined, if North Carolina be excepted.

The background of the social sciences and education in the South would reveal something of the same picture as that of social work. The South at times had boasted of its ignorance in matters of social concern, and it had emphasized the classical and humanistic education. Bernard called attention to the fact that sociology came later, on the whole, to the southern than to the northern college and university curricula . . .

Records of only seventeen southern institutions offering courses by 1900 and no record of a separate department . . . His picture of the southern background of sociology was applicable to all the social sciences: "The southern sociological movement was primarily Comtean, and secondarily Aristotelian. It was the only one of the three to apply to itself the term *sociology.* It, like the other two movements, had its origin and sanction in the local situation, although its underlying theory was drawn from abroad. It was not so much the *Positive Philosophy* as the *Positive Polity* that influenced the southern leaders of this movement. There was something in the Comtean hierarchy which called forth a peculiarly sympathetic response in the breasts of the leading philosophers of the southern movement —Chancellor Harper, Dew, Fitzhugh, Hughes, and Ross. Slavery was under vigorous attack from the transcendentalist philosopher-reformers of the North and the doctrinaire Rousseauan democrats of the South, and these philosophic spokesmen of the new South found a significantly apt defense of their peculiar paternalistic system in a rival sociological system, that of Comte, tempered with Aristotle. Comte's theory of the Positivist social order is that of a hierarchy of the intellectual and spiritual élite, not wholly unlike that of the Catholic Church, except that it was to be secular instead of clerical, and the 'pope' of the new order was to be guided by the Positivist philosophy, or science, instead of by theology and metaphysics. The outcome would of necessity be a paternalistic, benevolent system which would, as applied to local American conditions, justify slavery, take care of the slave, and promote the best interests of society by providing an opportunity for the élite to serve society untrammelled by sordid economic cares. All this is duly emphasized by the southern philosophic apologists in their treatises, which not only bear the term sociology in their pages, but also make appeal to the authority of Comte as their sanction . . ." But the South had not continued the development of its sociological beginnings until after the Great War. Since that time there had been a great deal of emphasis upon sociology in the college curriculum, and especially in the teacher-training schools, as compared with those in other parts of the Nation.

There were other patterns conditioning the nature and quality of southern creative effort. There was a complaint by the head of the music department of the largest teacher-training school in the South. In reply to the boast that America was destined to become a truly musical nation he replied: "That may apply to the North, East, and West, but absolutely not to the South. In this part of the country the tradition still obtains as strongly as before Civil War days, that the learning of music is good only for little children and young ladies. It is a prejudice about as easy to overcome as it used to be to raze any part of the great Chinese Wall." It was, he claimed, almost impossible to develop a tendency for music among the teachers, supervisors, superintendents, and college presidents. On the other hand, it was claimed that of late years opera had flourished signally in the South even if only for short periods. And there were new departments of music in colleges and universities and some distinctive glee clubs. But all of these again, the nature not only of their contributions but of their reception, were products of culture patterns of the South, pictures of which are inseparable, bound up with its whole civilization and promise.

There were the "culture patterns" of the Old South that were not in the nature of anthropological culture but of manners and breeding. They conditioned many of the younger folks as well as the older . . . superiority and snobbishness . . . pride in the abundance of things old and ignorance of the new . . . There were the patterns of fear, fear of the new, fear of the future, fear of self-expression, fear of thinking out loud, fear of foreign and sectional influences and competition . . . There were the cotton-culture patterns, conditioning the whole South in hygiene and diet, in education and finance, in literacy and morality, in chance fortune and business cycles . . . There were the climate patterns, great range and variety, assumed to be soothing to native and tourist . . . There were the diet patterns, too much and too often eating, malnutrition and overeating . . . There was the mob pattern, powerful and immeasurable . . . There was the fighting pattern, conflict and quarrels among states, denominations, clubs . . . There were honor patterns and homicides . . . There was the "anti" pattern—against Catholics, Negroes, foreigners, chain stores, "everything" . . . There was the religious pattern, basis of judgments more than conduct . . . There were the simple moral patterns, neighborliness, simplicity, walk humbly, do justice . . . There were the rural patterns and race patterns and work patterns and inferiority patterns and superiority patterns and all the rest of a mixed fabric. And there were the state patterns, each state having its own peculiar institutional character and challenging portraiture which at once recapitulates and integrates the story of the South and yet differentiates it. *The* South, yet many Souths.

CHAPTER XXI

ABOUNDING IN WEALTH AND SURPASSING IN WASTE

The old picture of Frederick Law Olmsted, wending his tedious and painful way through the slave states of the ante-bellum South, stood in vivid contrast to the picture of the swift-moving northern tourist of 1930 speeding from the national Capital to the deep South, by train or automobile or airplane in a single sweeping trip. Olmsted complained vigorously of too plain hospitality and too meagre civilization . . . no privacy, no freshness, no flowers, no fruit, no cream, no sugar, no carpets, no couches, no books, no thermometers, no pianofortes, no sheets of music, no engravings, no works of art . . . no civilization. And had he postponed his visit until the post-bellum days of Uncle John and the old Major, his findings amidst scenes of desolation and want would have appeared even more discouraging. He did find, however, a baker's dozen of notable places, offering hospitality such as his experience and standards led him to expect. Granting that this visit to the "Back Country" failed to reveal the best of the Old South, nevertheless had he visited every great southern place and been welcomed into every southern gentlemen's home, he would still have found but a fraction of the measure and range of the South's picture of 1930. Had he come again then, he would have passed thousands of homes and suburban places surpassing all that he had seen in the ante-bellum country. Instead of his crowded rooms, inadequate linen, and sordid conditions, he would have found comfort and surcease. If he had been invited to a private home, he would have been provided with his desired private room and bath, soft curtains and gentle lights, a warm house or cool according to season, music and books and pictures, recreation and conveniences, gardens and flowers and fruits. Indeed he would have appeared to be in a land of half-enchantment with gardens of flowers and fruits and vegetables in incredible abundance. If, on the other hand, he had been entertained through the public hospitality, he would have found comfortable and well-equipped hotels, with food from all the seasons and regions, running ice water in his room, the soft carpets which he craved, and all manner of luxury far surpassing the best of the Old South. Whether he appraised the southern picture in measures of money and material things, in numbers and quantity, in aggregates or individual excellence; or whether he measured it in terms of the higher culture and form, after eliminating current crude architecture and monstrosities, he would still have found southern wealth and resources far beyond the limits of any ante-bellum dream . . . And he would also have beheld, mile after mile, area upon area, pictures of the same limited and sordid conditions of which he complained. For the South of 1930 was a kingdom of wealth and it was a kingdom of waste.

In general it was possible to see the South's resources in a composite picture. A physical background of rare range and power, almost unlimited in industrial and economic potentialities, with the promise of beauty, comfort, culture. It was as if there was a golden boundary line skirting the east coast from Virginia, through the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and curving upward with powerful sweep through Texas and around Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, across plains and hills, to border lines again, and encompassing a vast empire of regional abundance. . . . A human background of unusual wealth in the best of American stocks, white and black, a human wealth of sufficient range and power to be adequate for the utmost of general cultural achievement and continuity of human work . . . A certain heritage abounding in the concepts and experience of good living, strong loyalties, spiritual energy, personal distinctions, and strong individuality. A certain distinctiveness in manners and customs . . . a certain poignancy and power of cultural tradition, with the promise of considerable distinctive achievement in many avenues of individual and institutional endeavor. Evidences of capacity for romantic realism . . . a certain reserve of social resources as well as of physical wealth.

Pictures of resources were also revealed in a substantial measure of progress from meagre beginnings to larger undertakings . . . a larger ratio of increase in wealth than in the United States as a whole . . . a larger increase in certain types of industrial development than in the United States as a whole . . . a larger increase in the development of roads, water power, and many public utilities . . . a larger ratio of increase in expenditures and enrollment in public education and in institutions of higher learning, although in the aggregate still far behind . . . a certain initiative in public health and public welfare work . . . a rare opportunity for the development of a better sort of industrial relations unhampered by physical environment or traditional handicap, with here and there a symptom of progress . . . with by and large a remarkable development in all aspects of economic and institutional growth since the crisis of the war between the states. . . . There was also a certain youthful buoyancy and stirring which gave promise of new reaches in economic achievement, creative effort, in the utilization of a certain sort of institutional genius for politics, religion, education, literature, and social science . . . a certain power arising from the abundance of reserve in human and physical resources, coupled with the first fruits of beginning accomplishments and a growing faith and confidence . . . a better preparation for larger gains in the future . . . and a certain drawing power for the rest of the country.

Pictures of the mounting physical resources of the South were all the more vivid because of their contrast to the very recent vale of poverty in which a whole culture seemed for a while unmercifully locked. There was a contemporary of the sons of Uncle John who had emerged from this poverty's vale with his hundreds of millions. He was forever exhorting his fellow folks against the waste that was the besetting sin of the whole South. The South gloried in his wealth and in his benefactions to education and public welfare, as if he were some rare specimen of humanity. Yet he maintained that there ought to have been hundreds of others like himself. The South with its one-third area and population and more than its third of varied resources still mustered less than twenty-five hundred individuals who paid income tax on fifty thousand dollars or more as opposed to the rest of the nation with more than thirty thousand. Its one-third general ratio and its less than a tenth individual wealth ratio reflected the constant flow of the South's wealth into other regions, and its constant waste of abundant resources. For in spite of the justified pride and glorified advertisements of southern enthusiasts, the picture of the South had long been a picture of waste, manifest both in the misuse and non-use of its physical resources and of the abuse of its emotional energies and human resources. The old ante-bellum economy was essentially wasteful and the new had not yet evolved an economy of thrift, energy, and conservation.

Nevertheless, the pictures of the South which reflected waste in largest measure were pictures revealing un-American cultural and social standards and practices, rather than those revealing waste of physical wealth and natural resources, however great these were. And like the portraiture of the South's resources, it was possible to see its waste in composite pictures . . . wasted energy and tempers in a growing tendency toward intolerance, both toward southern folks of differing faiths and toward those from other sections . . . a growing tendency to mix church and state in the confusion of technical moral issues with technical matters of social and political science . . . an un-American treatment of the Negro as measured particularly in mob action and needless injustice . . . a "southern" attitude toward immigration and the foreigner . . . marked tendencies toward anarchistic modes of meting out punishment and condemnation to individuals and groups . . . certain tendencies toward industrial autocracy and stubborn kicking against reasonable progress . . . an individualism willing to sacrifice the rights of many in order to "win" . . . an over-conservative attitude toward pioneering and social change . . .

Other pictures of waste there were. A rare record of killings and homicides among both whites and blacks, exceeding that of the highest records of larger cities of the North . . . waste and havoc wrought by false standards of "honor" . . . wasted energies in factional and interstate jealousies . . . over-emphasis on inter-sectarian conflict . . . pharisaical dogmatism and insolence toward the greater unity of nature and creation, with a certain lack of respect for truth wherever found . . . a lack of respect for the sanctity of personality and concrete personal liberty . . . ignorance and lack of social experience . . . a large proportion of illiterates . . . absence of libraries, reading facilities, and reading habits . . . a lack of first rank universities . . . a lack of æsthetic influences . . . discouragement of original and creative work in literature, music, or other art, and a failure to regard distinguished effort . . . lack of interest in social and political science . . . limited in trained leadership for the industries and professions . . . amateur reaction to the customs and culture of other sections and peoples . . . a superlative appraisal of southern institutions and efforts . . . lack of grounding in and respect for science . . . unnecessary resentment of criticism . . . low standards of work and worth . . . lack of good manners reflected in treatment of people from other sections and insolence toward those who disagree . . . spirited antagonisms toward fundamental processes of modern development.

There were many who asked other questions . . . Was the South not only wasteful and lacking in foresight but also unreasonably critical of those who were more energetic and thrifty? Were there evidences in vast waste of land and natural resources; in products of farm and factory; in culture patterns resulting from the single crop era . . . in standards of living—food, home, and mental hygiene and poorly balanced work . . . strain on man power, waste in children and mothers on farm and in factory . . . waste in race conflict . . . in personal and feudal antagonisms, in fighting over small things . . . waste of intellectual power in emotional exhaustion . . . in stubborn opposition to progress; in fear of all sorts—fear of what might happen, fear of southern criticism and fear of northern criticism . . . fear of the future . . . fear of the truth and a blind fighting out against it and forever kicking against the pricks . . . waste of vast possibilities of youth undeveloped and untrained, born, living and moving through life without ever gaining a knowledge of their power and possibilities? And thousands of them never knowing that anything better existed in the world.

On the contrary they were told by the southern press, pulpit, platform, and school that the South, as it was, constituted the best that civilization on this planet afforded. There was a charming granddaughter of the old Major who, upon visiting a fashionable hotel abroad, undertook to tell the managers just how to run it, whom to admit and whom to reject. Especially she gave them to understand that she would have none of those dark-skinned visitors around while she was there. And the South earned some of the missionary attacks of other sections by constantly wasting its energies trying to reform the rest of the country without working to remove the beam from its own eyes. There was a certain naïveté and lack of social experience revealed in the South's sudden discovery during the 1928 presidential election that in northern states there were regularly mixed schools for white and Negro. Followed wasted energies in fuming and excitement. Something must be done about it! Walter Hines Page had long ago complained about this southern waste of time and opportunity lost. Quoth he, "If you were to go down there now you would soon lose your reckonings, the sense of responsibility would slip from you. The days would come and go every one like every other one. You would hear the same remarks made the same time of the day that were made the same time of day in your grandfather's day. Your own emotions would become illusive and uncertain, and life would become an intangible continuity of a vacuous monotony. While he lives, a man may there study himself dead—touch his own corpse and commune with his own suspended intelligence. It is the clearest case of arrested development to be found in human annals." There were many who felt that this verdict was too severe even for the '90's and that much progress had been made since then. Yet they were inclined to waste more energy in protest than in progress. The ultimate picture was to depend upon the ability of the South to merge its energies and activities in such way as to attain the possibilities which it assumed to be present already.

There were times in which the social current seemed to sweep the South into a sort of state of mind similar to that commonly manifest in war times. There appeared propaganda methods of much the same type and nature as were used in the war with Germany, such as the spreading of unfounded reports, the fanning of mass emotions, the organization of Ku Klux, gestures of espionage, and other methods reminiscent of war hysteria. During the Ku Klux era one was advised that it was better to keep one's mouth shut on all debatable issues because one never knew who was around. This régime continued in some places on up to the 1928 election era, and thousands of southerners made a rule to express no preferences and to take no sides on many problems. In the textile disturbances both labor and capital regularly employed spies and a system of confidential reports and underground methods very much similar to methods employed in war times. Teachers in the schools and universities were warned that they must keep the straight and narrow path. Speakers before civic and service clubs were under the careful scrutiny of censors. There was little freedom of feeling and little freedom of speech in matters relating to religion, race, industry or several social and moral sanctions. This was, of course, true to a large extent throughout the nation between 1915 and 1930 but the South's measure of waste in this respect seemed peculiarly marked in that actual freedom of thought and speech was practically impossible. How much this suppression of creative effort cost the South no man could estimate. Here, as in other instances, the South was not conscious of its status and was either surprised or irritated if it was asked to consider seriously and patriotically the merits of the charge.

There were vivid pictures of this waste caused by the southern conflict pattern. Whole communities and sometimes even counties split asunder by the Ku Klux Klan . . . an election of the president of a large city federation of women's clubs in an election supervised by the Supreme Court with ballot boxes sealed, taken to a court house, counted and results announced . . . a perpetual waste and quarrel, threats, suits, injunctions, comedy, pathos, over the Stone Mountain Memorial . . . political factions frankly substituting partisan emphasis for issues . . . partisan jealousies between educational institutions within a state or within the South . . . a rural legislature legislating against city affairs—the opera, theatres, golf playing, and other cultural activities . . . great energies devoted to efforts for legislation against evolution and the higher learning . . . efforts to pull down the southern temple to gain a point, emotions whiplashing men and women into destroying the very institutions for which they strove . . . life and religion directed against hell, yet "I'd rather see my child in hell than to be a Catholic . . ." resentment that anyone should ask for "reasons" for such emotional judgments . . . bitter complaints of hard times, yet an unwillingness to work, to pay heed to the little things, to plan and save or pay the price of supreme achievement . . . the desire to do something *big* instead of something *well* or to do things as they have always been done rather than to evolve new and better ways and means.

Once again the mixed pictures. Much of the waste involved in the South had developed inevitably through the whole southern economy which had left a peculiar heritage of bondage to cotton and hazard. It was again a difficult situation of long standing in which time, skill and power were required for the attainment of a new freedom and the elimination of old waste. There was the dominance of the cotton economy of the South pictured by the skilled specialist who had studied it all his life. "The striking feature throughout the field of cotton from the moment the seed was planted till the baled staple reaches the mill doors was the element of chance-hazard, fortuitous and inexorable. All the hazards of world conditions and of local conditions, such as the local season, infestation, the money market and general prosperity, the operations on the exchanges, and spot price variations, were directly borne by the producer of cotton, the lien merchant and the cotton dealer. In a lesser and vanishing degree the same thing may be said of the successive capitalists in the cotton world, the manufacturer, the yarn broker, the cloth jobber and the dry goods merchant and retailer, so that the principle of speculation reigned throughout the whole range of life in the cotton world, with the heaviest load carried by those at the bottom of the scale. A speculative attitude, therefore, was deeply inculcated, and was consequently characteristic throughout the cotton belt. This attitude—a matter of degree, a degree beyond the legitimate risks of normal business—spread itself in a thoroughgoing way and permeated the economic life of the South. The most successful and so-called conservative business men grew up with it and were often not aware of its dangers till a crash came. Meantime, in general, the cotton producer, lien merchant and dealer had no other outlook, and had learned to live from year to year on the fortunes of risks over which he had absolutely no control and upon the hazards of which he staked his all. And when he happened to combine some other line of business with cotton, the risks to which he exposed himself were in the same proportion."

There were unforgettable pictures. Here was a man who "came into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth, the scion of an old, honored and wealthy family. His life till the age of sixty was devoted to his mother and to the family estate, his occupation being the merchandising of cotton. In the course of his long career many young men grew up under him and learned the cotton business from him. These men were all successful. At sixty the subject's beloved mother died, and he was desolated—lonely, forlorn. After three years he married a young woman. His desire to give her all that she could wish led to free spending. His estate, which had previously been reduced by speculating in the cotton market, became insufficient for his new venture. He tried to 'come back' on the market with reverse results. He had to borrow from his oldest friends. His business dropped to near nothing because of insufficient operating capital. He was humiliated, and the boys who grew up under him and whom he trained so well came to look upon him, in his old age, with affectionate pity that could not reach a proud and broken spirit. . . ." There was another man "who turned from general business in a cotton town to the building of a cotton mill which he never quite completed. His experience had been that of the typical Southern lien merchant, his fortunes following the cotton seasons. Partly for patriotic reasons, no doubt, partly to improve his own financial interests, he undertook to build a cotton mill. His experience in contracting stood him in good stead, and he built—or almost built—a good mill. The company was financed by local subscription supplementing his own investment, and small shares were sold throughout the country to people of all classes and conditions. When the mill was nearing completion, impatient to see the wheels turning, he bought in the open market, without expert advice or hedges, a considerable run of cotton. There was delay. The market slumped. It kept slumping. Presently the working capital was absorbed, and there was no money left to complete construction. The situation became tense and there were whisperings in the community of trouble. Moreover, the plant lay idle. It must be true: there was trouble. It all became known in a flash. The president of the new mill company, the builder just elected, jumped headlong into a well that went down off his back steps. Suicide. His only escape." Waste and waste and waste. . . . And still another "from one of the best known families of the South, started his career after leaving college as a teacher. Leaving that, he became a lawyer and associated himself with certain mill interests. By a natural process he worked into the mill business and enjoyed outstanding success. A merger of large mill interests became his hobby. It was discussed in the newspapers and his name was always linked with the movement. He became a sort of oracle in the textile world of his day, and was eventually the instrument of forming a great merger. This super-corporation, which now controlled great groups of mills, and to head which he was chosen, consumed several hundred thousand bales of cotton a year. At the height of his career and as a result of a speculative attitude derived no doubt from his economic background, he bought in the open market, at the very edge of the precipice of a steep drop in the cotton market, a supply of cotton said to be sufficient to run him a year. The result was immediate. The mills were closed or shut down, stranded upon an enormous shoal of high-priced cotton. The eminent head now became notorious. He had wrecked the organization. He contracted throat trouble, which gave him a brief seclusion. He died. In short, the hazard killed him. The mills were again divided into separate units and sold, the original stockholders and endorsers losing everything. . . ." These were but samplings of a vast number of pictures whose ramifications, however, extended all the way back to thousands of tenants, still other thousands of small farm owners, still other thousands of merchants, and yet other thousands of cotton mill workers. There were involved their standards of living, their food and dietary habits, their culture, their education and all their coming and going in a changing social and economic order.

Again it was possible to picture the South's resources and waste by contrasting them through certain standard classifications. One way was to consider the elements which go into the development and guidance of human society anywhere and to test the South by such elemental factors. Thus, assuming that such elements were reduced to a dozen, what was the South's measure of loss or gain in the comparison of resources and waste in these elements of social process: physical backgrounds, social change, social incidence, biological and social differentiation, personality and leadership, the home and family relationships, the school and educational guidance, the church and religious practice, the state and governmental control, industry and working conditions, community relationships and wider associations, social science and social guidance? In all of these factors, pictures of the South showed abounding resources of great magnitude.

Concrete pictures of waste were also in such evidence, however, that they were sometimes estimated to be a sort of balance of power in the whole southern economy. In the realm of *physical backgrounds,* there were great differences between possibilities and actualities in such factors as oil, coal, gas, forests, water power, soils, irrigation, transportation and communication, flood control, isolation, animal life, diet, climate, natural beauty and cultural adaptation. In the realm of *biological and social backgrounds* there were conflict between the races and between classes, deficiencies in health, housing, and labor of Negroes, Mexicans, and workers on farm and in factory, deficiencies in new stocks and sparsity of population. The hand of fortune had been laid heavily upon the South through the *social incidence* of the War between the States, reconstruction, economic crises due to the one-crop system, the boll weevil, flood and storm, the Ku Klux and other mass movements and mob action. The South had been slow to meet the processes of *social change* in inventions and discovery, in the transition from a rural and agricultural to an urban and industrial order such that there were much social lag and unnecessary waste in opposition to progress. As for its leadership, the South had been called the worst led section of the country, revealing tremendous waste as compared with its possibilities or measured by the past and by southern contributions in other parts of the nation. In many of its institutions it revealed great deficiencies. In the *home and family* there were too often low standards and unbalanced programs of work, recreation, eating, culture, thrift. In education there were great deficiencies as revealed in high illiteracy percentages, low standards of elementary and higher education, lack of education for vocational life and for leisure time; drain from the dual school system and limited resources. The *religious* waste had been pictured in terms of conflict, dogma, and unreality. *Community* deficiencies were marked by isolation, limited social experience, lack of social work and recreation, lack of planning, organization, and poor leadership. Deficiencies in *government* and *politics* had been reflected in partisanship, lawlessness, inadequate machinery of justice, demagoguery, and superficiality. In the field of *industry and work* there were maladjustments in agriculture and industry, in production and distribution, in inadequate wages and incomes, in too long hours, in labor of women and children, in antagonism toward social cooperation, in failures to readjust to new conditions. And in the realm of *science and social guidance* the South had lagged far behind due to many logical causes which had been pictured often in connection with the various aspects of southern civilization.

Notable exceptions which proved the rule of social waste as pictured also offered ample evidence that the deficiencies attributed to the South were temporary and not due to organic limitations. They were all explained in terms of environmental influences and patterns which were already changing and which were made up of factors quite amenable to selection and control. Parts of these exceptions were found in the fact that many of the deficiencies portrayed, while peculiarly interwoven in the southern fabric, were also present in the cultures of other sections of the country and in many societies elsewhere. Other exceptions were found in the notable contributions which the South had made under many and varying circumstances which had been free from the limiting influences portrayed. Still other exceptions were found in the striking instances of mastery and progress within the South, transcending current obstacles and limitations and in the continuously increasing evidence of the South's capacity to blend its backgrounds with current resources and its own forces with those of the rest of the Nation. The composite picture, therefore, was one in which every major cause of social waste in the South appeared to be remediable through the normal processes of development and progress. The picture was therefore one in which the South's task in the New American Epoch, while appearing more difficult than those of other regions, nevertheless gave promise of greater distances to be covered and larger achievements to be recorded.

CHAPTER XXII

AN AMERICAN EPOCH

The story of Uncle John, the old Major, and their descendants was, first of all, an American story, being first national, then southern in character. Yet in their lives, vicissitudes, and environmental settings were also visible many social elements commonly found in the architecture of other cultures, whether in the earlier frontiers of America, in the development of western civilization in general, or in concrete examples of special regional cultures. This southern picture was, for instance, in many ways reminiscent of the century-old picture of an incredible, bushy-headed, country bumpkin come to Paris, destined to usher in a new romanticism and to divert "the stream of French letters from its narrow channel into a wide and rushing river." In the development of his career and the reshaping of a literature were present to a remarkable degree the elementary forces whose blending creates new cultures and challenges human vitality, tested in a social crucible white hot with the stirrings of physical power, emotional conflict, and intellectual striving. There was a heritage, on the one side, of maturity, experience, prestige, glory, and aristocracy; and, on the other, of primitive folk-stock and fresh blood, rough hewn pillars and strong foundation fabric for some noble superstructure. There were youth and strength and temper. There were ability, temperament, and genius. There were trial and error, successes and failures; and again failures and successes. There were time and unforeseen resistless incidence. There were social conflict and revolution, fire and sword, death and exile. There were old and new epochs witnessing the rise and fall of new leaders and followers. And there was the flowing stream of social process, now suddenly shallow and sluggish, now bursting forth in full volume and power.

There were the backgrounds and the settings. To them were added five friendly influences which were to span the distance between bumptious youth and brilliant Frenchman. These influences were four friends and a notable company, the arsenal. One friend was forever impressing upon the youth the shame of his abysmal ignorance. Another was ever opening the doors of living literature. A third relentlessly spurred him on to constant achievement. A fourth assured him resources, time, and leisure. And a fifth provided him with a finishing school for his artistry. And in the final picture the backgrounds and forces were transcended by form and line and pattern and brilliance.

In some such way came these four generations of southern Americans whose changing cultures provided the most dramatic episodes in American history and comprehended every known element in the architecture of modern civilization. Yet the nature and measure of their contribution were still an issue of the greatest import to the Nation as the second third of the twentieth century began. For, strangely enough, all four of these generations, even the one yet to come, were pioneers, never far from the frontier fringe of a new region in a new America; and the fabric of their culture was peculiarly fashioned by a folk-society, the nature and power of which transcended state and national forms.

In these four generations were peculiarly reflected collective pictures descriptive of American reality, rich in power, range and contrast, shaped and proportioned by strong backgrounds whose unfolding episodes were vivid with the quiver of life. Here were epic and romantic materials of history and literature alongside measurable elements for the scientific study of human society. Here were illuminating materials for the better understanding of American life through the study of regional situations and folk society. Their consistency was often in their contradictions, their unity in their diversity, like some masterpiece of orchestral harmony. Or, like some unfolding evolution of social culture or some masterpiece of narrative, charm and power were revealed only through dramatic unfolding, episode upon episode, year upon year. Here was a civilization slowly gathering together its processes and patterns until the magnitude of the whole had been fashioned, nevertheless, whose power and brilliance were cumulative, residing unescapably in separate units, yet also, and more, in the high potentiality of the final unity.

So came an American Epoch that was the South. An era had ended. An era had begun. Old golden pages of history, shining parchment records of culture, then yellow and faded, scorched and seared with years of embattled conflict, and epic struggle . . . Gallant figures on black horses and white . . . and crude, simple folk, sore with the footfall of time, passing across an epoch which was to be destroyed by physical and cultural conflagration and to rise up again in another American Epoch strangely different and vivid and powerful. Cultures in the making, social processes at work, portraiture descriptive of how civilizations grow. All the South's yesterdays, with their brilliant episodes and with their sordid pictures receding, giving way to the South's tomorrows, through a sweeping American development reminiscent of universal culture.

Both the old and the new culture abounded in sharp contrasts and logical paradoxes. There were many Souths yet *the* South. It was preëminently national in backgrounds, yet provincial in its processes. There were remnants of European culture framed in intolerant Americanism. There were romance, beauty, glamor, gayety, comedy, gentleness, and there were sordidness, ugliness, dullness, sorrow, tragedy, cruelty. There were wealth, culture, education, generosity, chivalry, manners, courage, nobility, and there were poverty, crudeness, ignorance, narrowness, brutality, cowardice, depravity. The South was American and un-American, righteous and wicked, Christian and barbaric. It was a South getting better, a South getting worse. It was strong and it was weak, it was white and it was black, it was rich and it was poor. There were great white mansions on hilltops among the trees, and there were unpainted houses perched on pillars along hillside gullies or lowland marshes. From high estate came low attainment, and from the dark places came flashing gleams of noble personality. There were strong men and women vibrant with the spontaneity of living, and there were pale, tired folk, full of the dullness of life. There were crusaders resplendent with some perpetual equivalent of war, and there were lovers of peace in the market place. There were freshness and vivacity as of a rippling green-white rivulet, and there were depth and hidden power as of gleaming dark water beneath an arched bridge.

The first third of the twentieth century revealed pictures of this paradoxical, rapidly developing, eager, and puzzled South taking stock of itself and its rôle in the changing Nation. Here was a region comprising nearly a third of the Nation's area and people, yet reflecting a far smaller ratio of participation in many aspects of the national life, with some indication of a still decreasing ratio. There was a background of the original South which had begun as the most American part of the Nation. It had long been the dominant power, and it had contributed major portions of early political and social culture. There was another background of war and reconstruction and broken chain, and still another of reconciliation and the "New South" with its phenomenal recovery. This same South had now grown big with almost unlimited resources, yet was face to face with the consciousness of a growing provincialism in its culture somewhat out of proportion to its proper regional distinctiveness. And the new literary and scientific realism had made the South restless with the presumption that the rest of the world might be leaving the South behind and that the measure of its economic and social waste might be greater than the measure of its resources and their utilization.

And the rest of the Nation was also taking stock of the South and its rôle in the changing Nation. In many ways there was a generous and sympathetic North, eager to please the South and help weave its fabric into the larger epoch, but often failing to understand the social and cultural backgrounds or the magnitude of the problem. On the one hand, there was a revival of interest in the Old South and its culture, and, on the other, there was a revival of the old bitter criticism and denunciations. There was a keen interest in the newer vigorous and realistic contributions of the South to the Nation's stock of creative effort and experience, and there was protest against its backwardness. Romantic pictures of the Old South were much in demand; realistic pictures and interpretations of the New South brought enthusiastic recognition; but still the South was "different" and apart. In both North and South, and in Europe the old pictures, silhouetted against the new, were sought, partly because of new literary and artistic currents, and partly because of vigorous inquiring into a modern culture being fabricated in the crucibles of science, humanism, and religion. Nevertheless the white light of national criticism was focused chiefly upon certain southern patterns of race, of religion, of industry and of politics. The South was again missionary territory, backward province, and lawless section. There were, therefore, pictures of the South not only in intellectual and emotional tension because of its own problems of culture and development, but troubled because of the sweep of its outside critics and saviours and some widening distances between "the South" and "the North." Why, asked the South, couldn't the North join hands in working out the southern-national economy without losing its patience and insisting on reforming the South over-night? And why, urged the North, couldn't the South stop losing its temper and cease to be the "sensitive South"? Was the whole drama of misunderstanding and emotions to be enacted again? But the South with all of its efforts and earnestness did not or would not know itself. And it was hurt, impatient, and bitter against those who came from without to coerce or to reform, manifesting little of its traditional chivalry and hospitality toward them. And pictures from the North reflected even less knowledge of the South and little more patience and sense of humor. The North seemed unable to view the peculiarities of the South as it did those of the rest of the country or of Europe. The South felt that no matter what normal limitations and errors it reflected, the verdict was always the same—they were "southern" manifestations. And it was too often using up its energies in protest rather than in development of its powers. If only the South would see itself and laugh! and work! If only it would add to pride humility, to humility humor, to humor zeal, to zeal knowledge! If only it would *look at* its problems instead of *feel about* them! If, too, the North would see itself and laugh and laugh with the South! Or if it would only study the building of cultures and understand how civilizations grow! And if only it would add to criticism fellowship, to fellowship sympathy, to sympathy knowledge! If the North and South would only learn something from the pictures of the past!

So came the challenge to critics, North and South, in America and Europe, who saw the South capable of contributing powerfully to the greater American epoch of the twentieth century. Whatever contributions the South had made, whatever forms and patterns had evolved in the past, had grown out of realities, now springing from soil rich in romance and large undertaking, now from poverty and hardships, now sinking back into the sources from which they came. These sources remained in perpetuity and awaited the full development of a well-balanced civilization. To the pictures of the Old South and the New South of 1930, therefore, must be added still other pictures of the South of a New American Epoch built upon the Old. And whatever the distances backward or forward, the measures of resurrection or resurgence or of new trail-blazing were to be found in the vigor of the common-place, in the power of new biological and cultural combinations, in the social potentiality of these four generations of southerners, and in the happy blending of these elements with the other essential elements of the Nation and of the times.

There were already ample evidences of a creative blending of active southern and national elements. And the South was having the five friendly influences analogous to those which had helped make the brilliant Frenchman representative of a new romantic literature. For instance, critics both North and South were forever reviewing the basis for the South's low state of achievement, born of ignorance and lack of social experience. But, on the other hand, there were many new doors of outside contact and of broadening social experience. There were, furthermore, evidences of accumulating leisure time and resources for creative work, as there were also constantly increasing stimuli and incentives spurring on to higher achievement. Finally, there were many adventures of the South and southerners in the practice of their art and attainment amply rewarded with recognition and opportunity for exercise. Nevertheless, in spite of much progress, there were also unbridged distances and misunderstandings between both professional leadership and the mass of people of the South, on the one hand, and the North, on the other. The constant appraisal of this difference between two groups as being one of intelligence ignored current evidence and understanding of social cultures as well as fundamental elements of time and normal social progress. Actions and attitudes of the South, even as of youth, were often not a measure of intelligence so much as a reflection of setting, pattern, and general "atmosphere." It was inevitable that conditioning of one sort, such as in the South, would result differently from conditioning of a quite different sort, such as that in the North. The difference between the two groups was, therefore, scarcely one of mere intelligence so much as it was one of distance. Sometimes this distance seemed so great that mere physical miles or lines from smoky range to fertile valley or vistas from mountain crag to shores of sand appeared feeble symbols. Such distance was not to be spanned merely by one group, seeking in mental eagerness and anguish to find what lay upon and beyond the purple hills, or by another group near-sighted with much study, learning, and mental set, seeing nothing save the broad expanse from lofty viewpoint above the hills; or by both groups blindly ignoring the distance and looking the other way; or by impatient critics seeking to demolish the opposing embankments upon which the bridge of understanding and progress must rest its basic pillars. The South was still a frontier in many ways and reflected many of the same characteristics in religion, philosophy, social life, and stages of economic and industrial development which the whole Nation had exhibited before the turn of the century. And in addition, the South had still a frontier of cultural and racial relations which had not yet been faced by the rest of the Nation but the fringe of which was gradually extending its reach to all parts of the country. One span, therefore, of this distance was to be bridged by time; another length was to be spanned by modern scientific technique and education; and still another by the normal processes expected of an intelligent American civilization.

In characteristic pictures of the Nation in 1930 there were many factors of the new technique which gave promise of bridging much of this distance of time and cultures. Scientific invention and discovery were eliminating both time and space elements. Not long after the day when Uncle John's funeral was attended by hundreds of his fellow citizens, accompanied by the still almost primitive rites and customs, there passed by on the highway near by thousands of automobiles carrying throngs of people to see a football game between the teams of his state university a few miles away and of a major northern university come South for the first time in its history and decisively beaten by the southern team. Some of those who had attended the funeral a few years before now saw the friendly combat of northern and southern teams. And every season thousands of tourists from East and West sped by the village and countryside on their way to winter resorts further south. The diffusion of radio, of industry, of philanthropy, of wealth, of good roads and rapid transportation, constituted firm bases upon which to build new unities. Exchange of students and professors in colleges and universities, intellectual fellowship among the various regions of the country, increased circulation of magazines and newspapers, and a general increase in reading facilities throughout the South were other factors which might enter into the making of the new unified cultural fabric.

And yet, in the face of all this, there were unmistakable signs of widening distances. It was again one of the most interesting of the cultural phenomena in America and one of its most important problems. Here again paradox and exception appeared to prove the rule. The very fact that the North and South were being brought closer together and becoming more intimately acquainted with each other gave rise both to better understanding and to misunderstandings. Old conditions in the South, even those greatly improved, when viewed for the first time by thousands of citizens from other parts of the Nation, were considered by them as new and acclaimed as objectionable. The life and manners of Uncle John and the old Major and most of their families would have been adjudged quite backward and primitive. The two old gentlemen themselves and most of their children would have been adjudged greatly lacking in intelligence by the current visiting observers of 1930. Criticism thus threw the South back anew on its old defense attitudes. Again, inter-commerce and communication, the extension of industry and the development of many uniform standards of economic and social life throughout the Nation made it impossible for the South longer to remain in isolation, a region unto itself. It had to go forward with the rest of the world or continue as a region of markedly arrested development. The movement of industry south and the migration of Negroes north were factors which challenged new readjustments. The influx of thousands of tourists to the South and the investment by northerners in southern properties constituted another factor. Increased philanthropy in the North, more leisure time, larger endowments for research and social exploration, a growing social consciousness, together with the improved facilities for travel and the conflict-episodes in labor, race, and religion brought the South into a new spotlight. And the South was inviting cooperative forces from without to join it in working out its new social economy. Moreover, the South, much of it, was also getting acquainted with much of the North which it had never known. Southerners were going North; northern students were coming South. Adventurers of many kinds found the slogan, "Go South, young man," tempting. It was virgin territory for reform and adventure in a Nation seeking new adventures. Both South and North often judged issues on the basis of exceptional evidence. Some of the intelligentsia of the North were inclined to appraise all phenomena of other regions in terms of their own restless and all-too-standardized criteria, while the South was equally militant in proclaiming its own standards as supreme and without fault. On the other hand, the South's rapid progress in all phases of life, its close relationship with the rest of the country, and its increasing participation in all aspects of American life brought it face to face with the fact that it was competing at last, not merely with southern situations but with national as well, and that its standards must forever henceforth be those of the rest of the world. And so in the midst of its successes and its failures the South was still a little boastful about its progress and a little sensitive about its shortcomings. The picture was one of a South which experienced great difficulty in attacking its problems and its work without the ever-present consciousness that they were southern. And the rest of the Nation seemed incapable of judging anything in the South aside from its southern aspects. If a thing was done in the South, whether good or bad, it was southern rather than national—a book, a school, an industry, a strike, a mob. And if southern, it was *prima facie* below standard, with no distinction made between the temporary products of a regional culture and a permanent capacity for achievement under different environment. And, paradox again, there was a certain subconscious feeling throughout the Nation that somewhere, somehow in the southern order there were backgrounds and possibilities for superior culture and ways of living; and a certain good will, a certain yearning for the South, and, paradox again, a certain tinge of jealousy and fear of what southern culture might bring with it.

What neither the Nation nor the South seemed to comprehend in a practical way was the simple fact that the key to the whole situation was found in the fact that it was all a normal problem of social culture, essentially an American problem, and secondarily a southern problem. The South was different, and it should be different. But it was the normal difference of an important region of a great Nation, and should not continue to develop a sectional difference as of one section over against another. It was the southern region, but a region within the Nation. It was the South, but it was the American South of the United States. What the South did and how it developed was therefore important to the South, but far more important to the Nation. There were possible contrasting pictures of the future. The South could develop a peculiar civilization bounded by the mechanical geographical lines of the old political Confederacy, or it could develop a powerful regional culture growing out of normal geographical and cultural conditions which transcended mere state boundaries, and gained strength from its normal regional advantages, merged into the national picture. Thus southern culture or southern portraiture, like that of the Middle West or Mountain region or Pacific Coast, would have its setting in the national picture. Viewed from this vantage point, the Nation would cooperate with the South in the new architecture of its civilization without losing its patience and temper, and the South would correspondingly rise above its former sensitiveness and handicaps into a national and cosmic destiny rather than a primarily provincial society. As such the South would cease holding the untenable position of wanting to be let alone. It had tried this, and it had failed; there was little doubt of that. It was ready for the new order. It would henceforth remain regionally conscious, but it would cease to be sectionally conscious and resentful of "outside interference." It would face national and world competition with high courage and intelligent action.

The southern problem in 1930 was, therefore, essentially that of any modern society challenged to find its way forward through effective adaptation to new difficulties, new problems, new environments. The picture was one of the gradually unfolding process required of any civilization, with perhaps two exceptions. The first was that the South had the task of bringing "a new world to birth out of the dark confusions of an old world that had crumbled." The second was that the immediate problems of the South were a little more difficult than those of other regions. That it was an unusually hard job the South had to do was nowhere denied. There was nowhere merely an academic picture. Here were realities to be faced. There were the usual cultural situations to face. There were normal economic factors involved. There were the current problems of meeting the accelerated processes of social change. And there were some additional and extraordinary cultural, bi-racial, and economic elements which made the problem of the new equilibrium one for strong leadership, unusual courage, skillful adaptation, powerful reserve, as well as common sense and intelligent cooperation from the rest of the Nation. Yet the old pictures of the South had revealed high potentiality in all of these. The bravery of the South in war and after had been brilliant and basic, so much so that later episodes reflecting fear appeared as temporary moods. The South had shown great recuperative powers, persistence, and reserve, such that later tendencies to "lay down on the job" and "quit" appeared as utterly foreign to the southern character. And the South had proved to be a great seed bed of population for the Nation, such that its reserve power had long been contributing important factors to the making of the national culture. Moreover, with all of its weaker episodes and waste, the South of 1930 was a better South than it had ever been and appeared nearer the threshold of its possible national destiny than ever before. Careful analysis of its status and resources justified the conclusion that not a single one of its major deficiencies and limitations had been due to other than temporary, superficial, and remedial causes. It seemed plausible, therefore, to interpret the southern picture as one revealing unusual opportunity for scientific study and for very effective social guidance in the future. Nevertheless, the picture of the future, if it was to reveal satisfactory portraiture in the total national picture, must be one of considerable contrast to that of the past and of the present.

This contrast between the new pictures of the South and the current ones would not be reflected, it was repeated again and again, in terms of capacity or intelligence, except in so far as it revealed the South's improvement in the *use* of its abilities and in intelligent *action.* The differences were rather those of enlarged social experience and training, more skill in all its activities, the will to pay a greater price in hard work and patience for its desired attainments, and a new facility in conceiving its situations and problems as generic and national rather than southern. There were already many pictures of successful achievement based upon these considerations. When the South wanted to play football, for example, it sought coaches from the institutions and sections where football was played best. It did not ask whether they were southern or not. It did not ask whether they were Catholic or Protestant; indeed many of the best ones were Catholic. It sought, rather, the best leaders that could be found. And other conditions were met as well. The results quickly dissipated the old hypothesis that the South could not play football because of climate or other reasons. In commerce and industry the same practice had often demonstrated similar capacities and possibilities. In research and scholarship and in the field of education there were examples of standard achievement whenever men sought to achieve ends unhampered by repressive patterns and organization. In literature, especially, the phenomenal advance made by southerners reflected the authors as working in settings which did not impose the conditioning restraint so long inherent in the southern environment. In politics, the picture of a possible future was alluring if contemplated in terms of the South actually using its abilities, its genius for statesmanship, and its high ambitions, in the pursuit of the higher statecraft and political science. Such a picture, in striking contrast to the greater part of the South of the first third of the twentieth century, not only indicated the way of the future but explained why the South had not and could not achieve its desired status under the old régime of sectional and partizan politics. It was an alluring picture, challenging the South to do what it was everywhere apparent it could do—namely to develop intelligence and liberality in politics, in economics, and in the other social sciences.

The picture of the South realizing its possibilities in the

New American Epoch was therefore a colorful picture of an achieving region rather than a pale print of the sensitive South. It was a South thinking less highly of the past than of the future; a South seeking to do all things *well* rather than merely a few things *big;* a South which appraised work higher than talk, truth more than dogma, integrity more than acclaim. It was a South unafraid; not afraid of Sinaic thunders echoed by false prophets; not afraid to do its own thinking nor to create in pioneer fields; not afraid of the truth and the freedom which truth reveals; not afraid of the past, the present, or the future. It was a South devout with *religio poetæ,* with the humility of the scientist and seeking to conserve its fighting energies through eminence in social science and literary achievement rather than in wasteful conflict. It was a South set to the task of conserving and developing its limitless resources in materials and men and to stopping its vast leakage from economic and social waste. It was a South seeking to extend the bounds of its work to the whole range of human endeavor; to measure its efforts only by the highest standards of excellence, and to appraise its contributions in terms of broader national and international application and of permanent values. It was a South capable and willing to work out its economic, social, and political problems by means of scientific methods and persistent efforts. It was, in fine, an American South of continuing and new achievements, transforming its deficits of social waste to a balance of social gain, and becoming representative of the best that America could produce.

Such a picture, although entirely too grandiloquent and rosy for even the highest expectations of Uncle John and the old Major, was nevertheless a fair epilogue to their last judgments. Uncle John, still glorying in his children and his children's children, passed on clamoring for another chance to do a man's work. Work, that was the thing. He was afraid the South was not willing to pay the price of hard work, necessary to win its victory. There were no half-way measures for him, not even in the last shadows . . . The old Major was different. He was quietly contemplating that visit to the White House when Cleveland was there. The White House, that was the perfect symbol. That was indeed southern portraiture in the national picture. Stately and graceful with its fine lines and white columns, it was symbolic of all that the South had contributed to the Nation, yet it appeared utterly national and oblivious of all origins or sections. Imposing, quiet, peaceful, powerful as the home of the Nation's President, who knew no North or South, it combined the beauty and dignity of the Old South with the vigor and strength of the new Nation. Yes, that was the picture for him, symbolic alike of old origins and national transcendence. If only, he would say, the North could see it; if only the South could see it; if only the Nation could see it, as he saw it! Such was indeed the last ideal which the old Major presented, and through which he wanted to appeal to later generations that would be seeking new ideals and new adventures through science, religion, literature, or politics. He thought it was a picture colorful enough for the New Epoch and enigmatic and romantic enough to challenge new high adventure in American life.

CHAPTER XXIII

NOTES, SOURCES AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I

The findings of this book, which is a part of a continued program of regional research and study, are supported by materials and evidence of various sorts, gathered largely between 1920 and 1930 and applying to the period from 1900 to 1930. These include a vast quantity of statistics; a large mass of newspapers and current brochures; a considerable bibliography of magazine articles; many special studies on historical, economic, and social problems made by scholars in the universities; an extended bibliography of books dealing with the South; actual case examples illustrating southern culture and life; first-hand portraiture of varied aspects of southern life; hundreds of letters and interviews; and the critical examination of the findings by specialists in many fields.

It is evident that no adequate listing and acknowledgment in any of these fields can be made without assuming a task of another volume which would be much larger and quite different from the present one. *A Bibliography of Virginia History since 1865,* for instance, contains 6,242 titles comprehending 900 pages. It is, however, quite important to indicate the nature and scope of these materials in order to show the authenticity of the portraiture and to point the way to such study and checking back as may be desired by special students or general readers who wish to sample the rich offering in general literature. It is also desired to make special acknowledgments and to cite references from which actual quotations are taken or impressions received without the use of objectionable footnotes. These special acknowledgments and citations will be found in the last part of the present discussion rather than in an extended preface.

It is apparent that the body of statistical evidence upon which the book is based bulks larger than the book itself. Likewise, the total of the separate state studies, originally planned for inclusion, included more pages than the present volume. In many instances, studies that have extended over several years and the findings of which encompass many pages have necessarily been summarized in from a half page to a few pages all told. Thus, a ten page statistical presentation, double page format, dealing with the growth of southern cities must be summarized in a quarter page of text in this story. And so for the statistics of wealth, manufacturing, resources, population and the various institutional aggregates. Likewise, published studies in the North Carolina Social Study Series and the Institute for Research in Social Science could be drawn on in detail in only a small way. So also some of the cultural phases of southern life and some of the portraitures cited yet remain to be studied in detail as units in the continuing program. And some problems and pictures, such as the southern cooperative problem, are omitted from the present story. Examples include Harriet L. Herring's *History of the Southern Textile Industry, Welfare Work in Mill Villages,* and her other researches in this field, and Rupert Vance's *Human Factors in Cotton Culture,* and *A Human Geography of the American South.* To some extent the same principle applies to a score of the other studies already made or being made. My indebtedness is especially marked to Miss Herring for making available much of the statistical material on commerce and industry.

Another example is found in the eight volumes of *Social Forces* since its establishment in 1922, in which approximately 200 notes and discussions on southern problems have been presented. These have been published under the several departments of Teaching and Research in the Social Sciences; Public Welfare and Social Work; Community and Neighborhood; Race, Cultural Groups, Social Differentiation; Government, Politics, Citizenship; Social Industrial Relationships. Samplings reveal studies like E. C. Branson's "Farm Tenancy in the South" and "A Rural State's Unlettered White Women"; Isaac Fisher's "The Education of the Negro in the South"; Edward Frazier's "Training Colored Social Workers in the South"; Guy B. Johnson's "A Sociological Interpretation of the New Ku-Klux Movement"; Nellie Roberson's "The Organized Work of Women"; L. R. Wilson's "The Use of Books and Libraries"; together with special articles on the several states, state programs and state problems. Typical were Burr Blackburn's "Mileposts of Progress in Georgia"; Nell Battle Lewis' "A Decade of Progress in North Carolina"; Frank Bane's "The Virginia Plan"; N. B. Bond's "Mississippi Beginnings"; Josiah Morse's "South Carolina"; E. J. Eberling's "Tennessee"; L. B. Bush's "Alabama"; Iva L. Peters' "Maryland"; Elmer Scott's "The Texas Council of State-wide Agencies" and many others. Included also were critical editorials dealing with southern problems and southern situations.

It is apparent, too, that citations of newspapers and current local printed evidences would be voluminous. More than 200 southern newspapers were utilized in the study of the southern controversy on evolution alone. A thousand clippings on DePriest, Gastonia and Al Smith were illuminating. Julian Harris' *Columbus-Enquirer Sun* editorial page alone was a current analysis of the southern scene. Again, the official organs of the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches together with agricultural papers constitute often the major reading influence of many families, while thousands of copies of such propagandist sheets as the *Fellowship Forum, The Jeffersonian,* and *The Standard* were forces of genuine reality. Scores of election sheets and small campaign brochures during political or religious campaigns constituted valid evidence. Examples of the latter were found in the thousands of pamphlets on "Filthy Textbooks" and the voluminous "Anti-Christian Sociology as taught in the Journal of Social Forces," both of which were privately printed and reprinted and widely distributed, especially to the ministry and cotton mill owners.

Of a different sort are the discussions and articles appearing in the national periodicals. Here again, however, the list of articles appearing from 1900 to 1930 is enormous and reflects great variety. *The Outlook* alone presented a little more than two hundred titles of which no less than one-fourth dealt with the Negro or some related aspect such as suffrage, segregation, or lynching. Others discussed the new industrial South, education, progress, various states, and from time to time the Old South, and arguments in defense of the South. *The Outlook,* however, had maintained its consistent record as a severe critic, although many of its contributors were from the South. To study the titles from 1900 to 1930 is to reveal a clear trend in attitudes as well as in ways of measuring the changing South itself. This list of titles together with those from *The Nation, The New Republic, The Survey, The Bookman, Harper's Weekly,* not to mention several hundred reported in the *Literary Digest* and others, would require many pages. *The Nation* printed no less than 107, *The New Republic,* 42, *Harper's Weekly,* 45. The titles themselves give a vivid portraiture of the South's points of interest and might very well easily be distributed throughout the chapters of this book.

The samplings which are given from some of the major literary magazines and periodicals are, however, fairly representative of the rest. Many of those in *The Outlook, The Nation,* and *The New Republic* were editorial discussions and therefore represent a much narrower range of personnel and observation. The articles listed below, presented in chronological order, the periodicals being listed in alphabetical order, are quite adequate to reflect the vividness and range of discussion during the first three decades of the century.

American Mercury: "South Takes the Offensive," G. W. Johnson, May, 1924; "Malaria," T. J. Le Blanc, November, 1924; "Strange News from Texas," C. T. Crowell, March, 1925; "First Families of Oklahoma," S. Vestal, August, 1925; "Alabama," S. Haardt, September, 1925; "Collapse of Kentucky," W. T. Clugston, November, 1925; "Mississippi: Sketches," N. H. Rice, January, 1926; "Journalism in Texas," C. T. Crowell, April, 1926; "Town in the Pines," M. S. Lea, June, 1926; "Journalism below the Potomac," G. W. Johnson, September, 1926; "Reminiscences of Texas Divines," O. P. White, September, 1926; "On the Gulf Coast," M. S. Lea, October, 1926; "Virginia," V. Dabney, November, 1926; "Southern Accent," B. Rascoe, May, 1927; "Sam Houston," S. Acheson, August, 1927; "Texas Chain-Gang," E. Booth, November, 1927; "Polite Conversation in Georgia," H. D. Potter, August, 1928; "I Investigate Lynchings," W. White, January, 1929; "Cotton Mill," P. Peters, May, 1929; "Chase of North Carolina," G. W. Johnson, June, 1929; "White Man in the South," G. P. Wertenbaker, July, 1929; "Jehovah of the Tar Heels," W. J. Cash, July, 1929; "The Mind of the South," W. J. Cash, October, 1929; "Tales from Oklahoma," G. Milburn, November, 1929, and July, 1930; "Jefferson, New Style," John D. Wade, November, 1929.

Atlantic Monthly: "Gleanings from an Old Southern Newspaper," W. P. Trent, September, 1900; "Reconstruction in South Carolina," D. H. Chamberlain, April, 1901; "Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," W. H. Page, May, 1902; "Barataria: Ruins of a Pirate Kingdom," L. Hubbard, Jr., June, 1903; "Lynching: a Southern View," C. H. Poe, February, 1904; "Bay-Window in Florida," B. Torrey, April, 1905; "Immigration and the South," R. D. Ward, November, 1905; "Sketch in Black and White," F. Clayton, May-June, 1906; "Autobiography of a Southerner Since the Civil War," N. Worth, July-October, 1906; "Problem of the Southern Cotton Mill," M. A. Bacon, February, 1907; "Our Men of the Midi," E. N. Vallandigham, June, 1907; "Prohibition in the South," F. Foxcroft, May, 1908; "Farmers' Union and the Tobacco Pool," J. L. Mathews, October, 1908; "Chapters from an Autobiography," N. S. Shaler, January, 1909; "Heart of the Race Problem," O. Ewing, March, 1909; "Diary of the Reconstruction Period," G. Welles, February, 1910-January, 1911; "Lee and Davis," G. Bradford, Jr., January, 1911; "Lee and the Confederate Government," G. Bradford, Jr., February, 1911; "Slave Plantation in Retrospect," W. M. Daniels, March, 1911; "Tippah Philharmonic," L. K. Hammond, January, 1912; "Sunday in Tippah, a Southern Village 25 Years Ago," L. K. Hammond, February, 1912; "Abram's Freedom," E. H. L. Turpin, September, 1912; "Robert Toombs, a Confederate Portrait," G. Bradford, Jr., August, 1913; "Confederacy, Fifty Years After," N. W. Stephenson, June, 1919; "Plantation Pictures," H. Snyder, February-March, 1921; "New South: the Boll-Weevil Era," E. T. H. Shaffer, January, 1922; "New South: the Textile Development," E. T. H. Shaffer, October, 1922; "Woods Treacheries; the Carolina Low Country," H. R. Sass, November, 1922; "New South: the Negro Migration," E. T. H. Shaffer, September, 1923; "Georgia and Vermont: a Contrast," W. B. Phillips, February, 1925; "Our Convict Slaves," C. C. Jensen, May, 1926; "South, America's Hope," H. Keyserling, November, 1929.

Century: "Kentuckian," J. G. Speed, April, 1900; "Yankee Teacher in the South," E. G. Rice, May, 1901; "Everglades of Florida," E. A. Dix and J. M. MacGonigle, February, 1905; "Negro and the South," H. S. Edwards, June, 1906; "Cradle of American Civilization," T. N. Page, May, 1907; "South and the Saloon," W. G. Brown, July, 1908; "Southern Educator: Mrs. Mary Humphreys Stamps," G. King, June, 1909; "Pioneers of Mound Bayou," H. Long, January, 1910; "Mothering on Perilous," L. Furman, December, 1910-July, 1911; "Hard-Hearted Barbary Allen: a Kentucky Mountain Sketch," L. Furman, March, 1912; "Aftermath of Reconstruction," C. Howell, April, 1913; "How We Redeemed Alabama," H. A. Herbert, April, 1913; "Some Characters of the Old South," O. Read, July, 1919; "Fortnight Away from Home," G. C. Fraser, December, 1920; "Childhood in Kentucky, C. O. Brown, June, 1921; "Traits of My Plantation Negroes," H. Snyder, July, 1921; "Old South: Drawings," J. W. Champney, February, 1922; "In the Kentucky Coal-Fields: Sketches," G. Wright, November, 1922; "Southern Prisons," F. Tannenbaum, July, 1923; "Single Crop," F. Tannenbaum, October, 1923; "Southern Mind," M. Chapman, January, 1929; "Slavery in the South Today," W. Kirkland, July, 1929.

Harpers: "Our Appalachian Americans," J. Ralph, June, 1903; "Industrial Education in the South," M. A. Bacon, October, 1903; "South in American Letters," G. E. Woodberry, October, 1903; "Southern Industrial Experiment," A. W. Dimock, July, 1905; "Mississippi Sketches," T. Oakley, August, 1905; "Cruising on the Gulf Coast of Florida," A. W. Dimock, March, 1907; "In the Haunts of Jean Lafitte," F. E. Schoonover, December, 1911; "Private and Official Papers of Jefferson Davis," D. Rowland, December, 1911; "Lilies before Swine," R. Hitchcock, March, 1915; "Song-Ballets and Devil's Ditties," W. A. Bradley, May, 1915; "In Shakespeare's America," W. A. Bradley, August, 1915; "Hobnobbing with Hillbillies," W. A. Bradley, December, 1915; "We Discover the Old Dominion," L. C. Hale, August-November, 1916; "Ancients of the Bow of the Tennessee," H. N. Wardle, September, 1916; "South of the Potomac," H. G. Dwight, May, 1926; "South Defends Its Heritage," J. C. Ransom, June, 1929; "Gastonia," M. H. Vorse, November, 1929; "Cadets of New Market; a Reminder to Critics of the South," G. W. Johnson, December, 1929.

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Methods in Southern Farming," C. W. Holman, May, 1924; "Education in the New South," W. Buttrick, April, 1926; "Intellectual Progress in the South," E. Mims, April, 1926; "South's Resources," R. H. Edmonds, April, 1926; "Industrial South," J. E. Edgerton, April, 1926; "Railroad Expansion in the South," S. G. Wilmer, April, 1926; "From Philadelphia to York Town," S. C. Mitchell, May, 1926; "Cotton: a National Crop," E. E. Miller, July, 1926; "President Pine," O. H. L. Wernicke, July, 1926; "Cotton at Twelve Cents," C. W. Holman, December, 1926; "Taming of Texas," T. Finty, Jr., May, 1928; "Tammany Hall and the South," R. W. Winston, June, 1928; "High Schools in the South," F. P. Bachman, July, 1928; "Trading Politics for Business," R. W. Winston, April, 1929; "Alabama: An Inventory," J. T. Graves, 2nd, July, 1929; "Oklahoma, Forty Years Young," B. Mack, September, 1929; "Black Gold in Oklahoma," H. Florence, September, 1929; "Workshop of the Carolinas," R. W. Edmonds, October, 1929; "Poor Little Texas," B. Mack, November, 1929; "Wings Over Texas," A. P. Barrett, November, 1929.

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World's Work, exclusive of editorial comment: "Breaking up the Solid South," J. L. McLaurin, July, 1901; "Child Labor in Southern Cotton Mills," I. M. Ashby, October, 1901; "Real Southern Question," E. C. Branson, May, 1902; "Saving the Southern Forests," O. W. Price, March, 1903; "Making Cotton Pay," U. B. Phillips, May, 1904; "Uplifting Backwoods Boys in Georgia," M. Berry, July, 1904; "How Industrialism Builds Up Education," J. S. Bassett, July, 1904; "Educational Uplift in the South," W. H. Heck, July, 1904; "Rich Kingdom of Cotton," C. H. Poe, November, 1904; "Object Lesson Farm," H. B. Needham, November, 1905; "Texas and the Texans," M. G. Cunniff, March, 1906; "Negro's Life Story," W. H. Holtzclaw, September, 1906; "State Ownership in North Carolina," T. B. Womack, December, 1906; "Nature's Gifts to the South," H. A. Smith, June, 1907; "South's Vast Reserves," D. A. Tompkins, June, 1907; "Railroad's Work in the South," W. W. Finley, June, 1907; "Railroad Enterprises of the South," C. M. Keys, June, 1907; "Rebound of the Upland South," C. H. Poe, June, 1907; "Southern Intellectual Expression," E. Mims, June, 1907; "Growth of the Libraries," L. R. Wilson, June, 1907; "Town Owned by Negroes: Mound Bayou, Mississippi," B. T. Washington, July, 1907; "Growing South," E. A. Alderman, June, 1908; "With an Agricultural Education Prosperity Train in Georgia," S. M. Ball, July, 1908; "Uplifting Negro Cooperative Society in Texas," R. L. Smith, July, 1908; "Georgia's Barbarous Convict System," A. C. Newell, October, 1908; "Successful Immigrants in the South," R. W. Vincent, November, 1908; "Georgia Negroes and Their Fifty Millions of Savings," W. E. B. DuBois, May, 1909; "Cure for Two Million Sick," F. M. Bjorkman, May, 1909; "Our Southern Mountaineers," Thos. R. Dawley, Jr., March, 1910; "Chapters from My Experience," B. T. Washington, October-November, 1910; "Ten Years in Oklahoma," B. F. Yoakum, January, 1911; "Hartsville and Its Lesson," E. Mims, October, 1911; "Redeemers of the Soil," E. Mims, November, 1911; "Wonder-Tales of Scientific Farming in the South," November, 1911; "Remakers of Industry," E. Mims, December, 1911; "Upbuilding of Black Durham," W. E. B. DuBois, January, 1912; "Cleaning up a State: How Dr. Oscar Dowling and His Health Train Made Louisiana Sanitary," H. Oyen, March, 1912; "Way to Better Country Living," E. C. Branson, July, 1912; "Teaching Country Teachers to Teach Country Life," W. A. Dyer, June, 1914; "Southern States and Foreign Trade," John W. Fahey, December, 1914; "Flora MacDonald College: in the Heart of the Ancient Settlement of the Famous Old Scottish Clansmen in North Carolina," R. W. Page, September, 1916; "Negro Goes North," R. S. Baker, July, 1917; "Counter-Mining of the Ku-Klux Klan," R. L. Duffus, July, 1923; "Immigration Peril: Alienizing American Courts and Laws," G. Speranza, January, 1924; "North Carolina's Dreams Come True," F. Strother, November, 1924; "Governor Ferguson, of Texas," F. Strother, September, 1925; "Why the South is Anti-Evolution," E. Mims, September, 1925; "Railroad War in Texas," F. Strother, April, 1926; "Tennessee Strides Forward," F. Strother, August, 1926; "What's Left in Florida," J. S. Jordan, September, 1926; "Youth Takes the Helm in Virginia," F. Strother, December, 1926; "Birmingham, the Next Capital of the Steel Age," N. M. Clark, March, 1927; "Is Florida Coming Back?" M. S. Rukeyser, March, 1928.

II

Samplings from the lists of books and brochures which relate to the subjects treated in this volume are illuminating in that they remind us there is no satisfactory general bibliography on the South since the turn of the century, and in that they indicate the wide range and large number of books from which many kinds of evidence may be obtained. A bibliography on the Negro alone, for instance, as his problem and culture relate to the Southern States, would constitute a considerable document. Monroe N. Work's *Bibliography of the Negro* comprehends 690 pages. Louise Venable Kennedy's bibliography on Negro migration since the Great War lists 159 titles. In general, samplings would be made from two groups of books dealing with the Negro in the South. The first would consist of volumes giving special and general information on the subjects. Representative of this field are: Bailey, T. P., *Race Orthodoxy in the South* (Neale, 1913); Baker, R. S., *Following the Color Line* (Doubleday, 1908); Brawley, B. G., *Negro in Literature and Art in the United States* (Duffield, 1918); Brawley, B. G., *Social History of the American Negro* (Macmillan, 1921); Dett, R. N., *Religious Folk-Songs of the Negro* (Hampton, Va., Institute Press, 1927); Dowd, J. C., *The Negro in American Life* (Century, 1927); DuBois, W. E. B., *Gift of Black Folk* (Stratford, 1924); Green, E. A., *Negro in Contemporary American Literature* (University of North Carolina Press, 1929); Hammond, Lily H., *Master-Word* (Macmillan, 1905); Johnson, Charles H., *The Negro in American Civilization* (Henry Holt, 1930); Johnson, J. W. (ed.), *Book of American Negro Poetry* (Harcourt, 1922); Johnson, J. W., *Book of American Negro Spirituals* (Viking, 1925); Johnson, J. W., *Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man* (Knopf, 1929); Moton, R. R., *Finding a Way Out* (Doubleday, 1920); Moton, R. R., *What the Negro Thinks* (Doubleday, Doran, 1929); Odum, H. W. and Johnson, G. B., *Negro and His Songs* (University of North Carolina Press, 1925); Odum, H. W. and Johnson, G. B., *Negro Workaday Songs* (University of North Carolina Press, 1926); Phillips, U. B., *American Negro Slavery* (Appleton, 1918); Puckett, N. N., *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro* (University of North Carolina Press, 1926); Scarborough, Dorothy, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs* (Harvard University Press, 1925); Talley, T. W. (Comp.), *Negro Folk Rhymes* (Macmillan, 1922); Taylor, A. A., *The Negro in South Carolina During the Reconstruction*

(Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, 1924); Taylor, A. A., *The Negro in the Reconstructin of Virginia* (Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, 1926); Washington, B. T., *Story of the Negro* (2v. Doubleday, Page, 1909); Weatherford, W. D., *Negro from Africa to America* (Doran, 1924); White, N. I., *American Negro Folk Songs* (Harvard University Press, 1924); Woofter, T. J., Jr., *Negro Migration* (W. D. Gray, 1921); Woofter, T. J., Jr., *Basis of Racial Adjustment* (Ginn, 1925); Woofter, T. J., Jr., *Negro Problems in Cities* (Doubleday, Doran, 1928); Woofter, T. J., Jr., *Black Yeomanry* (Henry Holt, 1930).

Samplings from a second general group of books dealing with the Negro would reveal a rich source of materials of vivid portraiture or fiction, suggestive of the whole situation and representative of the current trends in literature. Among these are: Adams, E. C. L., *Congaree Sketches* (University of North Carolina Press, 1926); *Nigger to Nigger* (Scribner's, 1928); Bradford, Roark, *This Side of Jordan* (Harper's, 1929); Bradford, Roark, *Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun* (Harper's, 1928); Bradford, Roark, *Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys* (Harper's, 1930); Gonzales, A. E., *Black Border Captain: Stories of the Black Border* (State Co., 1922); Gonzales, A. E., *With Æsop Along the Black Border* (State Co., 1924); Heyward, DuBose, *Porgy* (Doubleday, 1925); Heyward, DuBose, *Mamba's Daughters* (Doubleday, 1929); Kennedy, R. E., *Mellows* (Boni, 1925); Kennedy, R. E., *Gritny People* (Dodd, Mead, 1927); Kennedy, R. E., *Red Bean Row* (Dodd, 1929); Majette, Vera, *White Blood* (Stratford, 1924); Odum, H. W., *Rainbow Round My Shoulder: The Blue Trail of Black Ulysses* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1928); Odum, H. W., *Wings on My Feet: Black Ulysses at the Wars* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1929); Peterkin, Julia, *Black April* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1927); Peterkin, Julia, *Scarlet Sister Mary* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1927); Toomer, Jean, *Cane* (Boni & Liveright, 1927); White, Walter, *Fire in the Flint* (Knopf, 1924); White, Walter, *Flight* (Knopf, 1926); White, Walter, *Rope and Faggot: A Biography of Judge Lynch* (Knopf, 1929).

Books written since 1900 but portraying the backgrounds of the South prior to that time are abundant. One group consists of special researches into the historical and economic backgrounds of the several states. On reconstruction, for instance: Alabama, W. L. Fleming (Columbia University, 1905); Mississippi, J. W. Garner (Columbia University, 1901); South Carolina, J. S. Reynolds (Columbia University, 1905); South Carolina, A. A. Taylor (The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, 1924); South Carolina, J. P. Hollis (Johns Hopkins University, 1905); Georgia, E. C. Woolley (Columbia University, 1901); Tennessee, J. W. Fertig (University of Chicago, 1898); Virginia, H. J. Eckenrode (Johns Hopkins University, 1904); Texas, C. W. Ramsdell (Columbia University, 1910); Florida, W. W. Davis (Columbia University, 1913); North Carolina, J. G. de R. Hamilton (Columbia University, 1914); Georgia, C. Mildred Thompson (Columbia University, 1915); Arkansas, T. S. Staples (Columbia University, 1923); Louisiana, J. R. Ficklen (Johns Hopkins University, 1910); Louisiana, Ella Lonn (Columbia University, 1918). Similar volumes in other state problems are numerous, such as R. P. Brooks' *The Agrarian Revolution in Georgia* (Wisconsin, 1914); E. M. Banks, *The Economics of Land Tenure in Georgia* (Columbia, 1905).

Other volumes giving the general backgrounds include: Andrews, C. M., *Colonial Folkways* (Yale Press, 1919); Andrews, Eliza F., *War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl* (Appleton, 1908); Armstrong, Zella, *Notable Southern Families* (Lookout Publishing Co., 1926); Avary, Myrta Lockett, *Dixie, After the War* (Doubleday, Page, 1906); Bassett, J. S., *Southern Plantation Overseer* (Smith College, 1926); Bowers, C. G., *The Tragic Era* (Houghton Mifflin, 1929); Bradford, Gamaliel, *Confederate Portraits* (Houghton Mifflin, 1914); Brown, W. G., *Lower South in American History* (Macmillan, 1902); Bruce, P. A., *Social Life of Virginia in the 17th Century* (Whittet and Shepperson, 1907); Bruce, P. A., *The Virginia Plutarch* (University of North Carolina Press, 1929); Chestnut, Mary B., *Diary from Dixie* (Appleton, 1905); Collier, Mrs.

Bryan Wells, *Representative Women of the South, 1861-1929* (5vs. Author, n.d.); Crane, V. W., *The Southern Frontier* (Duke University Press, 1929); Dawson, Sarah, *Confederate Girl's Diary* (Houghton Mifflin, 1913); Devereux, Margaret, *Plantation Sketches* (Riverside Press, 1906); Dodd, W. E., *Statesmen of the Old South* (Macmillan, 1911); Dodd, W. E., *Lincoln or Lee* (Century, 1928); Gaines, F. P., *The Southern Plantation* (Columbia University Press, 1924); Genthe, Arnold, *Impressions of Old New Orleans* (Doran, 1926); Gewehn, W. M., *Great Awakening in Virginia, 1740-1790* (Duke University Press, 1930); Gildersleeve, B. L., *Creed of the Old South* (Johns Hopkins University, 1915); Henderson, Archibald, *The Conquest of the Old Southwest* (Century, 1920); Henderson, Archibald, *Washington's Southern Tour, 1791* (Houghton Mifflin, 1924); Howe, M. A. DeW., *Marching with Sherman* (Yale University Press, 1927); Johnson, G. W., *Andrew Jackson* (Minton, Balch, 1927); Johnson, G. W., *Randolph of Roanoke* (Minton, Balch, 1929); Johnston, Mary, *Pioneers of the Old South* (Yale University Press, 1921); King, Grace E., *Mount Vernon on the Potomac* (Macmillan, 1929); Lancaster, R. A., *Historic Virginia Homes and Churches* (Lippincott, 1915); Leiding, Harriette, *Historic Houses of South Carolina* (Lippincott, 1921); Lingley, C. R., *Since the Civil War* (Century, 1920); Nicholson, Meredith, *Cavalier of Tennessee* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1928); Owsley, F. L., *State Rights in the Confederacy* (University of Chicago Press, 1925); Page, T. N., *Robert E. Lee* (Scribner's, 1911); Page, T. N., *Old South* (Scribner's, 1919); Page, W. H., *Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths* (Doubleday, Page, 1902); Phillips, U. B., *Life of Robert Toombs* (Macmillan, 1913); Phillips, U. B., *Life and Labor in the Old South* (Little, Brown, 1929); Quick, Herbert and Quick, Edward, *Mississippi Steamboatin'* (Henry Holt, 1926); Ripley, E. M., *Social Life in Old New Orleans* (Appleton, 1912); Russel, R. R., *Economic Aspects of Southern Sectionalism, 1840-61* (University of Illinois Press, 1924); Rutledge, Archibald, *Old Plantation Days* (Stokes, 1921); Saxon, Lyle, *Father Mississippi* (Century, 1927);

Saxon, Lyle, *Fabulous New Orleans* (Century, 1928); Saxon, Lyle, *Old Louisiana* (Century, 1929); Shurter, E. DeB., *Oratory of the South: From the Civil War to the Present Time* (Neale, 1908); Skinner, C. L., *Pioneers of the Old Southwest* (Yale University Press, 1919); Sorrel, Moxley, *Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer* (Neale, 1907); *South in the Building of the Nation,* Vols. V, VI (Southern Historical Publication Society, 1909); Stanard, Mary M. P., *Colonial Virginia* (Lippincott, 1917); Tate, Allen, *Jefferson Davis* (Minton, Balch, 1929); Trent, W. P., *Southern Writers* (Macmillan, 1905); Underwood, J. L., *Women of the Confederacy* (Neale, 1906); Van Densen, J. G., *Economic Basis of Disunion in South Carolina* (Columbia University Press, 1928); Wade, J. D., *Augustus Baldwin Longstreet* (Macmillan, 1924); Watterson, Henry, *Marse Henry* (Doran, 1920); Wertenbaker, T. J., *The Planters of Colonial Virginia* (Princeton University Press, 1922); White, S. E., *Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout* (Doubleday, Page, 1922); Wilson, P. M., *Southern Exposure* (University of North Carolina Press, 1927); Wilstach, Paul, *Jefferson and Monticello* (Doubleday, Page, 1925); Wilstach, Paul, *Tidewater Virginia* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1929); Winston, R. W., *Andrew Johnson* (Henry Holt, 1928); Winston, R. W., *High Stakes and Hair Trigger* (Henry Holt, 1930); Wright, L. W., *Southern Girl in '61: The Wartime Memories of a Confederate Senator's Daughter* (Doubleday, Page, 1905).

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liam Gregg: A Study of the Pioneer of Southern Textile Development (University of North Carolina Press, 1928); Montgomery, R. H., *The Cooperative Pattern in Cotton* (Macmillan, 1929); Morley, Margaret W., *Carolina Mountains* (Houghton Mifflin, 1913); Morris, Charles, *Old South and the New* (Winston, 1907); Odum, H. W. (ed.), *Southern Pioneers in Social Interpretation* (University of North Carolina Press, 1925); Packard, Winthrop, *Florida Trails* (Small, 1910); Page, T. N., *Negro: The Southerner's Problem* (Scribner's, 1906); Potwin, Marjorie, *Cotton Mill People of the Piedmont* (Columbia University Press, 1927); Rhyne, J. J., *Some Southern Cotton Mill Workers and Their Villages* (University of North Carolina Press, 1930); Rice, J. H., *Glories of the Carolina Coast* (R. L. Bryan Co., 1925); Rickert, Edith, *Out of the Cypress Swamp* (Baker and Taylor, 1902); Roberts, K. L., *Florida* (Harper, 1926); Robertson, W. J., *The Changing South* (Boni & Liveright, 1927); Schauffler, R. H., *Romantic America* (Century, 1913); Simkins, F. B., *Tillman Movement in South Carolina* (Duke University Press, 1926); Simpson, C. T., *In Lower Florida Wilds* (Putnam, 1920); Skaggs, W. H., *Southern Oligarchy* (Devin-Adair, 1924); Smith, J. R., *North America* (Harcourt, Brace, 1925); Smith, Reed (comp.), *South Carolina Ballads* (Harvard University Press, 1928); Tannenbaum, Frank, *Darker Phases of the South* (Putnam, 1924); Thompson, Holland, *From the Cotton Field to the Cotton Mill: A Study of the Industrial Transition in North Carolina* (Macmillan, 1906); Thompson, Holland, *The New South* (Yale University Press, 1921); Tompkins, D. A., *Builder of the New South* (Doubleday, 1920); Vance, R. B., *Human Factors in Cotton Culture* (University of North Carolina Press, 1929); White, H. A., *Southern Presbyterian Leaders* (Neale, 1912); Williams, G. C., *Social Problems of South Carolina* (State Co., 1928); Winter, N. O., *Texas* (Page, 1916); Winter, N. O., *Florida, the Land of Enchantment* (Page, 1918).

Of books treating of the South since 1900 the most interesting and numerous are found in the new fiction. Already mentioned are those by Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward and others. The list is long and notable, but samplings may be made: Bethea, Jack, *Bed Rock* (Houghton Mifflin, 1924); Bethea, Jack, *Cotton* (Houghton Mifflin, 1928); Boyd, James, *Marching On* (Scribner's, 1927); Boyd, James, *Long Hunt* (Scribner's, 1930); Burman, B. L., *Mississippi* (Cosmopolitan Book Corp., 1929); Campbell, Bowyer, *Old Miss* (Houghton Mifflin, 1929); Carmer, C. L., *Deep South* (Farrar, 1930); Chapman, Maristan, *Happy Mountain* (Viking, 1928); Chapman, Maristan, *Homeplace* (Viking, 1929); Cobb, I. S., *Red Likker* (Cosmopolitan Book Corp., 1929); Dickson, Harris, *An Old Fashioned Senator* (Stokes, 1925); Dickson, Harris, *Children of the River* (Sears, 1928); Faulkner, William, *The Sound and the Fury* (J. Cape & H. Smith, 1929); Ferber, Edna, *Show Boat* (Doubleday, 1926); Ferber, Edna, *Cimarron* (Doubleday, Doran, 1930); Fox, John, Jr., *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* (Scribner's, 1903); Fox, John, Jr., *Erskine Dale, Pioneer* (Scribner's, 1920); Furman, Lucy, *The Quare Women* (Atlantic Monthly, 1923); Furman, Lucy, *Lonesome Road* (Little, Brown, 1927); Glasgow, Ellen, *The Battleground* (Doubleday, 1902); Glasgow, Ellen, *Miller of Old Church* (Doubleday, 1911); Glasgow, Ellen, *Virginia* (Doubleday, 1913); Glasgow, Ellen, *The Builders* (Doubleday, 1919); Glasgow, Ellen, *One Man in His Time* (Doubleday, 1922); Glasgow, Ellen, *Shadowy Third* (Doubleday, 1923); Glasgow, Ellen, *Barren Ground* (Doubleday, 1925); Glasgow, Ellen, *Romantic Comedians* (Doubleday, 1926); Glasgow, Ellen, *They Stooped to Folly* (Doubleday, 1929); Granberry, Edwin, *Strangers and Lovers* (Macauley, 1928); Green, Paul, *The Lord's Will and Other Carolina Plays* (Henry Holt, 1925); Green, Paul, *Lonesome Road* (McBride, 1926); Green, Paul, *The Field God* and *In Abraham's Bosom* (McBride, 1927); Green, Paul, *Wide Fields* (McBride, 1928); Green, Paul, *In the Valley and Other Carolina Plays* (French, 1928); Haldeman-Julius, Marcet and E., *Violence* (Simon and Schuster, 1929); Harris, Corra, *The Recording Angel* (Doubleday, 1912); Harris, Corra, *In Search of a Husband* (Doubleday, 1913); Harris, Corra, *A Circuit Rider's Wife* (Doubleday, 1916); Harris, Corra, *From Sunup to Sundown* (Doubleday, 1919); Harris, Corra, *My Book and My Heart* (Houghton Mifflin, 1925); Harris, Corra, *As a Woman Thinks* (Houghton Mifflin, 1925); Hergesheimer, Joseph, *Swords and Roses* (Knopf, 1929); Heyward, DuBose and Allen, H., *Carolina Chansons* (Macmillan, 1922); Hughes, Hatcher, *Hell-Bent for Heaven* (Harper, 1924); Koch, F. H. (ed.), Carolina Folk Plays (Henry Holt, 1922); Lane, Rose, *Hill-Billy* (Harper, 1926); Mackaye, Percy, *Tales of the Kentucky Mountains* (Doran, 1926); Mackaye, Percy, *Kentucky Mountain Fantasies* (Longmans, Green, 1928); Mackaye, Percy, *Weathergoose-Woo!* (Longmans, Green, 1929); Markey, Morris, *The Band Plays Dixie* (Harcourt, 1927); Moore, J. T., *The Bishop of Cottontown: A Story of the Southern Cotton Mills* (Winston, 1906); Moore, J. T., *Hearts of Hickory* (Cokesbury, 1926); Page, T. N., *Gordon Keith* (Scribner's, 1903); Page, T. N., *Red Riders* (Scribner's, 1924); Roberts, Elizabeth Madox, *Time of Man* (Viking Press, 1926); Roberts, Elizabeth Madox, *The Great Meadow* (Viking, 1930); Scarborough, Dorothy, *From a Southern Porch* (Putnam, 1919); Scarborough, Dorothy, *Land of Cotton* (Macmillan, 1923); Scarborough, Dorothy, *Can't Get a Red Bird* (Harper, 1929); Scott, Evelyn, *The Wave* (J. Cape & H. Smith, 1929); Sparling, E. E., *Under the Levee* (Scribner's, 1925); Stribling, T. S., *Teeftallow* (Grosset, 1928); Stribling, T. S., *Bright Metal* (Doubleday, Doran, 1928); Stribling, T. S., *Strange Moon* (Doubleday, Doran, 1929); Stribling, T. S., *Backwater* (Doubleday, Doran, 1930); Vollmer, Lula, *The Shame Woman* (Brentano's, 1923); Vollmer, Lulu, *Sun Up* (Brentano's, 1924); Wood, Clement, *The Earth Turns South* (Dutton, 1919); Wood, Clement, *Nigger* (Dutton, 1922); Woolf, Thomas, *Look Homeward, Angel* (Scribner's, 1928); Young, Stark, *Heaven Trees* (Scribner's, 1926); Young, Stark, *The Torches Flare* (Scribner's, 1928); Young, Stark, *River House* (Scribner's, 1929).

The story of the South might very well be read in the biographies of men and women, local and national. Of peculiar interest are the many biographies of local people published often by the author and reflecting local color. These are omitted. Likewise, a bibliography dealing with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Lee, Marshall, and the others in this group would alone make admirable source material for the study of the South in the formation of the Union. Again, the standard textbooks on history are full of source materials, and especially such histories as the twelve volume series, *A History of American Life,* edited by Professors A. M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. Their final chapters in each volume, under the title "A Critical Essay on Authorities," represent the best that the new history affords. Especially valuable are they for lists prior to 1900 and not listed in the present volume. Another significant group is found in the many state histories and chronicles, folk-song publications and textbooks. Still another large list of southern books is found in the religious books and other publications of southern denominational publishing houses, the titles of which are manifold. Also books dealing technically with southern agriculture and gardening, as well as census volumes and other statistical treatises on cities, industries, minerals, agriculture, and manufacturing. These, however, remain to be listed with the special studies of the separate states which could not be included in this book.

III

How much to quote, what selections to make, from how many different sources should the same item be checked, what are the best references for special purposes—these are interesting questions of choice. The citations given below are representative of the vast amount of materials available for direct quotation and for interpretation and analysis.

Chapter II. Compare Phillips' *Life and Labor in the Old South,* especially Chapters II to VIII, e.g. pp. 33, 70, 75, 100, 104, 134; also Tate's *Jefferson Davis,* pp. 32, 51, 53, 72; compare especially census figures and bulletins. *Chapter III.* Compare Wilstach's *Tidewater Virginia,* e.g. pp. 46, 145, and throughout; Tate's *Jefferson Davis,* pp. 16, 34, 46, 49, 73; Phillips' *Life and Labor in the Old South,* pp. 149, 198, 202, 223, 224, 225, 226, and Chapter XII; Page's *The Training of an American,* p. 2; Bowers' *The Tragic Era,* pp. 52, 60, 262; Gerald Johnson's "The Cadets of New Market," *Harpers,* December, 1929; Volume VIII, *A History of American Life,* p. 11. *Chapter IV.* Compare especially Gaines' *The Southern Plantation* throughout; Tate's *Jefferson Davis,* pp. 35, 36; Phillips' *Life and Labor in the Old South,* especially Chapter XVII. *Chapter V.* Compare Dodd's *Lincoln or Lee,* p. 114; Page's *The Training of an American,* pp. 4, 25, 35-6; Gaines' *The Southern Plantation,* pp. 114-5, 188; Phillips' *Life and Labor in the Old South,* pp. 34-5, 47-8; Tate's *Jefferson Davis,* pp. 33, 36; Gerald Johnson's "The Cadets of New Market," *Harpers,* December, 1929, p. 117; E. C. Branson's "How Farm Tenants Live," *Social Forces,* March-May, 1922; Charles Wilson's "Elizabethan America," *American Mercury,* August, 1929; Guild's *Old Times in Tennessee,* pp. 44-5; Campbell's *The Southern Highlander and His Homeland,* p. 143; Vance's *Human Factors in Cotton Culture,* pp. 63, 152, 153; Rhyne's *Some Cotton Mill Workers and Their Villages,* pp. 8-9; Odum's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder,* pp. 97, 98, 109, 110, 153. *Chapter VI.* Bowers' *The Tragic Era,* pp. 62, 101, 103; Mencken's *Prejudices,* second series; Dodd's *Lincoln or Lee,* pp. 74, 75; Stringfellow Barr in *New York Herald Tribune, Books,* November 17, 1929; Harvey Smith, Raleigh *News and Observer,* December 7, 1924; *American Labor Legislation Review,* March, 1928. *Chapter VII.* Compare Volume VIII, *A History of American Life,* pp. 22, 23, 27, 28; Lingley's *Since the Civil War,* Chapter I and e.g. pp. 300, 301; Bowers' *The Tragic Era,* pp. 216, 219, 322, 353, 360, 362, 364; *Menckenia,* throughout; Jennings' *American Economic History,* pp. 204, 205, 275. *Chapter VIII.* Mildred Rutherford's *Scrap Book,* e.g. 1922-1925; Collier's *Representative Women of the South,* 1861-1929, 5 volumes; e.g. pp. 16, 17, 18, Vol. IV; pp. 12, 14, Vol. I; W. J. Cash's "The Mind of the South," *American Mercury,* October, 1929; *Holland's Magazine,* November, 1928, and especially files of newspapers, religious papers; Page's *The Training of an American,* e.g. pp. 163, 165, 167, and *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page,* Vol. I, Chapters I-III. *Chapter IX.* Compare state bulletins, statistical reports, special governmental bulletins, reports of the Federal Trade Commission, brochures of trade bodies, advertisements; *The Blue Book; The News Letter,* University of North Carolina, 1915-1930; newspapers and periodicals, as listed above; and technical journals, e.g. *Economic Geography,* January, 1927; *American Labor Legislation Review,* March, 1928, p. 30; *Power,* August 27, 1929, p. 338; *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering,* November, 1929, pp. 661, 662, 663. *Chapter X.* Compare John D. Wade's "Jefferson, New Style" in *The American Mercury,* November, 1929; and especially the periodical bibliography listed above; Johnson's *Randolph of Roanoke,* p. 21; Dodd's *Statesmen of the Old South,* p. 92; Tate's *Jefferson Davis,* pp. 7, 20, 21; Bowers' *The Tragic Era,* pp. 420, 421, 496, 509; Page's *The Training of an American,* p. 399; "The South and the New Citizenship," *The Survey,* April, 1920, e.g. Odum's "The University President." *Chapters XI* and *XII.* See especially newspaper files, religious papers, campaign literature, and periodical references cited. Compare F. L. Owsley's "The Confederacy and King Cotton," *North Carolina Historical Review,* October, 1929, p. 371; Tate's *Jefferson Davis,* p. 207; Jenkins' *Political Theories of the Slave Holder,* Chapter I; *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson,* Vol. XV, p. 243; "An Open Letter to Social Workers" issued in New York City, 1775 Broadway, September, 1928. *Chapter XIII.* Compare Campbell's *The Southern Highlander and His Homeland;* Burchenal's *Dances of the People,* p. vii; Leland Hall's "What Price Harmony," *Atlantic Monthly,* October, 1929; Guild's *Old Times in Tennessee,* pp. 42, 43; Cox's *Folk-Songs of the South;* Davis' *Traditional Ballads of Virginia;* Alabama Folk Songs in preparation by Thomasine McGehee; "Ballads of Ella May Wiggins," *The Nation,* October 3, 1929; see also unpublished collections of printed "ballets" distributed by itinerant bards. *Chapter XIV.* Compare hymn books, revival song books, Sunday School song books, and the religious folk songs of the white and Negro people of the South. *Chapter XV.* Compare especially various state and national bulletins and census reports on agriculture; Farmer's Bulletins, Technical Bulletins; Heer's *Wages and Income in the South;* Vance's *Human Factors in Cotton Culture,* pp. 11, 12, 128, 135, 172, 173; O. E. Baker's unpublished studies in U. S. Department of Agriculture. *Chapter XVI.* See statistics of cities and industries in the United States; University of North Carolina *News Letter;* S. H. Hobbs, *North Carolina, Economic and Social; The Blue Book* and *The Manufacturer's Record;* special technical journals, e.g. *Power, Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering. Chapter XVII.* See Harriet L. Herring's "Toward Preliminary Social Adjustment," *Social Forces,* April, 1930; M. H. Vorse's "Gastonia," *Harpers,* November, 1929; Rhyne's *Some Cotton Mill Workers and Their Villages;* and especially newspaper files, North and South. *Chapter XVIII.* Compare Page's *The Training of an American,* pp. 393, 394, 395; Gaines' *The Southern Plantation,* pp. 157, 158; Bulletin of Announcement of Courses on the Negro, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1930; Bulletin of the Slater Fund, "Negro Literature," by Allain Locke, 1928; and special reports and leaflets of the Commission on Interracial Relations. *Chapter XIX.* See especially reports and bulletins of state departments of education, and periodical lists cited above; e.g. Edgar Knight's "Southern Education," *Outlook and Independent,* January 8, 1930; compare editorial replies in *Nashville Banner* and other southern papers. *Chapter XX.* See especially the selections from recent literature by southern authors; Page's *The Training of an American,* pp. 332, 333; Julia Collier Harris' "Joel Chandler Harris" in Odum's *Southern Pioneers in Social Interpretation; Geography of American Notables,* Indiana University Studies, No. 79; see L. L. Bernard in *Southwestern Political and Social Science Quarterly,* December, 1928, pp. 267, 268, 282; Howard W. Odum's "How New is the South in Social Work?" *The Survey,* June 15, 1928.

IV

In much the same way that it has been impossible to cite authorities and sources adequately, it has not been practicable to make acknowledgments for letters, interviews, criticisms, and stimulation that have come through the last ten years of inquiry and contact. In the matter of southern leadership, for instance, something like a score of leaders in each of the Southern States made estimates of the twenty most influential individuals in their states since 1900. Of all this material only a few lines appear, and the detailed data, originally intended for the chapters on the several states, must be omitted entirely in this volume. In much the same way a few leaders in each state have been willing to give a critical estimate of events which appear to them to be commendable, on the one hand, or regrettable, on the other, since the turn of the century. These materials, however, are not utilized at all in the present volume, and similarly for other aspects of the general inquiry. In most instances, names would not ordinarily be given, partly because of the unwillingness of the writers and partly because the policy of the present volume has been to omit names of individuals. This policy has been followed in general except for persons not living, and for a very small number in which it seemed inevitable, such as in the case of Mr. Mencken, for instance, comments about whom were often couched in Menckenian terms. It was evident that, in general, citation of personalities was not expedient; for those whose work and leadership seemed notable, it would be inevitable that many would be omitted; for those whose work and leadership seemed censurable, there were ample practical reasons for presenting the general portraiture instead of personal citation.

Acknowledgment is made for the hundreds of letters and interviews, for cordial receptions and severe criticisms which came from the author's travels and talks in various parts of the South during his leave of absence from the University of North Carolina for the purpose of gathering new materials and rechecking the old, during the academic year 1928-1929; for the bitter denunciations and critical resolutions of various southern groups and editorial comments, as well as for commendatory resolutions and criticisms since 1920; for the help and stimulation of many students in seminars and research workers in the Institute for Research in Social Science. To all these and more, special acknowledgment is made, and perhaps even more for the contributions which they have made to the general study of the southern region and for materials that are still to be used than for the direct contributions to the present volume. It is hoped that from these beginnings will be presented not only other and better studies of the Southern States, but also valid contributions to that larger theoretical study of society which is being projected through the utilization of regional and folk materials.

If systematic study based upon this volume is desired, the key will be found as an exercise in the comparative study of American society based upon sound theory, well integrated with practical application. As such the book becomes a sort of laboratory manual emphasizing both method and content. Such comparative study may apply to the community, such as has been done by Lynd in *Middletown,* Steiner in *American Communities in Action,* and others whose texts in sociology have revolved around the community-society as generic society. Or it may go a step further and apply to a whole region, which even more than the community, may embody the essentials of social theory and social problems. This method, yet to be developed, gives promise of results of the first order. Or the comparative study may apply to the general analysis of American society and trends with reference to "culture," literature, values; in fine, civilization. In any of these applications the key to effective study will be found in certain easily applied methods and guides.

1. The rearrangement and reclassification of all materials in the book, chapter by chapter, in accordance with some workable category or classification, embodied in a selected text or outline for the study of human society or social problems.

2. The addition of new and supplementary data, case, survey, statistical, in each of the classifications so rearranged: (a) applicable to the southern region; (b) applicable to other regions to be studied.

3. The critical comparison of materials with other societies: (a) a single other region; (b) more than one region; (c) a community; (d) more than one community.

4. A critical analysis of likenesses and differences, constants and variants, and an integration of results. (a) Is the regional approach different in the southern region from others? How? (b) Is the regional approach equally effective in the study of society, if applied to other regions? (c) Is the "folk-society" more elemental in the southern region than in others? Is this true of the more primitive folk-sociology? Of the modern folk-society embodied in the mass action and mass forces that transcend formal society, government, school, manners, other institutions? Do communities vary in these regional and folk-influences? Is it possible to gain a clearer view of how cultures grow by comparing regional cultures? What are regional trends?

5. A thoroughgoing integration of results in a descriptive science of society, in objective analysis, and in scientific interpretation; in fine, the practical application of social science to actual American society.

An American Epoch is the application to the southern region of the plan of social study embodied in the author's *Man's Quest for Social Guidance* and Odum and Jocher's *An Introduction to Social Research.* The theory was that their principles would apply to any society anywhere. They could be used as a sort of blue print for the study of an actual society as well as embodying the theoretical principles underlying social development. The classification in *Man's Quest* provided for, first, a study of the general physical, biological, and cultural backgrounds; second, a study of the chief institutional modes of society; third, the study of special problems and modes of adjustment; and fourth, the study of social science and its guidance of society. As a study of a cultural region the systematic study of *An American Epoch* is especially suited to the coordination of the social sciences, the utilization of the various approaches, historical, economic, politico-juristic, anthropological; and the special methods, statistical, survey, case, and experimental as outlined in *An Introduction to Social Research.* Thus, systematic study might be largely statistical or case or survey, and might rely upon a large body of specialized literature in addition to statistical monographs and reports. The historical approach would require such collateral background readings as Bowers' *The Tragic Era;* Phillips' *Life and Labor in the Old South;* and Vol. VIII of *A History of American Life,* Nevins' "The Emergence of Modern America, 1865-1878.

For preliminary reading of the MS and for critical suggestions special acknowledgment is made to: Will W. Alexander, Edmund E. Day, Gerald W. Johnson, Benjamin Kendrick, Walter Lippmann, A. M. Schlesinger, George Soule, French Strother, and Sydnor Walker; of the local group, to Anna K Odum, Harriet L. Herring, Rupert B. Vance, Clarence Heer, Mildred Mell, Mary Phlegar Smith, and especially Katharine Jocher and her office staff for help in many ways.

INDEX

For special lists of names of southern authors and contributors to magazines, for special lists of books and magazines, and for special authors quoted, see Chapter XXIII. Omitted in the index also are names of many political scientists and statesmen such as those cited on pages 302 and 303, as are also detailed lists of southern products—between two and three thousand in all—such as are sampled in Chapters IX and XVI especially. So also there is no catalogue of southern individuals and institutions listed for special achievement; nor is there a special citation of persons and distinctions applicable to the several southern states, such as will be included in the later story of many states; nor the whole list of regional characteristics suggested from the social and cultural analysis of the South. Such terms as North, South, Nation, the United States, America, and others used continuously are not indexed. The present is simply a partial index indicating something of the nature and range of treatment, and to some extent serving to identify episodes and persons not specified in the text. For instance, although Bishop James Cannon, Jr., has not been mentioned by name in the text, the index will indicate certain general references to him and his political activities. Many others may be so generally identified through the context.

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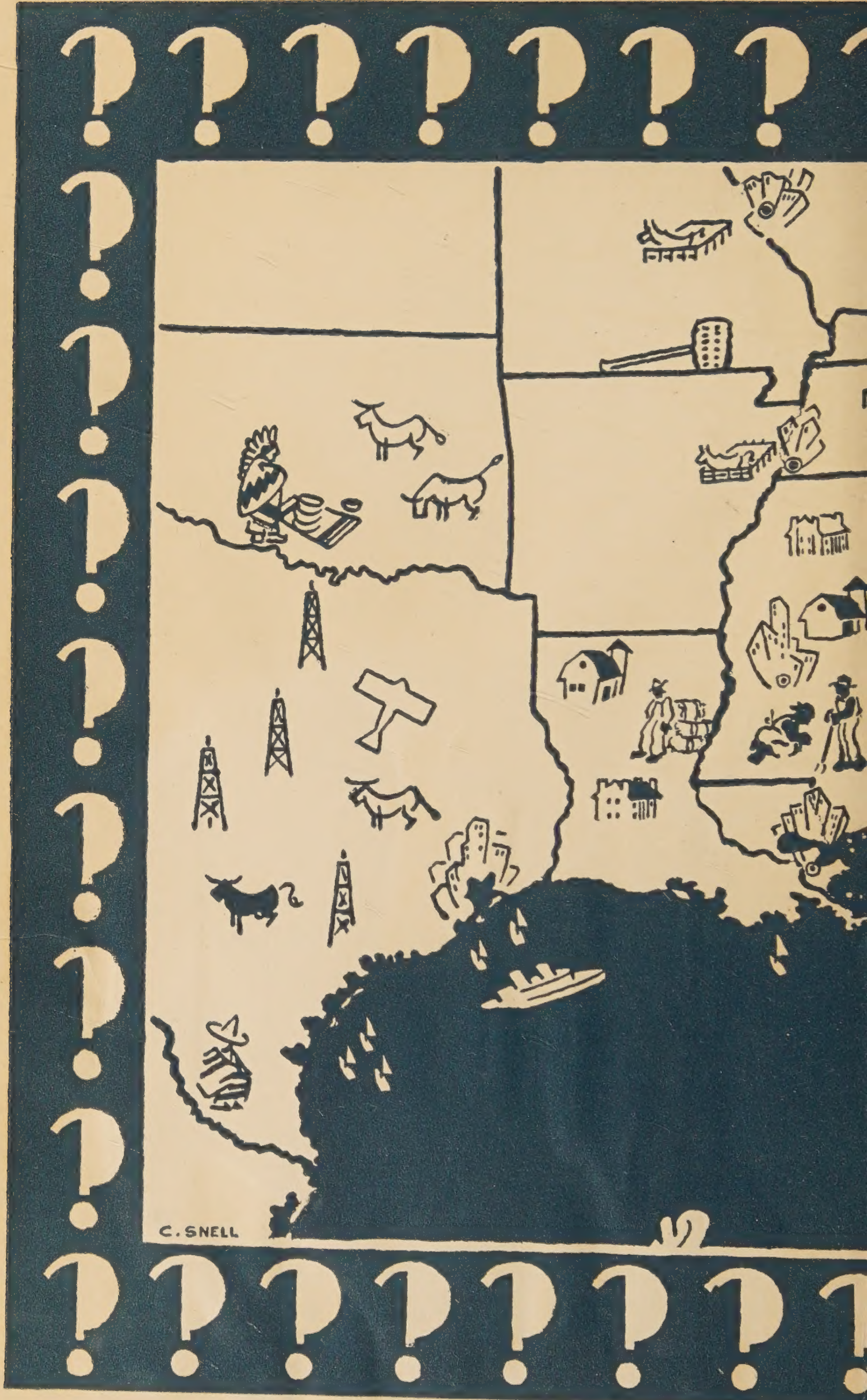
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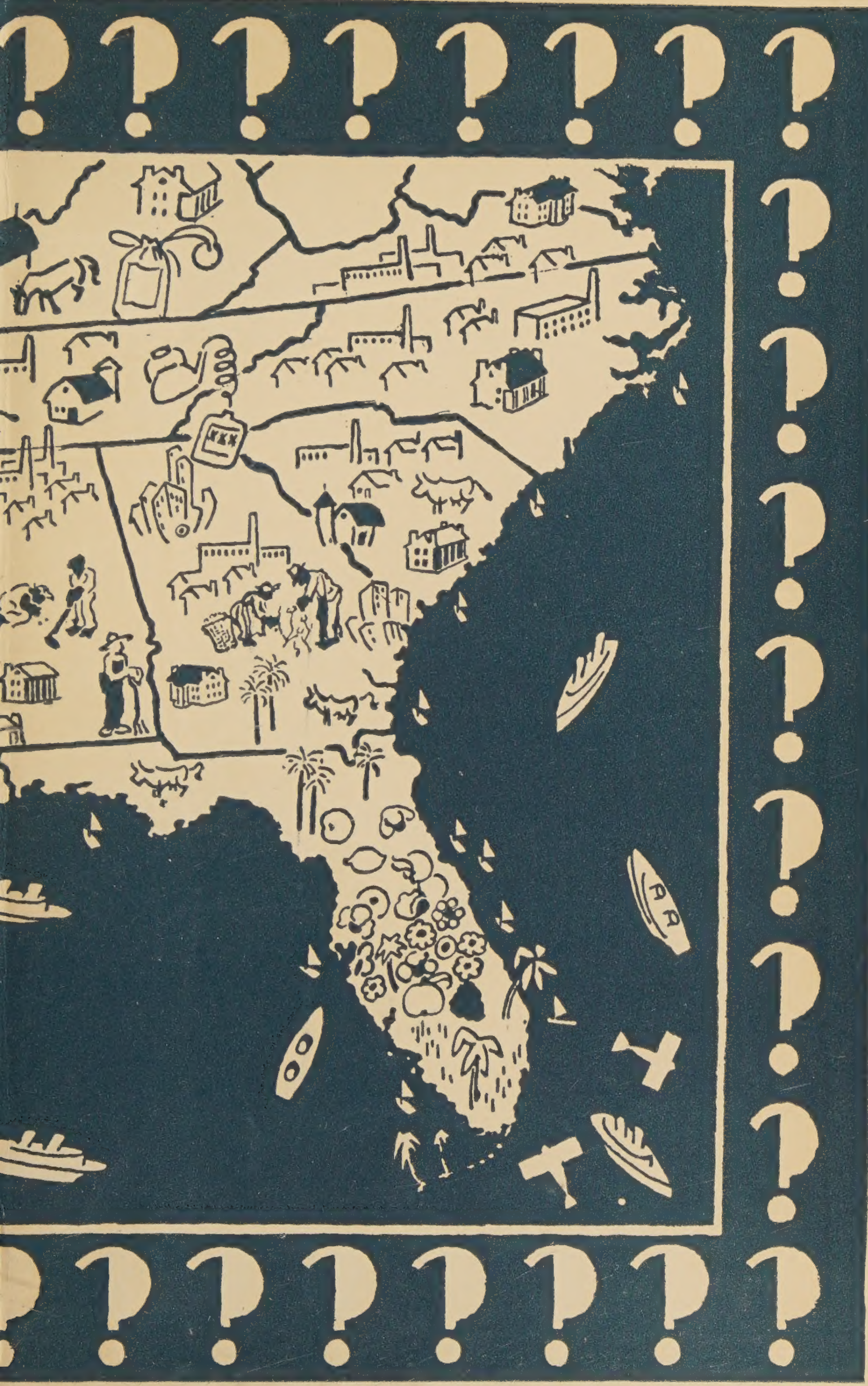
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